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MASTERPIECES

FROM THE WORKS OF

GUSTAVE DORÉ

SELECTED FROM

THE DORÉ BIBLE, MILTON, DANTE'S INFERNO, DANTE'S PURGATORIO AND PARADISO,
FONTAINE, FAIRY REALM, DON QUIXOTE, BARON MUNCHAUSEN,
CROQUEMITAINE, &c., &c.

WITH MEMOIR OF DORÉ AND DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS,

BY

EDMUND OLLIER.

INTRODUCTION BY CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
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INTRODUCTION.

THE genius of Gustave Doré is one of the marvels of nineteenth century art. The whole range of pagan and Christian pictorial achievement offers no more brilliant series of creations than that which issued from the inspired brain and sympathetic heart of this great Frenchman. His colossal imagination, his magnificent apprehension of all possible conditions of human experience, his lofty insight into the mysteries of spiritual existence as reflected from earthly actualities, entitle him to be classed among the great creative geniuses of all time. Who that has ever turned the pages of his "Dante," his "Bible," or his "Paradise Lost," can doubt that Doré had it in him to become one of the great decorative painters of the world? What could be more splendidly spectacular than Dante's "Vision of the Empyrean" with its mystical luminous circles resolving themselves into the shining forms of celestial beings, or "The Angels in the Planet Mercury" with its rhythmical processional movement and its effect of supernal light flooding the lovely shapes that advance on the wings of the clouds? Where shall we find a more dramatic effect of composition than in "Satan in Council" ("Paradise Lost"), in which the dark foreground groups of demons form such admirable combinations of line and are so powerfully contrasted with the masses of light that centre about the throne of Lucifer? Such scenes as these, enlarged and painted on walls, instead of being depicted within the limits of dimension demanded by book-illustration, would have made of Doré a decorative master whose creations might have been called sublime. How superbly decorative is his use of light and shade! It is to his wonderful instinct of contrast that many of his finest compositions owe their value. This pictorial sense, expressed in opposition of light and shade, is especially strong in the "Paradise Lost" and the "Dante." The principle of evil is embodied in darks, the external conditions of heaven are presented in lights. It is as though the man's nature had been thoroughly imbued with the allegorical, as well as the artistic, significance of nature's great resolvent, tone. Doré was a great master of light and shade, and it is to the intellectual, literary and poetic quality revealed by careful study of his arrangements of chiaroscuro, that we may trace the strong popular affection inspired by his compositions. Doré's enemies have denied his right to be considered a great painter on the ground that he knew nothing of color. Surely, no man was ever more familiar with the subtleties of color that form the gamut of tones and semitones between black and white, or handled them with greater skill and delicacy.

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INTRODUCTION.

The rarest quality in the modern æsthetic system is imagination. It is the fashion to-day to sneer at the creative faculty as it existed in earlier phases of art. Among artists of the modern school, especially in France, literary art, that is, creative and imaginative art, is regarded as naïve, rustic, crude. It was among painters of this class that Doré found his worst enemies. But the people loved him—the people of France and the people of England. He told them world-old tales in a new, sweet, brilliant way, adorning them with the beauty and glamour of his genius. Art that appeals to the heart, the intellect, the love of humanity, and the aspiration of the human soul towards grand ideals, is the art that outlasts change and fashion, death and decay; and this was the art of Gustave Doré. In his lighter moods, as in those more serious, he shows in even the smallest details of creation the universality of genius. There is something that reminds one of Goethe in the many-sidedness of Doré's productive faculties. The quality of sympathy, which is the attribute only of the rarest creative natures, made of him a German mystic at one moment, a gay Gaulois the next. It was doubtless to Doré's Alsatian ancestry, birth and early education, that was due this union of French and German temperamental characteristics. The architecture of Strasburg, the landscape of Alsace, the German folk-lore of nurses and peasants, were the formative artistic influences of his youth. Then came Paris, with its thousand hints and suggestions reacting on the eager young mind and stimulating it to constant exertion. Travel in foreign countries completed the cycle of experience that made Doré the great master of human souls that he was. He was not only a creator in the highest sense, but he was an interpreter, of a kind rare in the world's history. He acted as a link between the humanity of books and history and the humanity of every-day life—of the London streets and the Paris cafés.

The German side of Doré's nature is most strongly felt in his interpretation of the Bible, of Paradise Lost, and of Dante. A profound reverence for Scripture, historically and spiritually, pervades his representations of old Hebrew life and the less remote episodes of the New Testament. That Doré was half a German mystic, that the mantle of Jacob Boehme and Novalis had somehow fallen upon him, is fully attested by some of the drawings for the Dante, especially those in a light key, representing scenes in heaven or in purgatory. The delicate spirituality of many of these compositions places them on a high plane of inspiration. The symbolism of form in the representations of heaven is employed in a poetic and graceful manner. Doré's conception of heaven is that of a seer, a mystic, a poet and an artist, all in one. He shows us the dim twilight loveliness of a purgatory for those who have suffered more than they have sinned. It is but our own earth attuned to sorrow and the patience that is not without hope. Again, we are shown the stern and solemn purgatory where are freed from evil the souls of those who have sinned on earth but are not past redemption. Lower still, in the scale of tone, lie the frightful scenes of the Inferno. But in the Paradiso, the triumph of the blessed is expressed by the joyous and exultant light which glows, strong and white and tender, like the shining of a thousand eternal suns. The radiance and glory of this heavenly light that bathes the master's images of paradise has in it something of the

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mystic quality of revelation. Now and then dreams are vouchsafed to us in which the gates of heaven open wide to our eager vision and the wonderful peace and joy of the celestial country fill our hearts. We have all known experiences of this kind, and we find the reflection, nay more, the realization of them, in Doré's interpretation of Dante's "Paradise."

In the grand and stately compositions that illustrate "Paradise Lost," a fascinating world of primeval spiritual legend is revealed to the spectator. The movement of this series of drawings is extremely dramatic. They have more of the quality of heroic action combined with a martial effect of *ensemble* than any of Doré's compositions. The flight of the fallen angels, in military precision, the battles of fiends and good spirits, the sullen groups of demons and the magnificent suggestions of infinite space which form backgrounds for the unholy but sublime struggles of Lucifer and his followers, are themes treated with the utmost knowledge and sense of artistic value. In Doré's hands "Paradise Lost" becomes a superb representation of celestial warfare. The landscapes in this set of drawings are among the best the artist ever gave to the world. Doré's feeling for landscape is as sympathetic as his insight into human and spiritual conditions is profound. The impressions he gathered in his boyhood among the Alsatian mountains remained with him all his life and were reproduced in his drawings, together with the landscapes through which he travelled in after years. The human relations of the natural world were especially considered in his work. In "Paradise Lost" the landscapes are sublime, terrible, awful—worthy settings for the actions of the personages in the supernatural drama. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than the celestial landscapes of the "Paradise," not only in sentiment, but in form. One of the best illustrations of Doré's magical power of investing landscapes with animal or human attributes is the drawing showing the meeting of the girl-warrior Mitaine with the horrid skeleton monster that leans over the ruined wall and proves to be a weatherworn tree. The expressiveness of the gnarled figure, its sense of movement and its air of frightful malice are admirable. Doré's imagination is most at home with dark and gloomy phases of nature. He loves storm-clouds, masses of dark rock, towering cliffs, trees blasted by lightning, and forests that the foot of man has never trod. He gives not only the body of the landscape but its inmost soul. One can almost hear the wind whistling along the rocky wastes and treeless deserts, moaning as if with human despair. The grotesque forms of gnarled trees are in Doré's hands woven into types of distorted stormbeaten lives. Like all great imaginative minds, Doré stimulates and rouses the fancy of the student of his drawings. Every fresh glance reveals new depths of thought. At first, one admires the brilliant and suggestive effect of light and shade. Then, one's love of the beautiful and the harmonious is appealed to by the remarkable arrangement of form which is found in all Doré's compositions, especially in those illustrating epic subjects. The drawings never appear crowded, and yet they contain many different elements of form which in the hands of a man less master of his art than Doré, would be irreconcileable. It is this quality of completeness and unity that makes each of his drawings a sort of artistic microcosm.

Doré is as great in the elegant comedy of art as he is on its epic side. Here

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the Gallic element of his dual nature appears in all its brilliant effervescence. His illustrations of Don Quixote, of Rabelais, of the Fables of La Fontaine, and of the pretty story of Croquemitaine, would have entitled him to the name of the foremost worker in black and white of his time, even had he never given to the world the more ambitious compositions of the Paradise Lost and the Dante. Doré's superb skill as a draughtsman is more clearly revealed by his lighter illustrations than by the serious compositions. In the former he often dispenses with the use of those strong contrasts of light and shade which are so dramatically employed in the epic drawings. In many cases he depends entirely upon the use of line. Modern draughtsmanship has nothing to show that is simpler, purer, and more direct in method than the line-work of Gustave Doré. He was an admirable craftsman as well as a great imaginative genius. There is a strain of impressionism in his line-drawings. They are bolder, freer and broader than those conceived in masses. Very firm is the touch, very exact the indication of outline, marvellously expressive even the smallest quirk of the pencil. In the Rabelais drawings the Gaulois spirit riots through the grotesque, gigantic shapes conjured from Doré's brain, with the great laugh of Gargantua audible on every page to the imaginative lover and student of the Meudon priest's glorious jests. He makes of the famous allegory a fairy-tale on a colossal scale which delights young and old according to what they glean from it. There is something supernatural and unearthly, something that belongs to the realm of the unseen, in the grouping of the gigantic forms and in their realistic representation as monsters of flesh and blood. The fascination of the Rabelais drawings is repeated in the Don Quixote series. Doré possessed the divine gift of humor, but he also owned the diviner one of pathos. His comprehension of the type of knight-errantry presented by the gallant old Don has in it the true ring of genius. He appreciated not only the grotesque and humorous possibilities of the character of the immortal Spaniard, but he realized the tenderness, the love of humanity, the sacrifice of self, and the sublime devotion to an ideal, which were hidden behind the pranks which seemed like insanity to the mob of louts that followed the knight of La Mancha in his wanderings.

Doré presents to the lovers of his drawings a splendid phantasmagoria of shapes that never were on sea or land, and yet are intensely real, warm and vital. Don Quixote is flesh and blood no less than the ghost of dead chivalry. The atmosphere of weirdness and romance in which Doré shrouds his characters lends a double charm to the adventures of the Spanish knight.

Scarcely inferior to his conceptions of humanity are his clever embodiments of human characteristics in animal form. He is keenly in sympathy with the innocent fourfooted inhabitants of woodland and meadow, and he places them before us in all their delicate mischievousness and airy vivacity. To the modern complex comprehension of nature in all her phases Doré adds an intuitive, instinctive, sympathetic grasp of the soul of cosmic forces which suggests the elder world of art rather than our latter-day expression of the ideal.

CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

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MEMOIR OF GUSTAVE DORÉ.

OF the life of Gustave Doré there is not much to relate. The great French artist has not yet accumulated about him those incrustations of anecdote and reminiscence which grow round the name and fame of men whose working life dates backward half a century or so. His career resolves itself, for the most part, into a list of art-productions of singular variety and extraordinary power; and in recording these we give the liveliest idea possible of the brilliant genius recently so popular both in Europe and America.

PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ (for such were his full names) was born on the 6th of January, 1832, at Strasburg. His father was an engineer, and, judging by his name, seems to have been of pure French stock; but Strasburg is to a great extent a German town, and indeed the whole of Alsace, in which it is situated, has more of the Teutonic than the Gallic element. This eastern province was ceded to France by Austria at various periods of the seventeenth century, but in 1871 again became a part of Germany. Its German character is evinced in the names of its towns, in the patronymics of many of its inhabitants, and in the dialect spoken by the humbler orders. At Strasburg the Protestants are numerous, and statues of German celebrities are found in the churches, squares, and public buildings. Whether the touch of German wildness in the genius of Doré was to be attributed to his birthplace, might be a curious subject for discussion; but as remarked elsewhere, his characteristics were mainly French.

That which probably exercised a much greater influence on the youthful mind of Doré was the picturesque scenery by which he was surrounded in his early days. Strasburg itself is (or at least was, before the bombardment of 1870) a quaint old town, with lofty stone houses, high-pitched roofs, dormer windows rising in tiers, a fine Gothic cathedral, ancient public buildings, and vast

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fortifications, planned and carried out by Vauban. Other towns in the same region—until a recent date, the French Departments of the Haut-Rhin and Bas-Rhin—have also various features of a striking character, and the country is in many parts extremely charming. Alsace (called by the Germans Elsass) is bounded on the west by the Vosges mountains—rugged eminences, thickly wooded, and breaking out here and there into precipitous rocks of sandstone, lime-stone, and marl. The valleys lying among the folds of these mountains are distinguished for their pastoral loveliness, while on the peaks that surround them the snow lies unmelted until the middle of the summer, feeding the numerous streams which course down the sides of the Vosges, and ultimately find their way into the Rhine. The valley of the Rhine is a large tract of country, of great interest and beauty; and all about lie famous old battle-fields, which in our own times have again come into notice as scenes of mortal conflict. A country such as this was sure to affect the imagination of a boy like Doré. France is not generally a picturesque land, but the Vosges mountains and valleys fully merit that appellation.

At a very early period of life, Gustave Doré began to draw. Like our own George Cruikshank, he was fond, while yet a mere child, of making sketches on pieces of paper, and it is said that he could draw with facility before he was eight years old. He was excited to emulation by some of Grandville's pictorial satires, wherein human life is caricatured by assimilating it to certain types in the lower orders of animals. Young Doré produced some sketches of the same description; and Grandville, to whom they were shown, was so delighted that he prophesied the future greatness of the boy, and strongly advised the parents not to oppose his natural inclinations, which they appear to have felt rather inclined to do. Grandville also gave Gustave occasional instruction in the principles of his art, and encouraged his tentative efforts by sympathy and kindness. Some time after this, the elder M. Doré was appointed chief engineer in the department of the Ain, and Gustave was sent to be educated at the College of Bourg. Here he went on with his desultory sketches, covering his copy-books and other volumes with scenes from ancient history, and from the Algerian campaigns, then bringing out into brilliant relief all the wonted courage and military prowess of the French people.

It was in September, 1847, during the closing months of the reign of Louis Philippe, that Gustave Doré first visited Paris. His parents intended to stay no longer than three weeks; but Gustave was so charmed with the brilliance of the capital—not so brilliant then, indeed, as in more recent times, yet full of attraction

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for a provincial boy—that he at once vowed he would remain there. Very shortly an incident occurred which helped to fix his career. A certain print-shop in the Place de la Bourse was kept by one M. Philippon. Great numbers of caricatures —varied from time to time, as the events of the day suggested—were exhibited in the window, and at these young Doré gazed with the utmost admiration. He thought he should like to do the same kind of work himself, and, running home, he rapidly sketched a caricature, returned with that and some other drawings to the shop, and asked to see the publisher. Philippon was both a good-natured man and a good man of business. He looked over the sketches, talked kindly to the boy, sought out his father, and added his exhortations to those of Grandville, that the youth should be made an artist.*

In consequence of this advice, Gustave was left by his parents in Paris to do as he pleased, with the stipulation that he should attend the Lycée for the completion of his education. Meanwhile, Philippon accepted a great many of the boy's drawings; and when the publisher started his well-known *Journal pour Rire*, Gustave, though still a student at the Lycée, was engaged on it. He left college in 1850; and during the three years that he had been there he produced a very large body of designs. In 1853 his compositions, dating from 1847, amounted to more than a thousand; at a later period they were said to be more than twenty thousand. Shortly after leaving the Lycée, Doré was strongly urged by his friends to study painting, and not throw away his genius on frivolous and ephemeral work. This he was very willing to do; but want of means for a time thwarted his ambition, and kept him to the daily drudgery of producing inferior sketches for the cheap periodicals. However, he was at length assisted in the required way, and set to work painting in oils. An extraordinary number of pictures rapidly started into life under his brush, for here, as with the pencil, he evinced amazing facility and fecundity. He contributed pictures to the Paris Exhibition of 1852 and 1853, and these were highly commended by some. In 1855 he exhibited "Les Pins Sauvages," "Le Lendemain de l'Orage," "Les Deux Mères," and "La Bataille d'Alma;" in 1857, "La Bataille d'Inkermann." Oil-painting, however, was not Doré's strongest point, and he himself preferred simpler forms of designing. He always desired to address the great body of his fellow-countrymen, and of the public of foreign lands.

* Memoir of Gustave Doré in the *Quiver*, Vol. I.

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Pictures, in the technical sense of the term, are seen by only a comparatively small number. They do not tell with the masses; they are the luxuries of the rich, or the playthings of connoisseurs. Our times are essentially democratic, and France is the most democratic of European nations. Gustave Doré desired to be the artist of the people, rather than the artist of the wealthy. He saw how much was to be done with the help of the wood-engraver; how some of the effects of painting itself were capable of being reproduced by the cunning employment of powerful yet graduated blacks and whites; and he probably felt that in this direction, more than in any other, lay the special bent of his genius. Accordingly, he abandoned the practice of painting for several years, and it was only when his fame was thoroughly secured that he resumed the use of the brush as a means of giving expression to the moods of his fancy.

Energetically throwing himself into the ranks of popular artists, Gustave Doré lived the life of a hard-working Parisian man of genius, with nothing to depend on from day to day but the ingenuity of his teeming brain. At this period there was doubtless a spice of "Bohemianism" in his existence. The artist is generally a Bohemian, more or less. The easy vagabondage of life up three pair of stairs, of late hours, irregular ways, unlimited smoking, slight responsibilities, immeasurable good-fellowship, and quickly-recurring fun, is highly attractive to the pictorial and literary fraternity; and Gustave Doré determined to see "the world," as that term is understood in Paris. Many of his earlier sketches display this side of things with a truthfulness that is not very agreeable. But he had far nobler capabilities within him, and in the year 1854 he produced an illustrated edition of Rabelais, which contained some admirable work in the way of wild humour and picturesqueness. The book was cheaply printed on thin, coarse paper; so that the illustrations did not come out at all well. Some of the designs, however, were so excellent that they made the fame of Doré as a book-illustrator, and introduced him to a better kind of employment than he had previously found. Yet even a few years later we find him illustrating a cheap weekly periodical, called the *Journal pour Tous*, with wonderful spirit, oddity, and invention.

The Crimean war of 1854-5-6 opened a new field to the nimble wits of Gustave Doré. He projected a monthly journal giving engravings of the chief events of the war, and this was brought out by his old friend, M. Philippon. It was entitled *Musée Franco-Anglaise*, and was published simultaneously in

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France and England. Such a work was necessarily of a somewhat clap-trap character; but it spread the artist's name over the two countries more particularly concerned, and doubtless helped to maintain the war feeling of the time. To the same period belongs a comic History of Russia (1854), containing a vast number of cuts, characterised by the grotesque farcicality of the designer's earlier days.

In a somewhat similar style to the Rabelais were the illustrations which Doré supplied in 1861 to the "Contes Drôlatiques" of Balzac. These were full of exuberant fancy, sometimes of a painful character, as treating in a burlesque mood of matters which, if represented by the pencil at all, should be touched only in a grave and considerate manner; but everywhere showing the presence of an original and daring genius. In 1856 our own public was introduced to a version of the ancient French romance of "Jaufry the Knight and the Fair Brunissende, a Tale of the Times of King Arthur," to which Doré had furnished twenty engravings, steeped in the glamour of faery. The plates to "The Wandering Jew," belonging to the same year, were even more remarkable. They were of large folio size, and were reproduced in England in 1857, accompanied by an English version of the story by Mr. Walter Thornbury. These magnificent designs greatly increased the reputation of Gustave Doré as an artist of unusual powers and singular fancy; but he did not reach the full altitude of his celebrity until the publication, in 1861, of his illustrations to Dante's "Inferno," re-issued in this country in 1866. With the illustrations to the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso," French and English readers were made familiar in 1868. The number of Dante designs, altogether, is one hundred and thirty-six—an astonishing number, considering their excellence, their variety, the extraordinary height and range of their conceptions, and the pictorial elaboration of their handling.

The "Don Quixote" was published in France in 1863, and in England in the following year. It is a delightful set of illustrations—the most purely fascinating, though not the grandest, of Doré's works. Previous to executing these plates, the artist made a tour in Spain; and the scenery, architecture, and national characteristics represented in them are studied from fact, and bear the unmistakable impress of truthfulness. To the same year (1863) belongs the "Atala," republished here in 1867. In 1865, Doré illustrated Moore's "Epicurean." The Bible appeared in London and Paris in 1866, and the Milton in this country alone in the same year, having been executed expressly for

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Messrs. Cassell and Company. For the La Fontaine (which was produced in France in 1867, and in England in 1868) Gustave Doré made very careful studies of animal life. In 1866 we had the "Baron Munchausen" and the "Croquemitaine," which had previously appeared in Paris in 1862 and 1863; and about the same period Doré illustrated a great many other works—such as Shakespeare's "Tempest" (1860), the Nursery Tales of Perrault, and "Captain Castagnette" (1862)—which exhibited his brilliant fancy in a hundred prismatic lights. He also contributed several exquisite plates to the poems of Tennyson and of Thomas Hood, and illustrated various works by Malte-Brun, and many histories, romances, and works of light literature.

It was said that Doré illustrated a book of travels in every country in the world. This was probably an exaggeration; but he certainly did much in this way. In his later years, he again took to oil-painting, and the exhibition in New Bond Street has given our countrymen an opportunity of estimating this great artist's skill in the manipulation of colours. Some of the pictures are undoubtedly very fine; but that which, from its subject, and the brilliance of its pigments, attracts most attention, is by no means the best. "The Triumph of Christianity over Paganism," though striking, is somewhat tawdry and theatrical. It is not without Doré's fertility of invention and cleverness of execution; but it is wanting in sublimity, and even in dignity. A confused rout of figures tumbles from top to bottom of the picture, and the effect is almost pantomimic in its glitter of vestments and extravagance of action. Of a far higher character is the "Paolo and Francesca," corresponding, save in a few variations, with one of the illustrations to the "Inferno," published by Cassell & Company, Limited. The figure of Francesca is transcendently beautiful and extremely pathetic. With a face of classic loveliness (classic after the Italian model, which was softer and more womanly than the Greek), and with an expression of pain, of horror, of weariness, of hopeless suffering, yet of overmastering affection and faithfulness, she floats upon the lurid storm beneath the eyes of her unhappy lover. The wound upon the bosom has grown livid; the arms are passionately stretched up; while above, bending downwards, hangs the dumb, despairing face of Paolo. Some way below, in the background, the figures of Dante and Virgil are seen dimly through the hot red air. The conception is worthy of Dante's terrible story, and the colouring is pure and masterly. Not, perhaps, equal to this, yet still

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very admirable, is the painting, "Christian Martyrs in the Reign of Diocletian," where all the accessories help to produce a solemn and awful impression. "The Victor Angels" is from Milton, and similar to one of the illustrations to "Paradise Lost." The scarlet glare of sunset is here very fine; and somewhat the same effect is introduced, with exquisite gradations of tint, fading off from red to translucent amber, and from amber to clear blue, in "The Flight into Egypt." In "The Neophyte" we have an excellent piece of character-painting; while "Evening in the Alps" is a noble landscape, full of grand, austere reaches of atmospheric colour, and instinct with a most poetic feeling. Very charming, also, is "The Prairie"—a study of grasses, flowers, and butterflies, brilliant in positive colours, and in the suggested splendour of all-investing sunshine. "Christ leaving the Prætorium," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," and the other sacred pictures, are too popular to need any comment.

Doré was never married, but lived simply and quietly with his mother, who was very proud of the genius and fame of her son. His nature was affectionate, and his manner friendly and pleasant. The same energy and industry which he exhibited in the pursuit of his art, he manifested in everything else; and it has been related that he learned English by devoting spare moments in bed to its study. A contemporary writer said of the subject of this sketch several years ago:—

"Doré has recently had a studio built for himself in the Rue Bayard. It is the largest in Paris, but in spite of its extent he has scarcely room enough in it for his numerous pictures—many half completed, and many still in execution. This studio is daily visited by persons of all grades of society. Doré receives all in the most friendly manner—talks, jests, listens, and tells the news of the day—never ceasing, at the same time, the bold touches of his brush upon the canvas. His appearance is very attractive. He looks like a youth of twenty-four, who, with bright, happy eye, is gazing forwards into the world. He possesses unusual strength of body, which is doubtless to be traced to his great fondness for gymnastic exercises. He pursues these with eagerness, and he was formerly one of the boldest climbers. When he was in Rouen some years ago, he climbed up to the highest point of the cathedral there, to the great astonishment of the crowds who looked on at this unexpected scene. But immediately after this aërial journey he was arrested by the police, who accused him of having placed the inhabitants of Rouen in the utmost alarm by his perilous boldness. He was the first to make the ascent of the Aiguille de

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Floria, in Savoy, and he made many attempts also to ascend the Matterhorn. These attempts, however, failed. But though he has not succeeded in ascending the Matterhorn, he has painted it with masterly power. This picture is justly admired in his studio by all friends of art. . . . . Few can compete with Doré in social talents. He talks well; he sings admirably; he plays the violin, if not, perhaps, with professional skill, yet with great understanding; and he is a clever conjuror, rarely failing in a trick. There is, therefore, no *salon* in which he is not gladly received; and when he visited the Court at Compiègne, some years ago, he arranged all the festivities there, and was, so to speak, the soul of the Court life. In his own *salon* he often gathers together a distinguished circle of friends, and many an excellent artist and musician is to be met there. Doré loves music passionately, especially German music, and no one admires and esteems Beethoven more than he does. Some work of Beethoven's is always sure to be heard in Doré's *salon*."

An interesting article on Gustave Doré was contributed by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1869. Mr. Jerrold was intimate with Doré for many years. He knew him in his early days, when he was striving for the position he afterwards attained; and he knew him when he was honoured and prosperous. His account of the variously-gifted artist presents to us a vivid portrait of a bright and happy nature. "The appearance of the man," writes Mr. Jerrold, "is in complete harmony with his function and his force. He has the boyish brightness of face which is so often found to be the glowing mask of genius. The quick and subtly-searching eye; the proud, handsome lip; the upward throw of the massive head; and the atmosphere encompassing all—an atmosphere that vibrates abnormally—proclaim an uncommon presence. The value of his work apart, he is a remarkable figure of his time." Mr. Jerrold relates that he saw Doré at an Embassy ball at Paris in the autumn of 1868. He had been very gay all the evening, but at a little before three A.M. he left, saying, "I must to bed. Three hours are barely rest enough for a worker." In the summer of the same year, Doré and his English friend were driving through Windsor Park, and, though the eye of the artist ceaselessly ranged over the landscape, in which he took great delight, no notes or sketches were made. A lady asked whether he would not stop, and jot down a few pictorial memoranda. "No, no," he replied; "I've a fair quantity of collodion in my head." In other words, he could carry away with him a mental photograph of what he had seen. Mr. Jerrold continues:—

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"When we were at Boulogne together in 1855, to see the disembarkation of the Queen, Doré intently watched the leading points of the great ceremonial, and, by way of fixing a few matters of detail in his memory, made some hasty pencil-marks in a tiny book he carried in his waistcoat pocket. This power of fixing a scene in the memory correctly, belongs to the student who has been true and constant to nature. Just as Houdin so educated his son's observation as to impress every article in a toyshop window upon his memory at a glance, so the student whose training has the grandest object, that of giving enduring forms to beauty, acquires the power of eliminating his material from a confused scene, through which he is fleetly travelling. . . . . That which distinguishes Doré, *chez lui*, is the art atmosphere in which his pleasures take their rise. In the spacious *salon* of the Faubourg St. Germain, covered with his work, is a little world of art. The professor of science, the man of letters, the gifted songstress, the physician, the composer, the actor, make up the throng; and the amusements are music and discourse of things which are animating the centres of intellect. A happier and nobler picture than this handsome square *salon*, alive with the artist's friends, each one specially gifted, and with the painter-musician in the centre, dreamily talking of some passing incident of scientific interest, with his fingers wandering listlessly over the strings of his violin, could not be—of success turned to worthy ends. The painter has been through a very hard day's toil. You have only to open a door beyond the *salle-à-manger* to light upon a work-room packed with blocks and proofs, pencils and tints and sketches. A long morning here, followed by a laborious afternoon in the Rue Bayard, have earned the learned leisure among intellectual kindred upon this common ground of art, where all bring something to the pic-nic. Frolic fancy is plentiful. Old friends are greeted with a warmth we formal people cannot understand. The world-famous man is *mon cher Gustave*, with proud motherly eyes beaming upon him, and crowds of the old familiars of childhood with affectionate hands upon his shoulders. Dinner is accompanied by bright, wise, unconstrained talk; coffee and cigars in the lofty saloon; and music and laughter, the professor parleying with the poet, the song-bird with the man of science."

On the 15th of August, 1861, Doré was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. France has more means of recognising art than England possesses; and Gustave Doré deserved whatever his country could bestow on him as the reward of his genius and his toil. Though cosmo-

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politan in his sympathies, he was a thorough Frenchman as to his personal feelings; and probably his proudest thought was in the reflection that for many years he stood before Europe and America as the representative artist of France.

Gustave Doré had to some extent passed out of the blaze of public fame during the last few years of his life. He did less in the way of book-illustration, and in these days it is book-illustration, rather than picture-painting, which gives an artist the greatest notoriety. After awhile, his health failed, and he died at Paris on the 23rd of January, 1883, at the early age of fifty-one. In his own line, he has left no equal, and indeed no successor.

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SATAN APPROACHING THE CONFINES OF THE EARTH.—(*Frontispiece.*)

THE subject of this singularly fine illustration is from Milton's "Paradise Lost." After the colloquy between the Father and the Son, at the commencement of Book III., occasioned by the sight of Satan flying towards this world, then newly created, the poet describes with great particularity the wanderings of the Fiend. He first alights upon the bare convex of the Earth's outermost orb, and strays for some time in a wild, dark, tempestuous region, not yet reclaimed from Chaos, and utterly uninhabited—a region known in later ages, Milton tells us, as the Limbo of Vanity, or Paradise of Fools, to which are consigned "all the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand"—abortions, embryos, idiots, and the souls of those who, in dying, have sought to enter Heaven by wearing a friar's habit, or by reliance on relics, beads, and Papal dispensations. At length Satan sees a vast, radiant flight of steps, ascending to the golden and jewelled gate of Heaven; and, standing on the lowest of these steps, he beholds a wide passage down to "the blissful seat of Paradise." Being, however, as yet ignorant of the abode of man, he throws himself into the starry firmament, and ultimately lands on the luminous body of the Sun, where he encounters Uriel, and, transforming himself into the semblance of a youthful angel, inquires of him in which of the orbs visible from the solar globe the dwelling-place of man is to be found. Uriel replies :—

"'Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines.
That place is Earth, the seat of man; that light
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighbouring Moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and, her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid-heaven
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills, and empties to enlighten the Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode; those lofty shades, his bower:
Thy way thou canst not miss · me mine requires.'

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CHARON, THE FERRYMAN OF HELL.

Dante and his guide, Virgil, having passed through the portal of the infernal regions (the gate over which is written that terrible line, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"), come to the banks of a great dark stream—the river Acheron.

> "And lo! toward us in a bark
> Comes on an old man, hoary white with eld,
> Crying, 'Woe to you, wicked spirits! hope not
> Ever to see the sky again. I come
> To take you to the other shore across,
> Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
> In fierce heat and in ice. And thou, who there
> Standest, live spirit! get thee hence and leave
> These who are dead.'"
>
> *Inferno, Canto III., lines* 76—84.†

This "old man" is Charon, who is shortly afterwards described as—

> "The boatman o'er the livid lake,
> Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames."

With his oar he lashes the condemned souls on board, leaving Dante and Virgil to gain the opposite bank by a different boat.

The plate forms a worthy introduction to the series of drawings in illustration of the "Inferno." The action of the figure is very powerful, and the gloomy sky, black rocks, and melancholy, turbulent river, breaking against the side of the bark into waves that seem to spit venomously, make up a solemn landscape.

† Cary's Translation.

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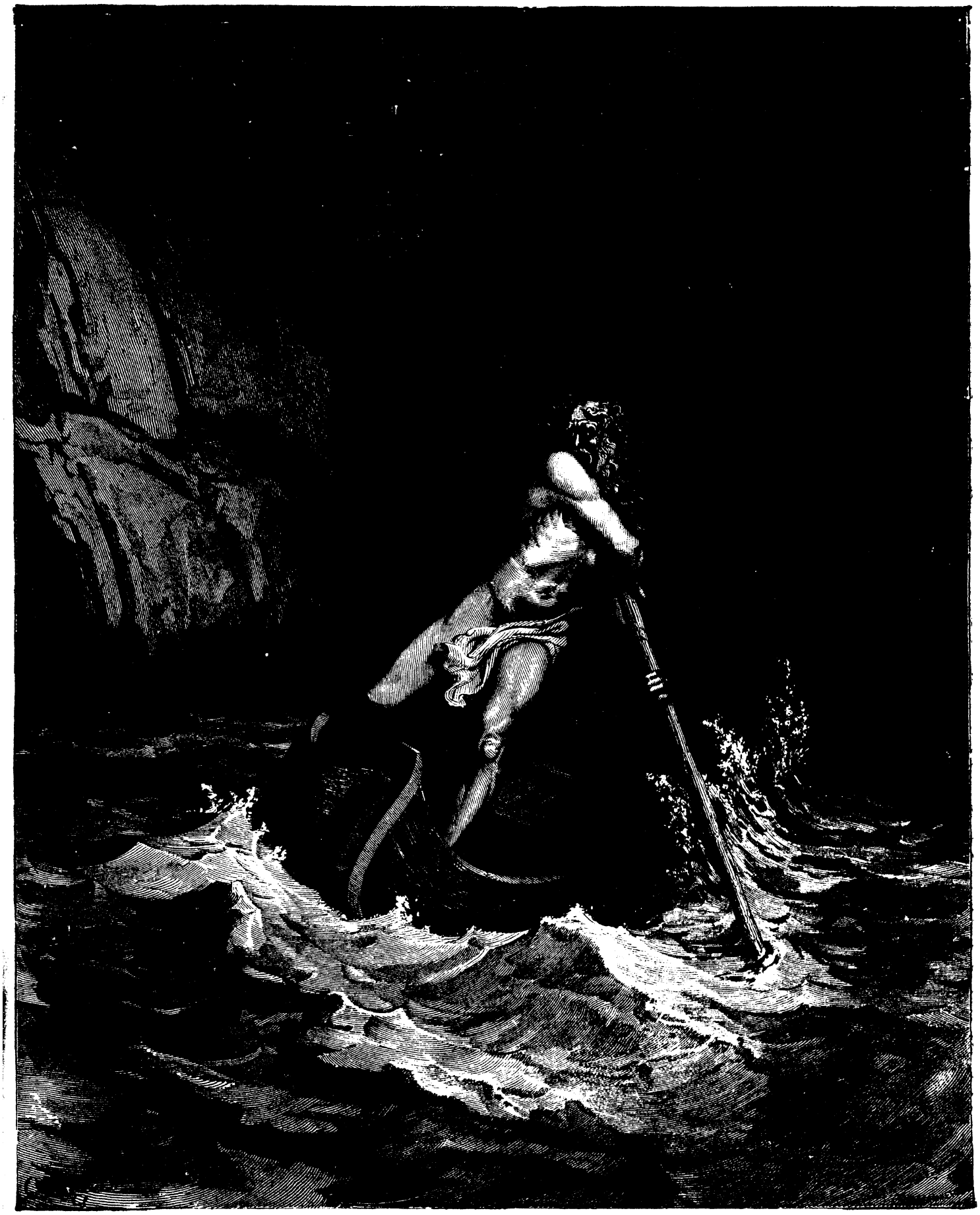

CHARON, THE FERRYMAN OF HELL.

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CAIN AND ABEL OFFERING THEIR SACRIFICES.

THE subject here is from Genesis iv. 3—5. Abel, who was a keeper of sheep, brought as a sacrifice the firstlings of his flock, while Cain offered the fruit of the ground. The oblation of the one was accepted, and of the other rejected; at which "Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell." The murder of Abel was committed shortly after; but in the present illustration we only see the first lowering of the tempest, as, with moody brow and lurking attitude, Cain regards his brother apart. The landscape is very fine. A gloomy valley, bounded by a bare, stony wall of mountain, sprinkled with rough boulders, and darkened with shaggy wood, is the scene of the sacrifice. The smoke of Abel's offering goes up in a straight, cloudy column into the cloudy sky, while Cain's is beaten back to the earth in great rolling masses of flame and vapour. Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the drawing is the dim, overshadowed, primitive look that is spread over the whole composition.

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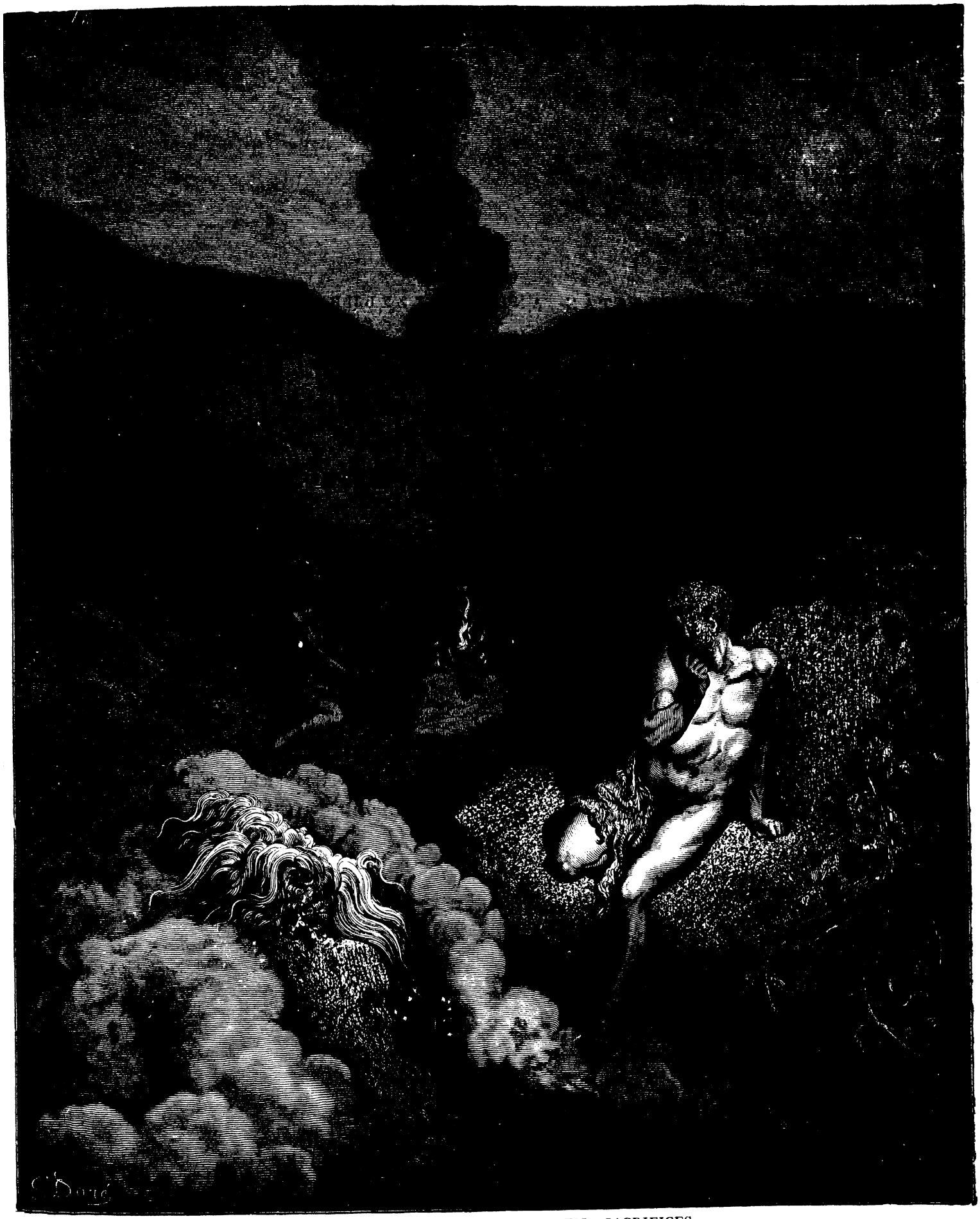

CAIN AND ABEL OFFERING THEIR SACRIFICES.

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SATAN AND BEELZEBUB.

In the first book of "Paradise Lost," Milton describes Satan and Beelzebub as lying, after their fall from Heaven, in an abyss of raging fire.

> "Yet from those flames
> No light, but rather darkness visible,
> Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
> Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
> And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
> That comes to all; but torture without end
> Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
> With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed." *Book I., lines* 62—69.

The Arch-Fiend and his lieutenant are seen in the illustration—the one rearing "from off the pool his mighty stature," the other still tossing on the fiery waves.

> "On each hand, the flames,
> Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd
> In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale." *Lines* 222—224.

The powerful contrasts of shadow and gloomy light in this picture will not escape observation.

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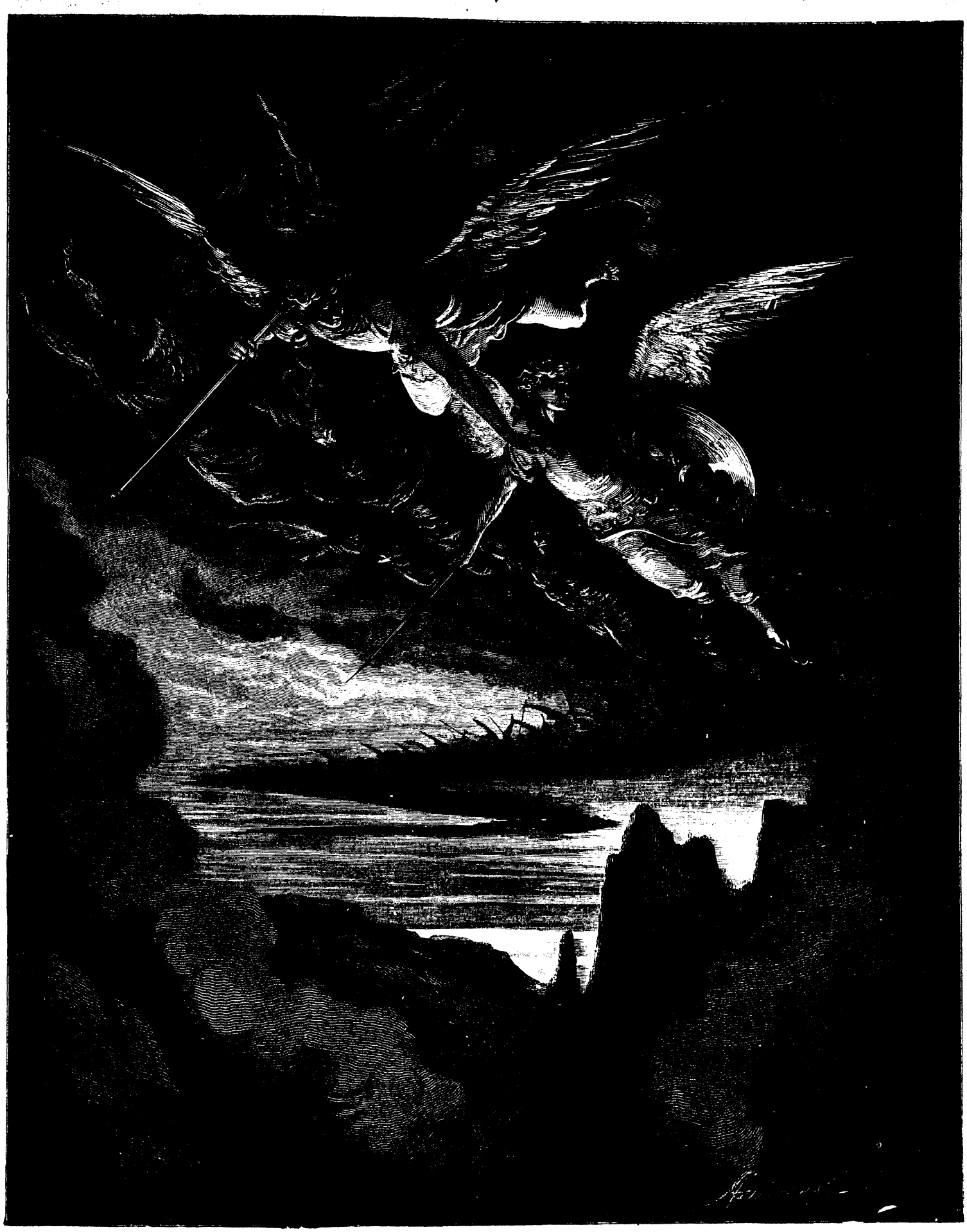

THE FALLEN ANGELS ON THE WING.

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DANTE AND THE SPIRITS OF THE MOON.

GUIDED by the spirit of Beatrice, after his arrival in Paradise, Dante visits the Moon, and there meets with Piccarda, the sister of Forese, who tells him that that planet is the abode of those who, after making profession of chastity and a religious life, have been compelled to violate their vows. She alludes more particularly to her own case, and that of Constance, daughter of Ruggieri, King of Sicily, both of whom were forcibly taken out of convents, and married. Although these acts were against their own will, they had the effect, according to rigid Catholic doctrine, of excluding the victims from the highest beatitudes of Heaven; but they are blest and happy, in a minor degree, in the lucent fields of the Moon. Of Piccarda a very striking legend is told, though Dante himself does not mention it. It is said that, immediately after her forcible marriage, she recommended herself to Christ for the preservation of her purity, and that in a little while her whole body was smitten with a horrible leprosy, so that in a few days she died.

The opal twilights of the Moon are beautifully rendered by M. Doré, and the figures are full of a sweet and tender grace.

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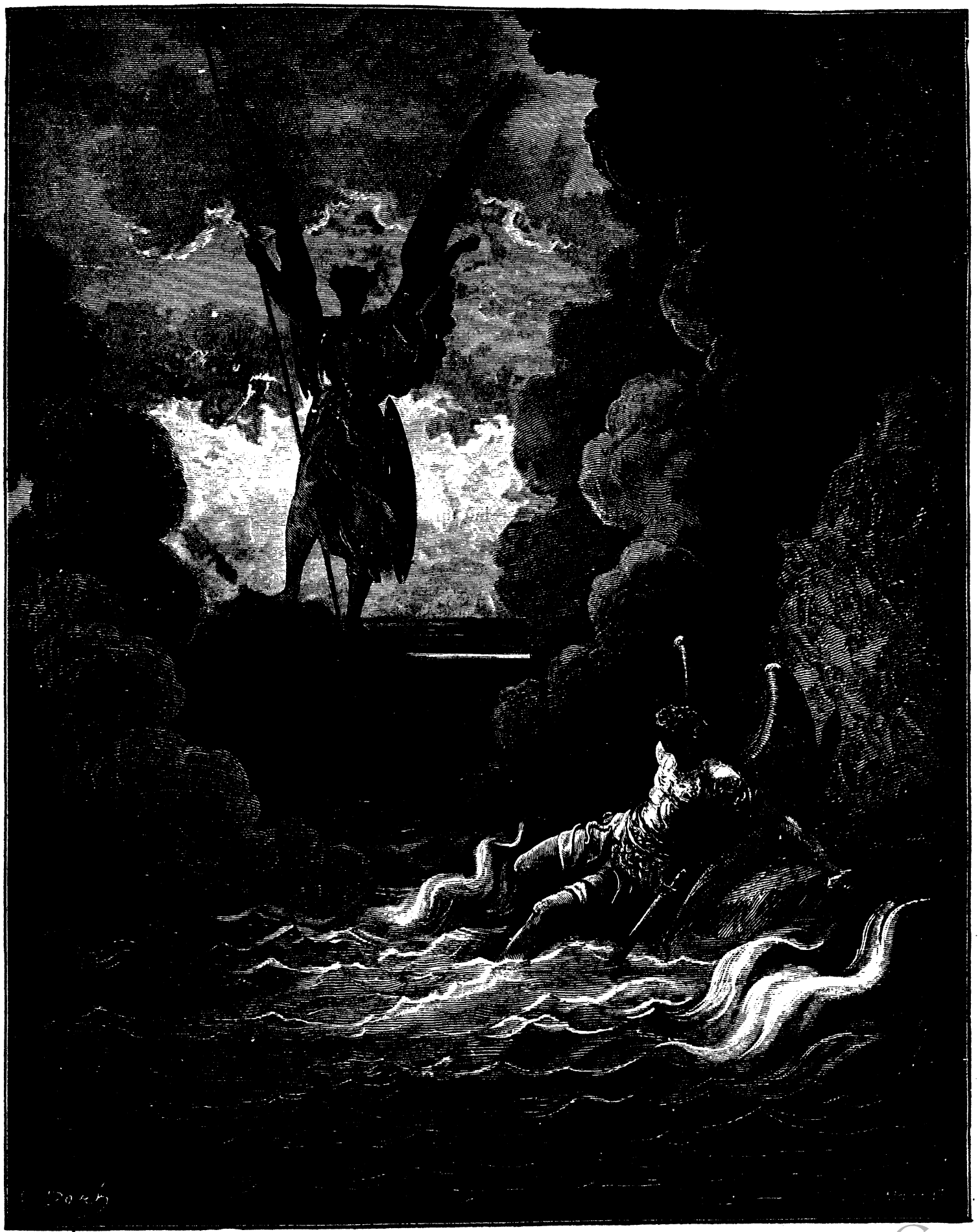

SATAN AND BEELZEBUB.

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THE FALLEN ANGELS ON THE WING.

SATAN, addressing his fallen compeers as they lie disconsolate on the billows of the fiery lake ("Paradise Lost," Book I.), bids them take courage, abandon their abject posture of submission, and once more rally round their chief, lest the angelic legions of the Conqueror descend from Heaven, and tread them down, or transfix them to the bottom of the abyss with "linked thunderbolts." The speech concludes with the famous line—

"Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!"

Abashed at this appeal, the lost spirits spring upward.

"As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, upcall'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen,
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, at a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain."

Lines 338—350.

The artist has shown us the infernal host trooping through the air like locusts, deepening the sad glooms of Tartarus, or sullenly reflecting its brassy fires.

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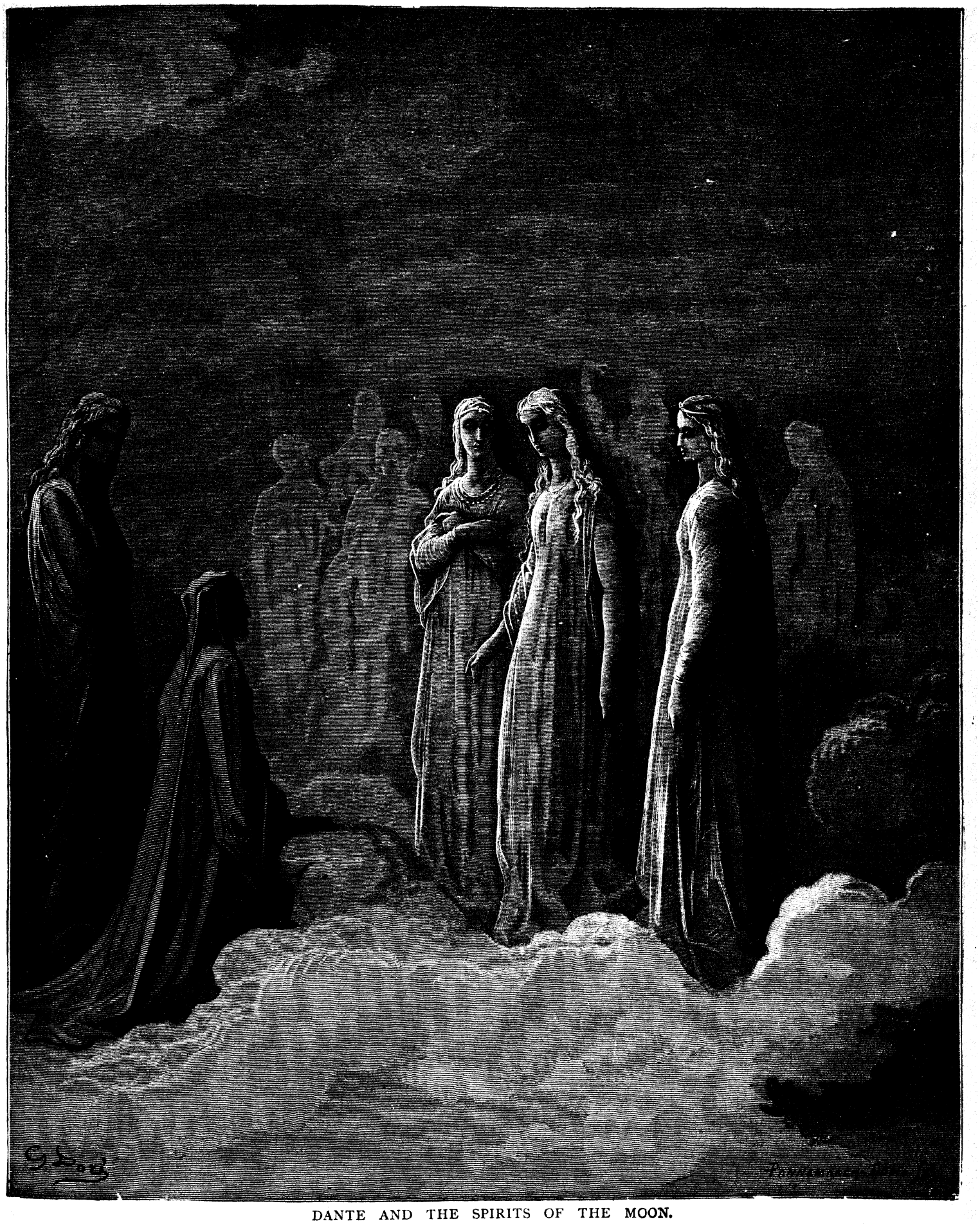

DANTE AND THE SPIRITS OF THE MOON.

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SATAN IN COUNCIL.

HAVING roused himself and his followers from the despair resulting from their late defeat, Satan ("Paradise Lost," Book I.) causes a magnificent palace to be erected out of the golden ore with which the soil of Hell abounds. This, after being purified, is conveyed in its liquid state into various moulds that have been formed beneath the ground; and then—

"Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet;
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. . . . . .
. . . . . The ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately highth; and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover wide
Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement. From the archéd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky." *Book I., lines 710—730.*

To this "high capital of Satan and his peers"—thence called Pandæmonium—the rebel angels are summoned by proclamation to debate on sundry great topics; and far within—

"The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat;
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats
Frequent and full." *Book I., lines 794—797.*

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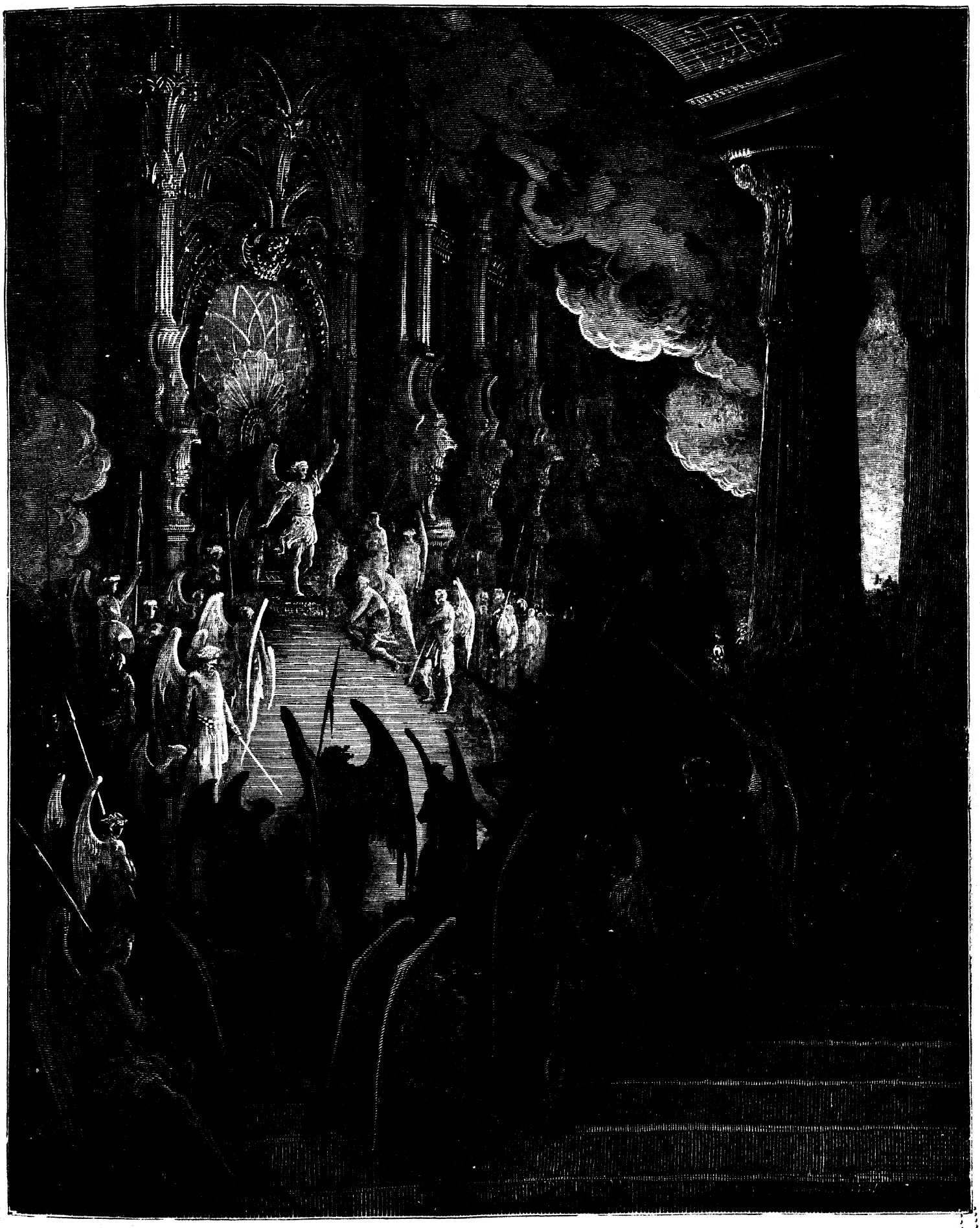

SATAN IN COUNCIL.

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THE ANGELS IN THE PLANET MERCURY.

BEATRICE ascends with Dante from the Moon to the planet Mercury, which forms the second heaven. The poet here sees a multitude of spirits, one of whom (the sometime Roman Emperor, Justinian) offers to satisfy him on anything he may desire to know.

"As in a quiet and clear lake the fish,
If aught approach them from without, do draw
Towards it, deeming it their food; so drew
Full more than thousand splendours towards us;
And in each one was heard: 'Lo! one arrived
To multiply our loves!'—and, as each came,
The shadow, streaming forth effulgence new,
Witness'd augmented joy." *Paradiso, Canto V., lines* 97—104.

This illustration is a wonderful example of a quality in M. Doré to which allusion has been made in the Introduction to this volume—his power of representing or suggesting infinite space. The great slanting beams, issuing from a glory beyond the reach of the spectator's sight, and the endless procession of angelic figures, floating, bird-like, in a glimmer of white radiance, down the abysms of cloud and air, are splendid triumphs of imaginative art and perfect execution.

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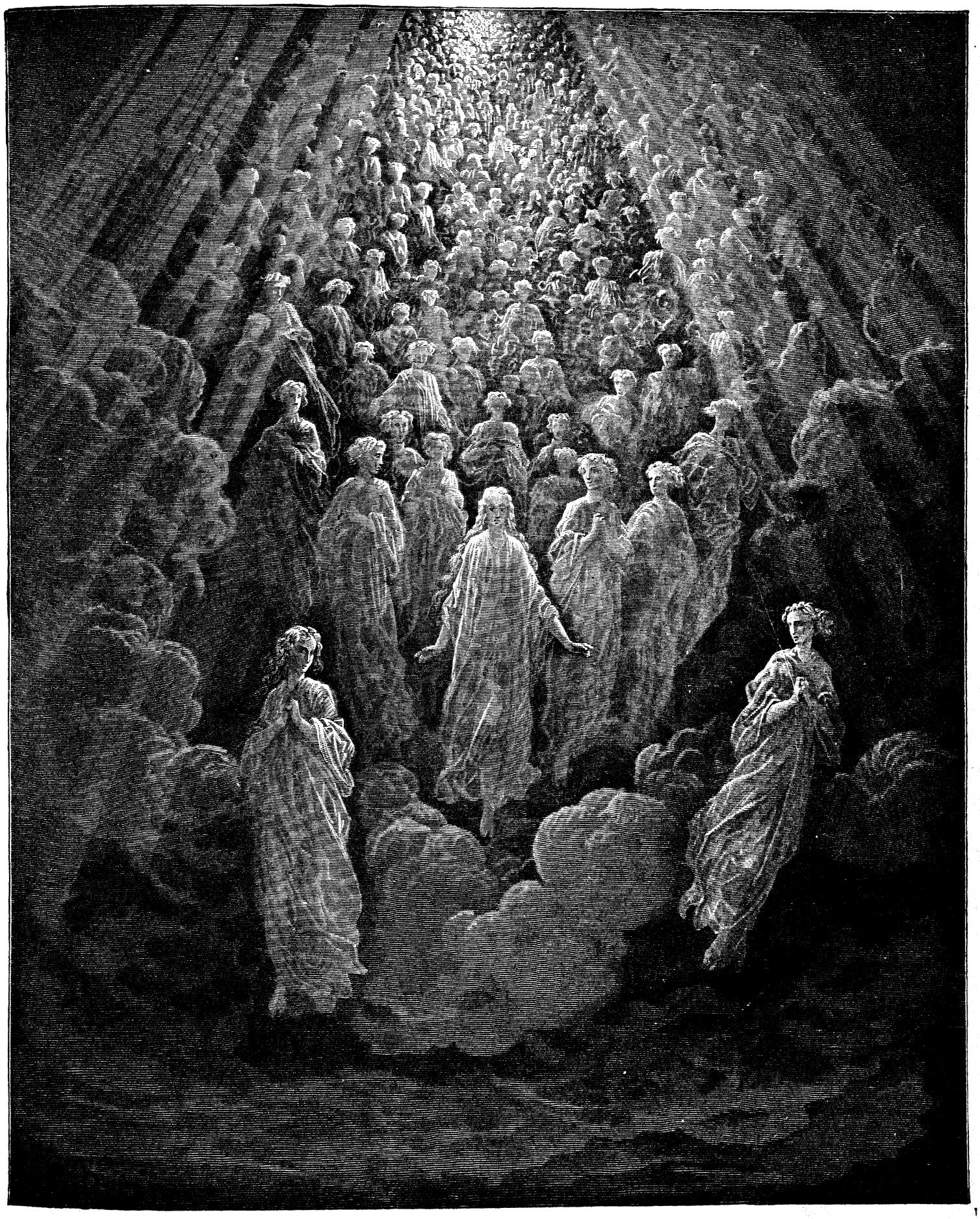

THE ANGELS IN THE PLANET MERCURY.

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PIA IN PURGATORY.

DANTE, passing through Purgatory with his guide, the Mantuan, meets with several spirits who, though they had deferred their repentance till they were suddenly overtaken by a violent death, were yet allowed sufficient time to make a saving profession of faith. Amongst these are Giacopo del Cassero, Buonconte da Montefeltro, and Pia, a lady of Sienna. The last-named, addressing Dante, requests him to remember her when he returns to earth.

"Sienna gave me life;
Maremma took it from me. That he knows,
Who me with jewell'd ring had first espous'd."

Purgatorio, Canto V., lines 131—133.

The story of Pia is one of the tragedies of Italian mediæval history. The lady is said to have been of the family of Tolommei, and was taken by her husband, Nella della Pietra, to perish in the marshes of the Maremma, from motives of jealousy. She was conveyed to a lonely house there in the sultry season of the year; the husband during the whole of the journey maintaining a sullen silence, and giving no heed to his wife's tears and remonstrances. Pietra was willing to take his own chance of death, for the sake of his revenge on the lady; and so, without a word, he watched over her until she died.

The misty light and flowering turf of the present illustration are very beautiful, and the figures are graceful and pathetic.

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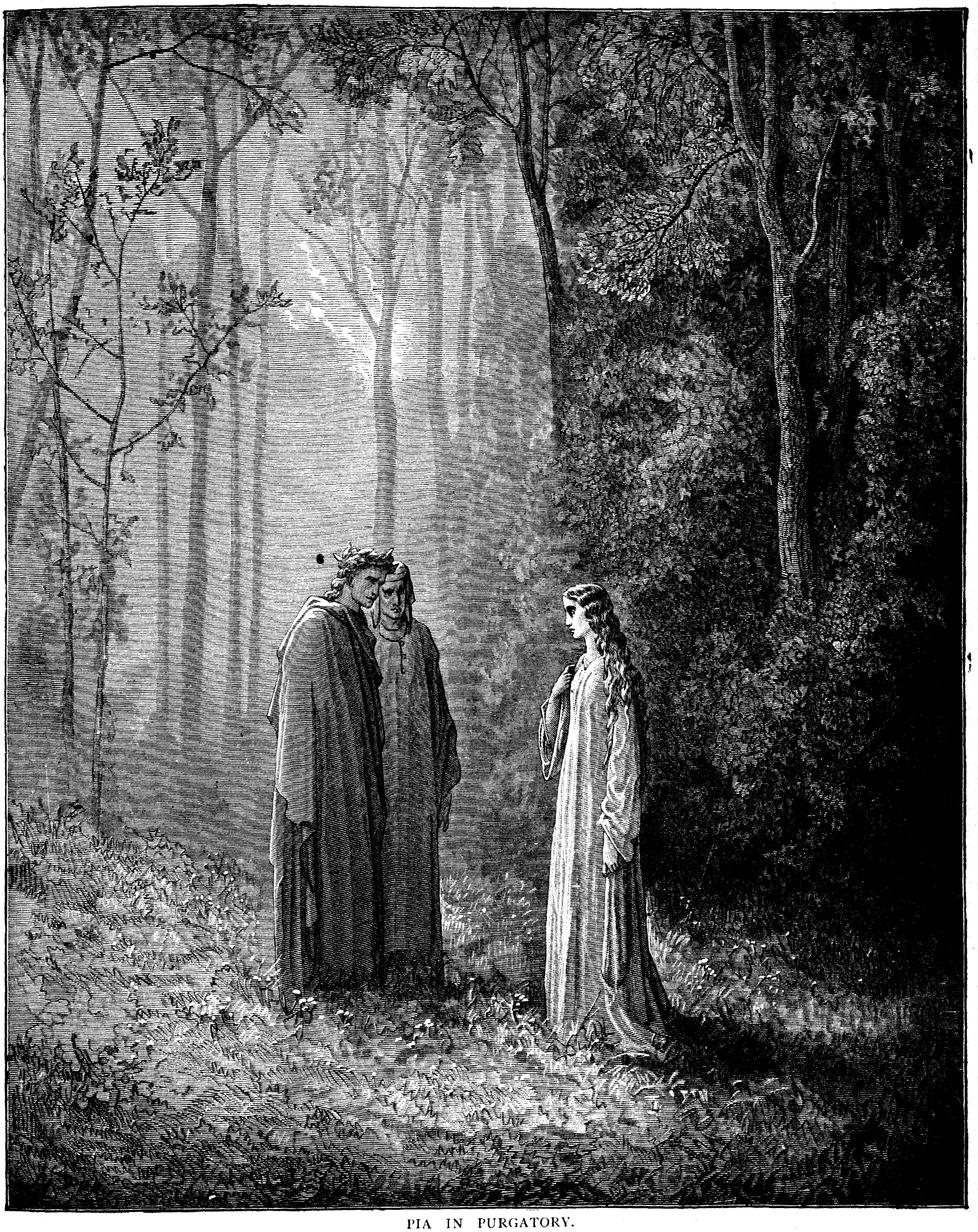

PIA IN PURGATORY.

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THE VULTURES AND THE PIGEONS.

La Fontaine's Fable tells us how once there was a quarrel among the Vultures over the body of a dead dog, which resulted in a terrific encounter.

"With tooth and nail
They battled; many chiefs fell dead,
Many a dauntless hero bled."

All this aroused the pity of the Pigeons, who succeeded in pacifying the quarrellers; but they, as soon as they were united, turned against the defenceless peacemakers. In the illustration a long array of vultures are seen swooping down on the huddling pigeons, while indications of the preceding struggle are shown in the distance.

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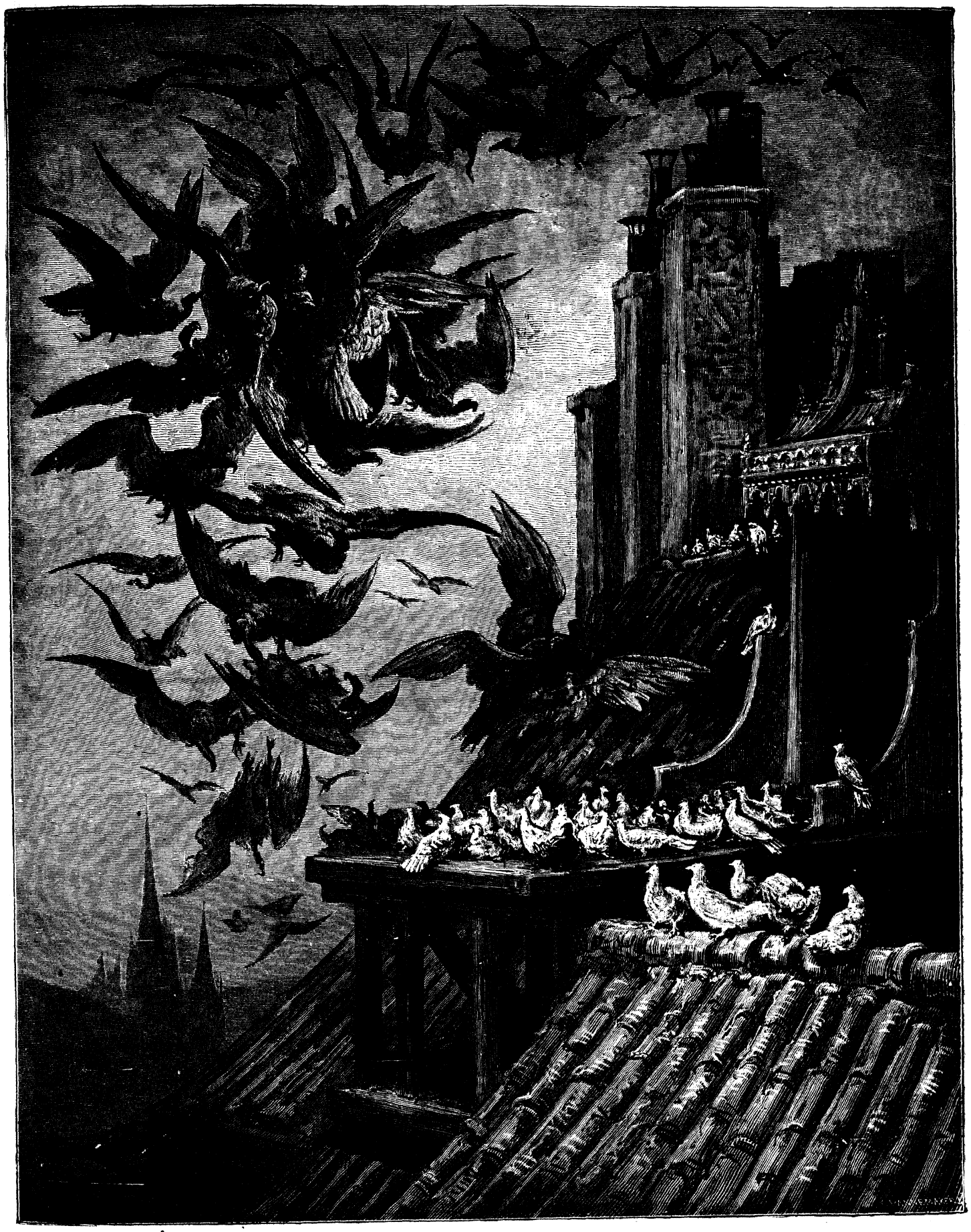

THE VULTURES AND THE PIGEONS.

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SATAN AT THE GATES OF HELL.

THE result of the consultation of the fiends assembled in Pandæmonium is, that search shall be made into the truth of the prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, to be created about that time. Satan himself undertakes this perilous and difficult enterprise, and sets out on his journey towards the gates of Hell. These he finds of threefold substance, each substance three times repeated :—

"Three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape.
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul, in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal. . . . . .
. . . . . The other shape—
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Paradise Lost, Book II., lines 645—673.

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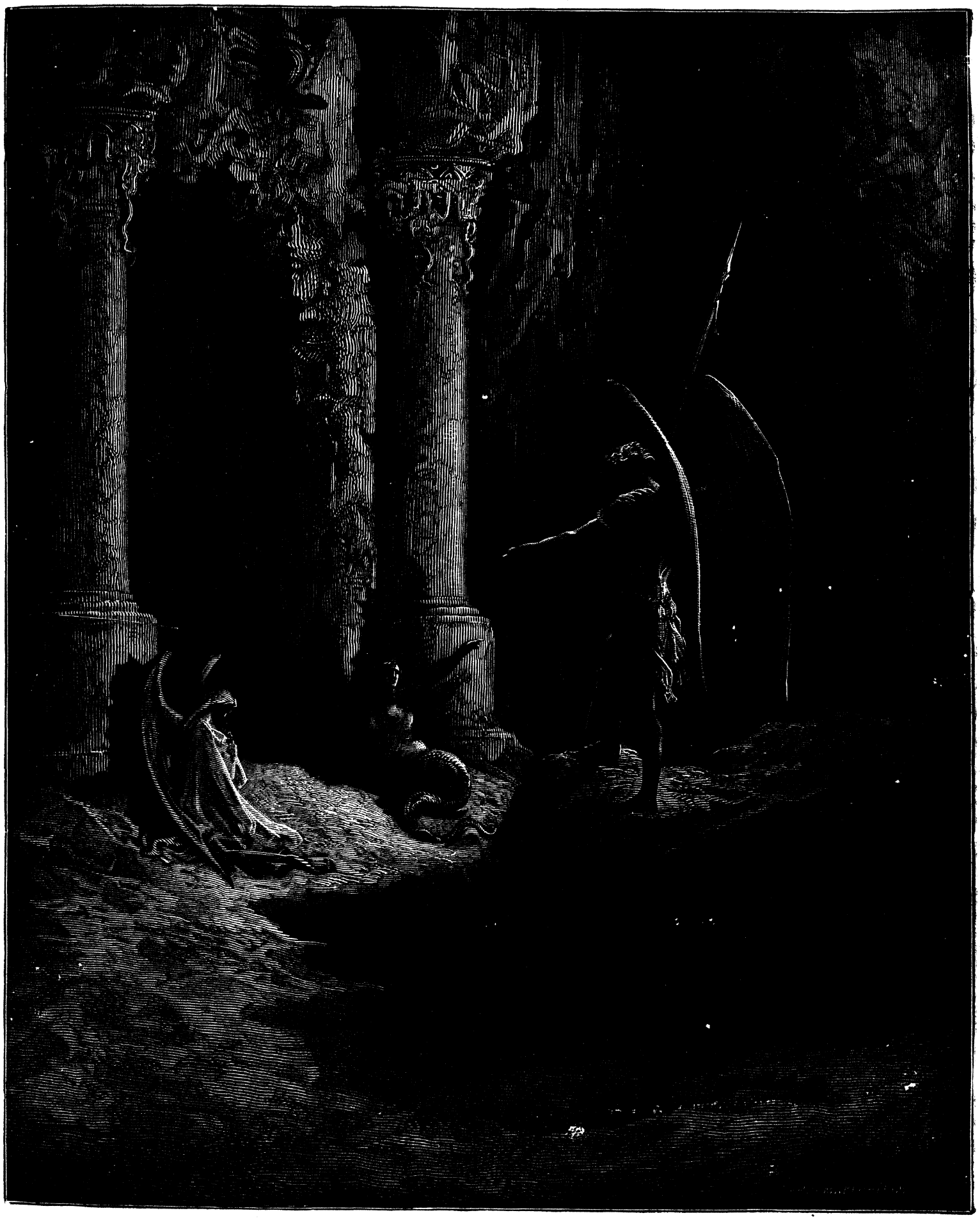

SATAN AT THE GATES OF HELL.

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DANTE'S VISION OF LEAH.

DANTE and Virgil, making their way up the last ascent of Purgatory leading to the Terrestrial Paradise, which is situated on the summit of the mountain, are stopped in their progress by the fall of night. Lying on the ground to sleep, Dante has a dream, in which he beholds a beautiful female figure walking in a flowery meadow.

"About the hour,
As I believe, when Venus from the east
First lighten'd on the mountain (she whose orb
Seems always glowing with the fire of love),
A lady young and beautiful, I dream'd,
Was passing o'er a lea; and, as she came,
Methought I saw her ever and anon
Bending to cull the flowers; and thus she sang:
'Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,
That I am Leah: for my brow to weave
A garland, these fair hands unwearied ply.
To please me, at the crystal mirror here,
I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she
Before her glass abides the livelong day,
Her radiant eyes beholding, charm'd no less
Than I with this delightful task: her joy
In contemplation, as in labour mine.'"

Purgatorio, Canto XXVII., lines 93—109.

Michael Angelo has made two statues of these allegorical ladies—Leah, the representative of the active, and Rachel of the contemplative life. The statues appear on the monument of Julius II., in the church of San Pietro in Vincolo. The illustration here given is one of the numerous instances of M. Doré's unequalled power of representing mere light, without the obvious contrast of deep shade. The effect is very soft, luminous, and visionary—a dream of youth, and brightness, and the flowery prime.

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DANTE'S VISION OF LEAH.

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DANTE AND HIS GUIDE.

When beset by the panther, lion, and wolf, to which allusion has already been made, Dante perceives a figure, apparently that of a man, and calls aloud to him, wondering who he may be. The other, replying, says that in the days of his mortal life he was a Mantuan, that he passed his days at Rome beneath the mild rule of Augustus, and that he was a bard, and sang of Æneas and the fall of Ilium. "Art thou, then, Virgil?" asks Dante; and proceeds to address him as "Glory and light of all the tuneful train." Virgil leads him away from the wild beasts, and proposes to guide him through Hell and Purgatory. Dante rejoins :—

> "'Bard! by that God whom thou didst not adore
> I do beseech thee . . . . . .
> . . . . . lead me where thou saidst
> That I Saint Peter's gate may view, and those
> Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight.'
> "Onward he moved; I close his steps pursued."
>
> *Inferno, Canto I., lines* 127—132.

"Saint Peter's gate" is the gate of Purgatory.

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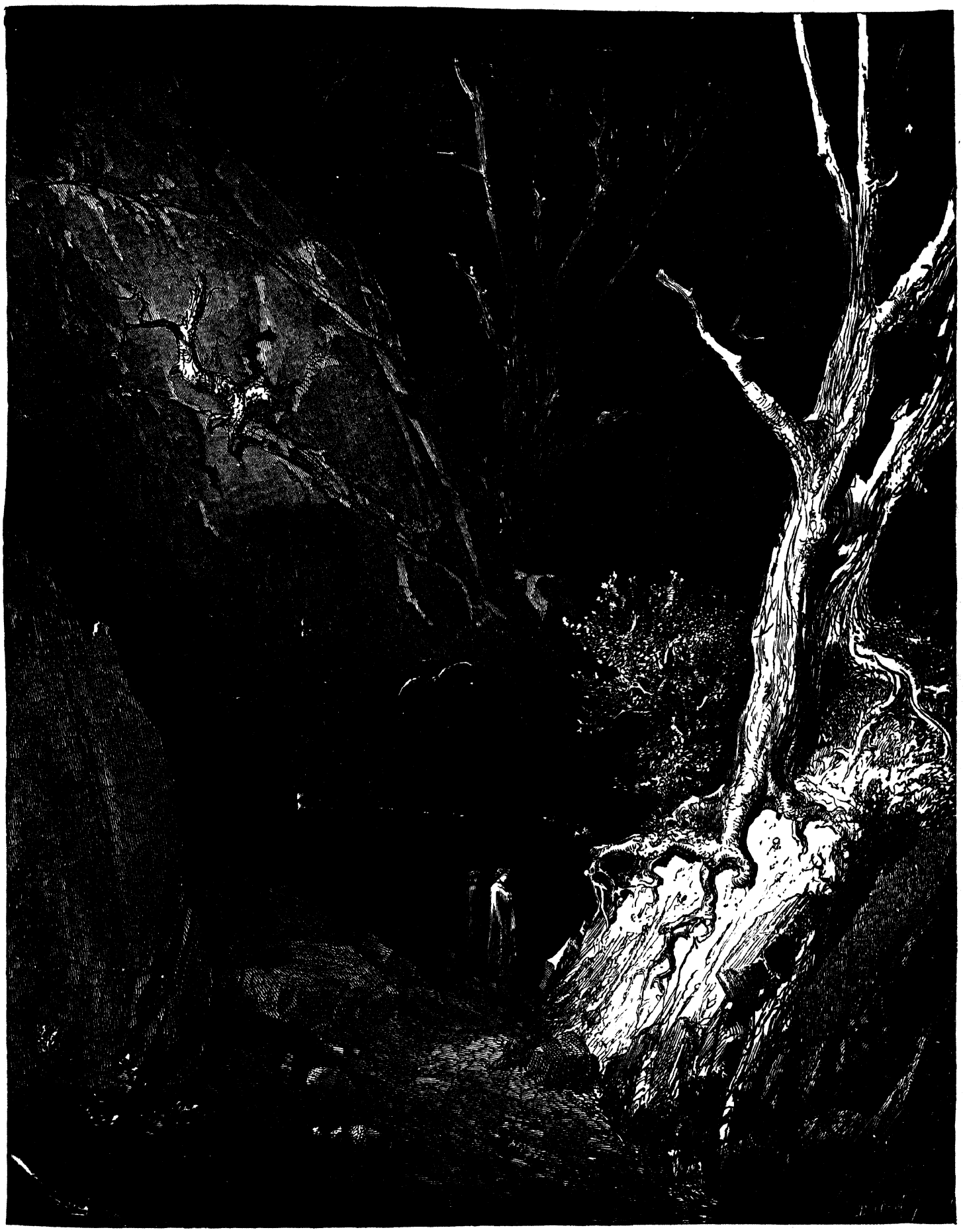

DANTE AND HIS GUIDE.

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THE VISION OF THE EMPYREAN.

BEATRICE conveys Dante into the empyrean, where, his sight having been strengthened by her aid, and by the virtue derived from looking on the river of light, he beholds, sphered in overpowering splendour, and formed into circles ranging within one another round the unspeakable central flame, the angels and souls of the blessed who form the immediate attendants upon the Deity. The spirits sit on thrones of dazzling brightness, and the whole congregation is compared by Dante to a vast expanded rose, of snow-white brilliance.

In the following canto, Dante gives a more particular description of this amazing vision. The angels, he says—

"Like a troop of bees,
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,
Now clustering, where their fragrant labour glows,—
Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose
From the redundant petals, streaming back
Unto the steadfast dwelling of their joy.
Faces had they of flame, and wings of gold;
The rest was whiter than the driven snow;
And, as they flitted down into the flower,
From range to range, fanning their plumy loins,
Whisper'd the peace and ardour which they won.
From that soft winnowing. Shadow none the vast
Interposition of such numerous flight
Cast from above upon the flower, or view
Obstructed aught. For, through the universe,
Wherever merited, celestial light
Glides freely, and no obstacle prevents.
All there, who reign in safety and in bliss,
Ages long past, or new, on one sole mark
Their love and vision fix'd. O trinal beam
Of individual star, that charm'st them thus!
Vouchsafe one glance to gild our storm below."

Canto XXXI., lines 6—27.

No mortal pencil could depict this sublime conception of Dante's—one of the most astonishing, in its union of vastness with particularity, of richness with purity, that ever entered the mind of man; but M. Doré has in some degree realised the multitudinous circles and quivering whiteness of beatitude.

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THE VISION OF THE EMPYREAN.

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DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

When Darius the Mede succeeded Belshazzar on the throne of Chaldæa, he promoted the prophet Daniel to an office of great power and grandeur; but the princes conspired against him, and forced the king to make a decree that whosoever should ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days, save of the king himself, should be cast into the den of lions. But Daniel openly kneeled down three times a day, "and prayed, and gave thanks unto his God, as he did aforetime." The princes demanded of the king the execution of the law that he had made, and the king was compelled to assent, though he did so with soreness of heart. Accordingly Daniel was cast into the den of lions, Darius saying to him, "Thy God, whom thou servest continually, will deliver thee." The mouth of the den was closed with a great stone, and the king sealed it with his own signet and the signet of his lords. "Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting; neither were instruments of music brought before him; and his sleep went from him. Then the king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions. And when he came to the den, he cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel; and the king spake, and said to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions? Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live for ever! My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt" (Daniel vi. 18—22). The illustration shows us Daniel surrounded by the lions, some of which are fawning on him.

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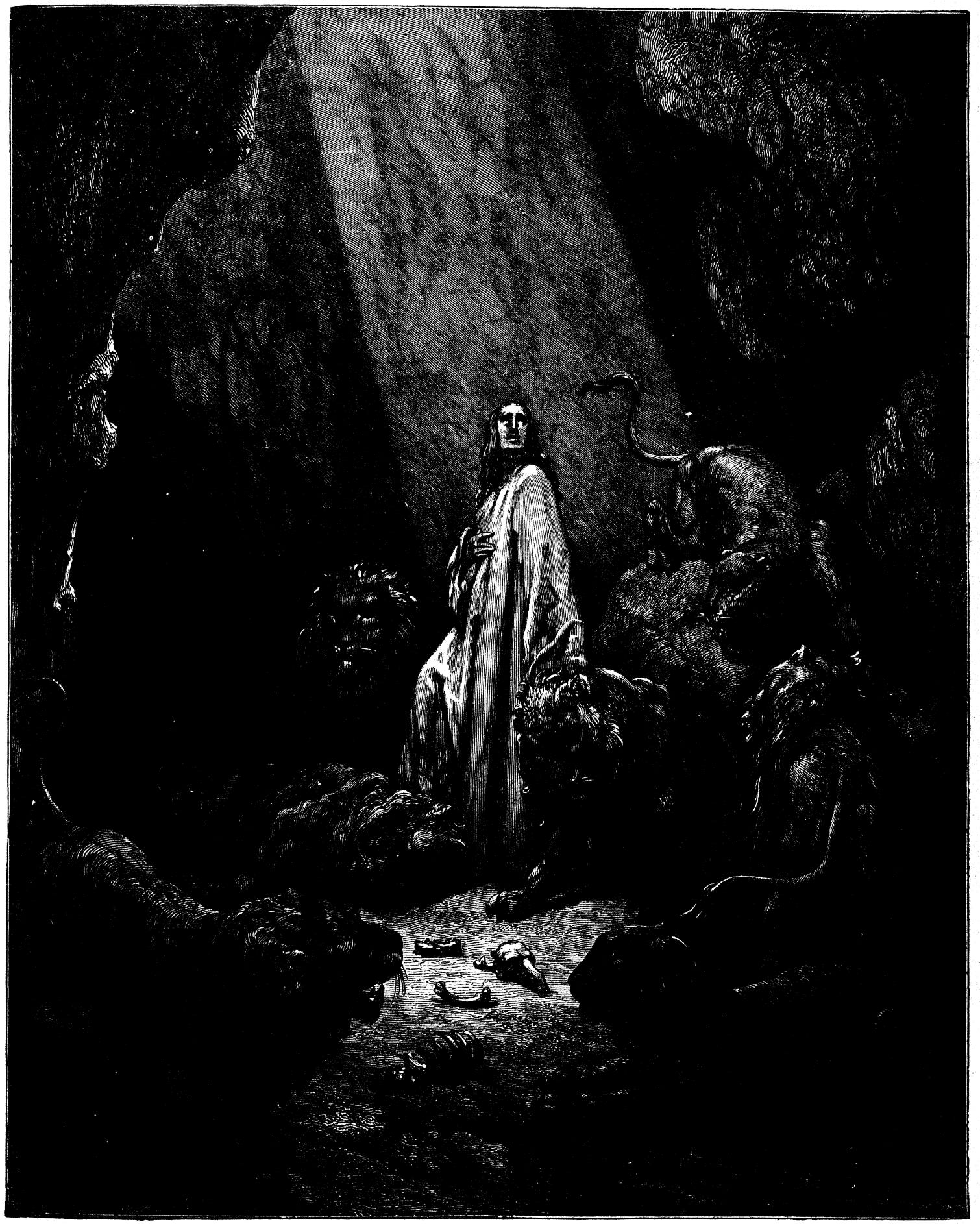

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

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THE GIANT ANTÆUS.

DANTE and Virgil are led by the sound of a loud horn to the ninth circle of Hell. Here Dante perceives dimly through the gloom a great number of lofty towers, as he supposes them to be; but Virgil tells him that they are giants, each immersed up to the middle in a deep pit. The whole number encompass the abyss, even as the castle of Monteregione is surrounded by turrets. As the Florentine approaches nearer, he sees that this is the fact, and fear rushes into him. The two poets pass by several of these monsters (one of them, Nimrod, shouting after them in a hideous jargon), and at length they come to Antæus, who speaks intelligibly, and is unfettered. Virgil begs of him to land them at the bottom of the abyss. The giant straightway seizes on the Mantuan, who calls to his companion to hold fast to him; and in this way they are lowered down the steep side of the gulf.

"As appears
The tower of Carisenda,* from beneath
Where it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud
So sail across that opposite it hangs:
Such then Antæus seem'd, as at mine ease
I mark'd him stooping. I were fain at times
To have pass'd another way. Yet in the abyss,
That Lucifer with Judas low engulfs,
Lightly he placed us; nor, there leaning, stay'd,
But rose, as in a bark the stately mast."

Inferno, Canto XXXI., lines 127—136.

Antæus was a giant of Libya, in the north of Africa, son of Terra and Neptune—*i.e.*, of the Earth and Sea. He was attacked by Hercules; and as at every fall he received fresh strength from his mother Earth, the hero squeezed him to death in his arms. The story is told by Lucan, in the fourth book of his "Pharsalia," line 590, &c.

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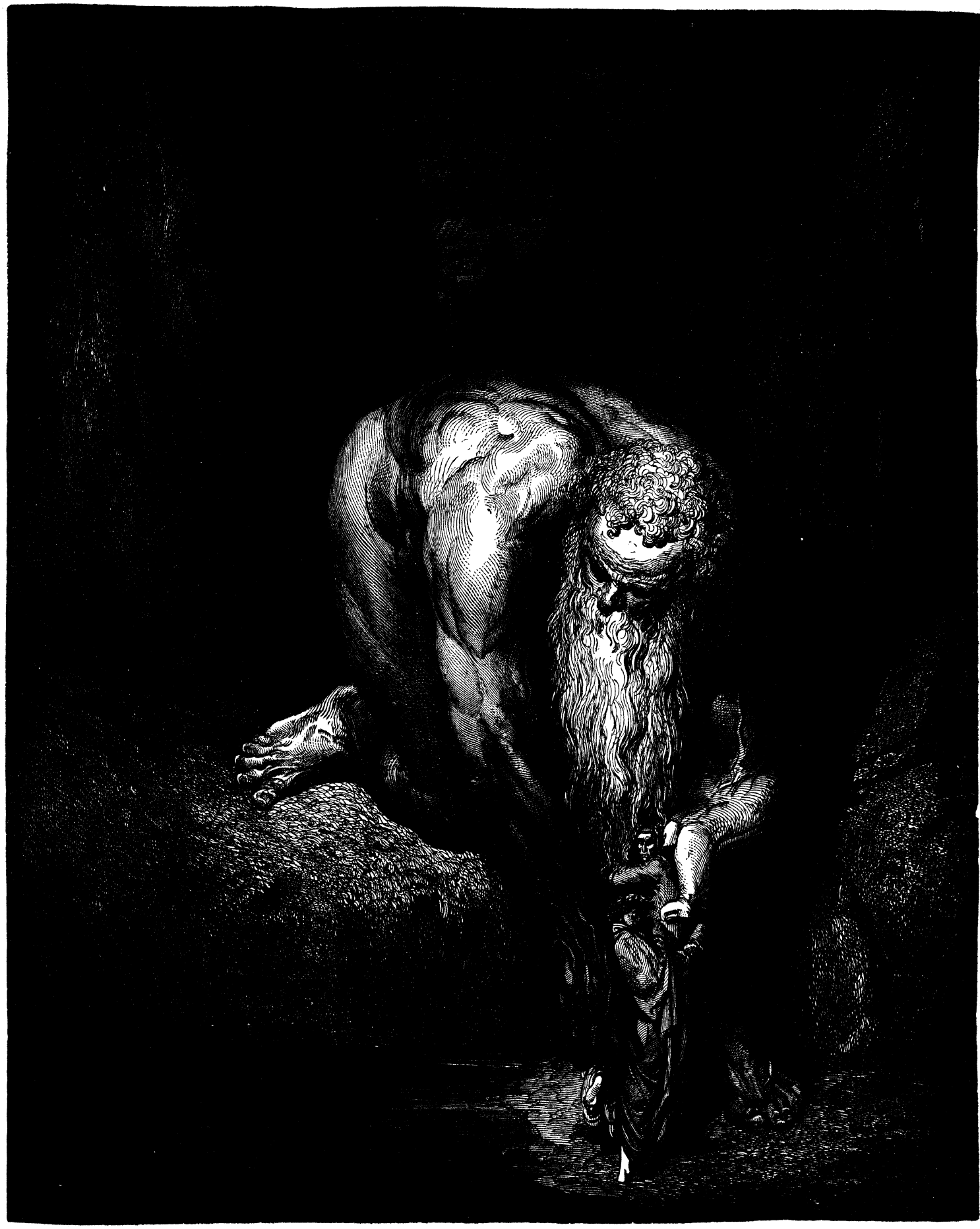

THE GIANT ANTÆUS.

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THE VISION OF THE SIXTH HEAVEN.

QUITTING the planet Mars, Beatrice and Dante ascend to Jupiter, the sixth heaven, in which they see the souls of those who have ruled justly on earth disposed in the air after such a fashion as to form the figure of an eagle.

"Before my sight appear'd, with open wings,
The beauteous image, in fruition sweet
Gladdening the throngéd spirits. Each did seem
A little ruby, whereon so intense
The sunbeam glow'd that to mine eyes it came
In clear refraction. And that which next
Befals me to portray, voice hath not utter'd,
Nor hath ink written, nor in fantasy
Was e'er conceiv'd. For I beheld and heard
The beak discourse; and, what intention form'd
Of many, singly as of one express,
Beginning: 'For that I was just and piteous,
I am exalted to this height of glory,
The which no wish exceeds; and there on earth
Have I my memory left, e'en by the bad
Commended, while they leave its course untrod.'
"Thus is one heat from many embers felt,
As in that image many were the loves,
And one the voice that issued from them all."

Paradiso, Canto XIX., lines 1—19.

Here again M. Doré has given us an amazing sense of infinitude and airy space. From vapoury strands of cloud, half-dipped in softness of immeasurable blue, the glorified Beatrice and her poet-lover look towards the glimmering eagle, one, yet manifold, which, from a rapture of distance, answers them across the heavens. It is a wonderful phantasy of air, and light, and visionary forms.

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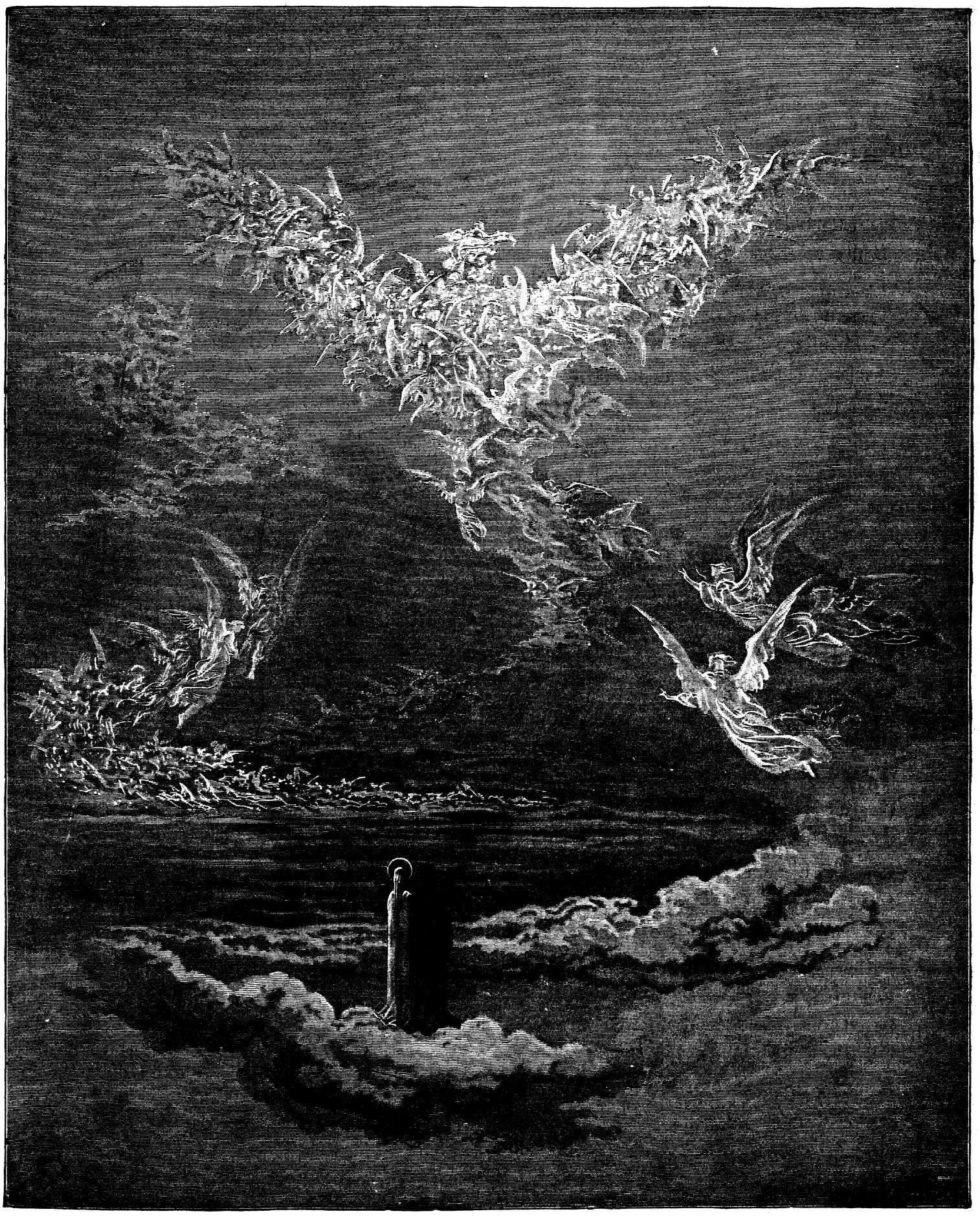

THE VISION OF THE SIXTH HEAVEN.

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THE PROCESSION OF THE ELDERS.

WHILE wandering about the forest of the Terrestrial Paradise, Dante comes to a stream, on the other side of which is a lady of great beauty, gathering flowers. After some discourse between them, the lady moves along the banks of the river in a contrary direction to the current, while Dante keeps pace with her on his own side. Suddenly, the air of the forest glows under its green boughs like fire; trails of splendour, consisting of all colours that the sun forms in the rainbow, illuminate the heavens; and—

"Beneath a sky
So beautiful, came four-and-twenty elders,
By two and two, with flower-de-luces crown'd.
All sang one song: 'Blessed be thou among
The daughters of Adam! and thy loveliness
Blessed for ever!'"

Purgatorio, Canto XXIX., lines 80—35.

These elders are followed by four animals, each crowned with green leaves, and each having six plumed wings, the plumage full of living eyes. Dante refers the reader who would know more of the appearance of these mysterious beasts to the account given by Ezekiel (i. 5, 6) of the four living creatures he saw in his vision, which had the likeness of a man, though each one had four faces and four wings. The poet adds, however, that he agrees with John (Revelation iv. 8) as to the number of the wings. All this allegory is alive with meaning; but, with regard to several points, the commentators are not agreed as to the interpretation to be put on Dante's imaginings. It seems probable that by the lady is meant the affectionate devotion which Catholics bear towards their Church. In the last canto of the "Purgatorio" the lady is called Matiida; and Matilda was the name of a countess who endowed the See of Rome with the Patrimony of St. Peter, and died in 1115. The elders are those alluded to in Revelation iv. 4; and the winged beasts are the evangelists. The difference in the number of wings is accounted for by supposing that Ezekiel saw only four "because"—to adopt the explanation of Lombardi, one of the commentators on Dante—"his prophecy does not extend beyond the fourth age; whereas Dante, beholding them in the sixth age, saw them with six wings, as did St. John." The vision as related by the poet is one of the most beautiful incidents of the "Purgatorio," and it is partly realised in the engraving.

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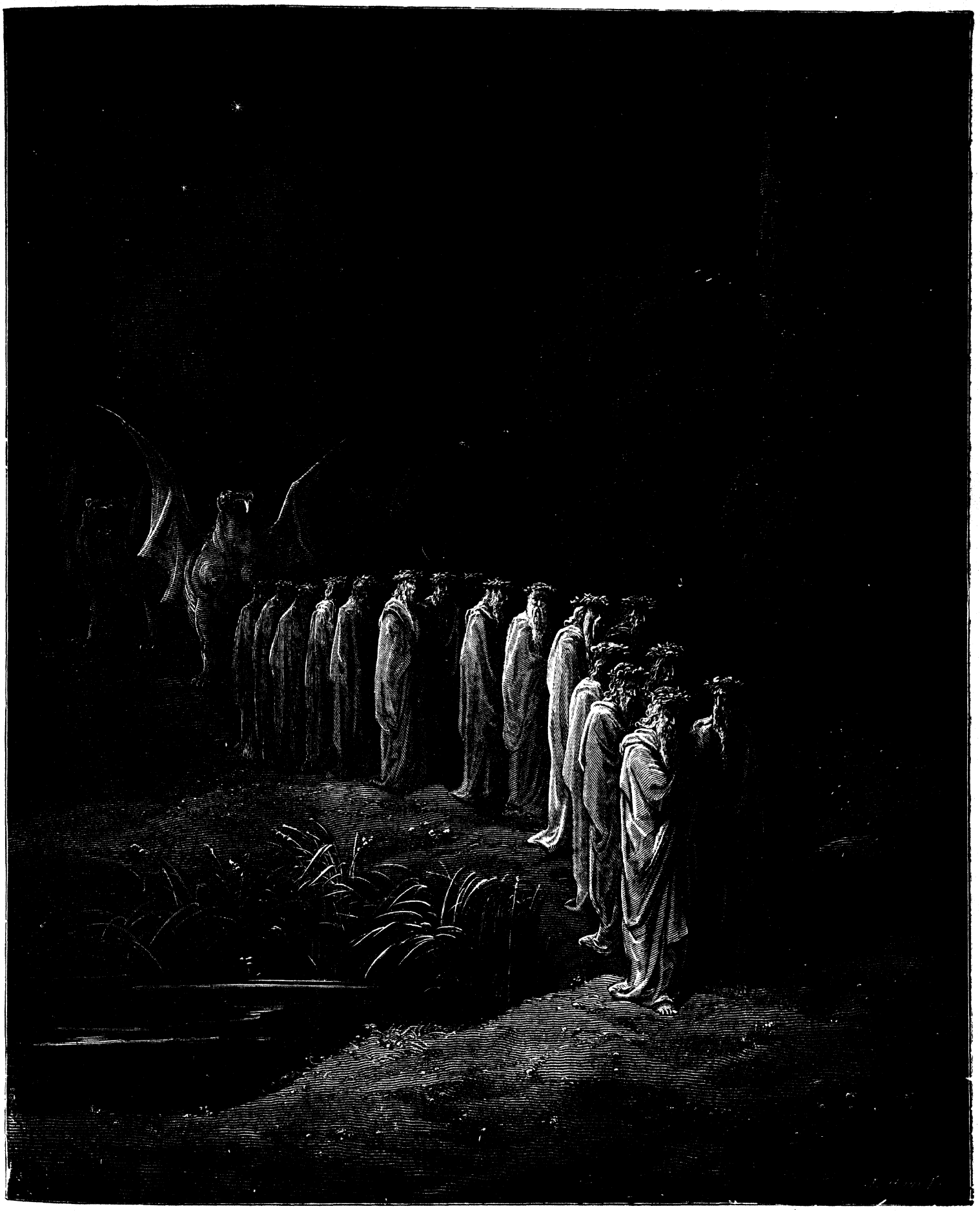

THE PROCESSION OF THE ELDERS.

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CYRUS RESTORING THE VESSELS OF THE TEMPLE.

In the first year of his reign, Cyrus, King of Persia, made a proclamation throughout all his kingdom, saying that God had charged him to build a temple at Jerusalem. He then made a great collection of treasure from his people to further this end, and he also "brought forth the vessels of the house of the Lord, which Nebuchadnezzar had brought forth out of Jerusalem, and had put them in the house of his gods. Even those did Cyrus, king of Persia, bring forth by the hand of Mithredath the treasurer, and numbered them unto Sheshbazzar, the prince of Judah" (Ezra i. 7, 8).

The illustration is a fine piece of Oriental stateliness and splendour. The massive and grotesquely enriched architecture is beautifully worked out, and the figures are full of a simple dignity, with well-contrasted action.

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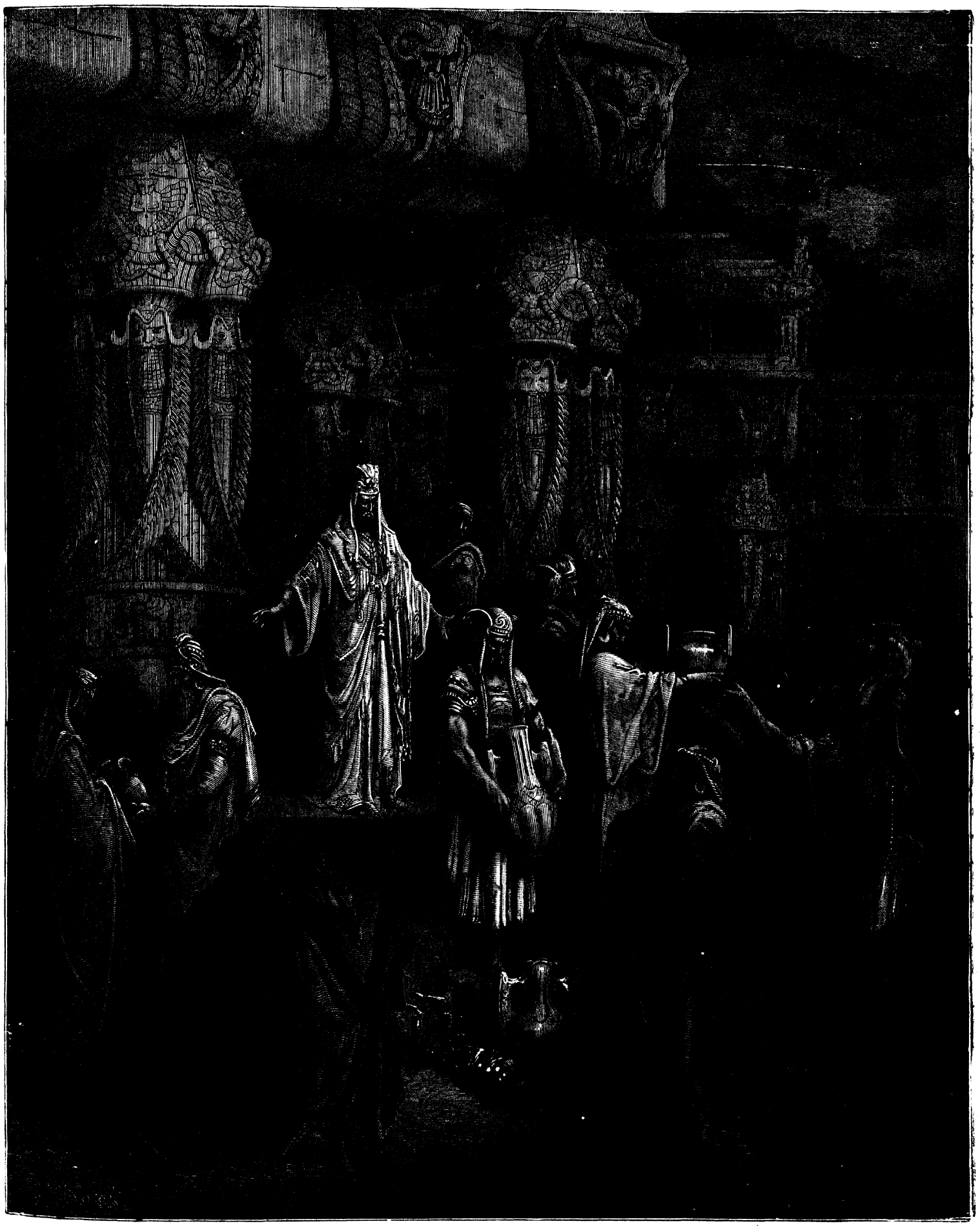

CYRUS RESTORING THE VESSELS OF THE TEMPLE.

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THE BOAT OF SOULS.

ONE of the most beautiful passages in the "Purgatorio" of Dante, is that in which the poet describes the arrival on the shores of Purgatory of a boat laden with the souls of newly-departed human beings. The Florentine and the Mantuan are standing on that solitary sea-shore where they met the spirit of Cato, and where, in obedience to Cato's directions, Dante is purified from the stains of Hell. He and Virgil are about to ascend the Mount of Purgatory; but for awhile they linger by the water's brink, like men who, musing on their road, journey in thought when they are at rest in body. At length—as, near upon the dawn, Mars glares redly down the west, over the ocean floor—Dante beholds a light coming so quickly across the sea, that never did any winged creature equal its swiftness. When, having withdrawn his eyes for a brief space, in order to ask his guide what marvel this may be, he looks again, the object has grown obviously larger and more glorious, and he is aware of something—he knows not what—of brilliant whiteness about it. The whiteness presently opens into wings; and now Virgil perceives who is the pilot of that boat, and exclaims to Dante, "Down, down upon thy knees! It is God's angel! See how he sets all human means at naught, so that he needs neither oar nor any other sail than his wings! and how he rears those wings straight up to heaven, winnowing the air with his eternal plumes!" As the boat comes nearer and nearer, more and more bright appears "the bird of God," so that human eyes cannot endure his splendour.

"He drove ashore in a small bark, so swift
And light that in its course no wave it drank.
The heavenly steersman in the prow was seen,
Visibly written Blessed in his looks.
Within, a hundred spirits and more there sat.
"'In Exitu Israel de Egypto,'
All with one voice together sang, with what
In the remainder of that hymn is writ."

Canto II., lines 40—47.

The angel makes the sign of the cross over them, and, when they have leaped out on to the shore, returns as swiftly as he came.

The illustration of this passage which M. Doré has furnished is thoroughly pervaded with the spirit of the original idea. It is full of infinite grace, beauty, and sweetness. The tender daybreak, suffusing the still slumbrous heavens—the vapoury radiance of the boat and of the disembodied souls—the gentle might of the heavenly steersman, and the classic dignity of the two robed poets—all is in the highest mood of imagination and sentiment.

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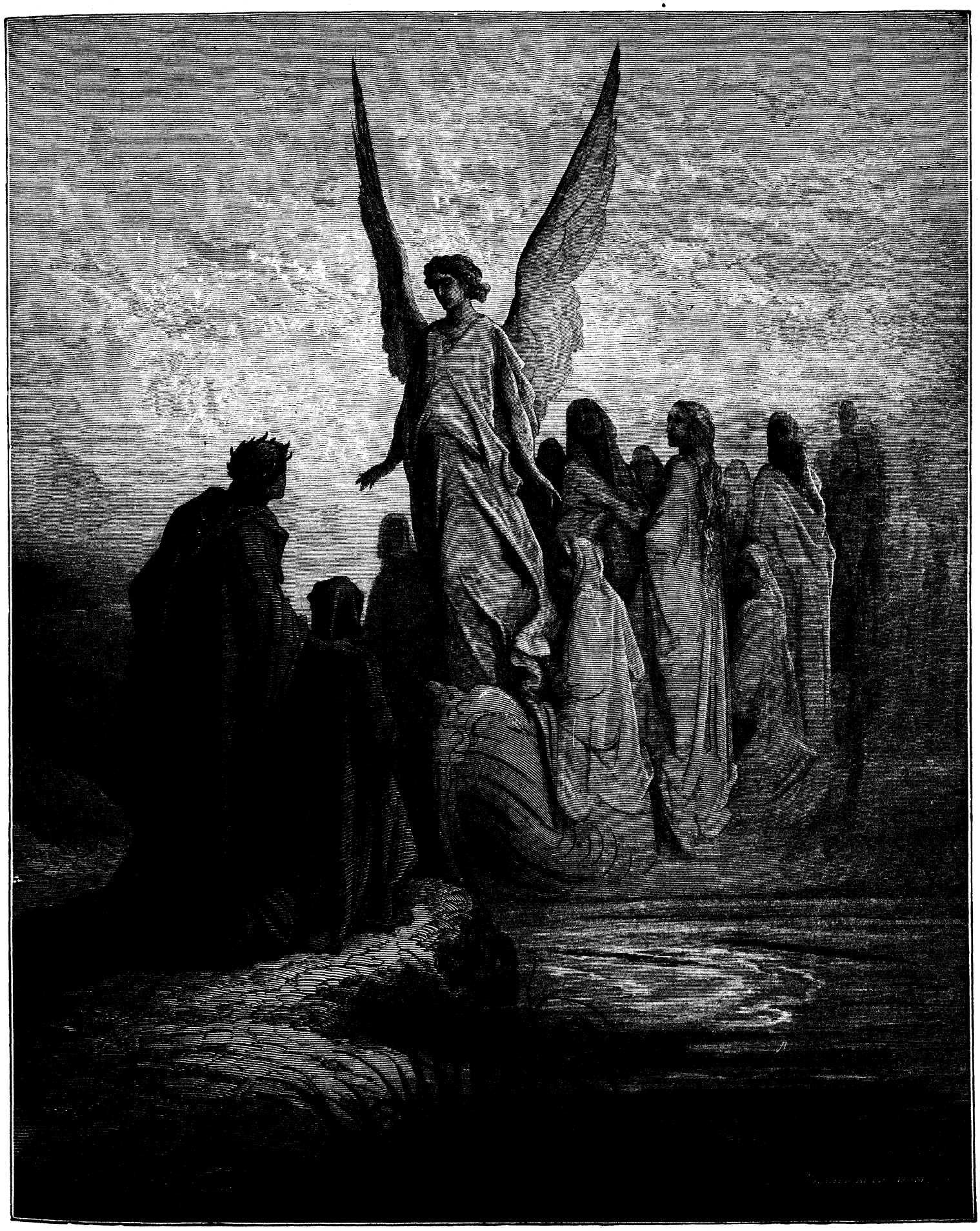

THE BOAT OF SOULS.

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DANTE AND THE RIVER OF LETHE.

Towards the latter part of his sojourn in Purgatory, Dante is visited by the spirit of Beatrice. It is for her to carry the melancholy poet to Paradise; but first it is necessary that he should be immersed in the waters of Lethe, that he may obtain oblivion of his sins. For this purpose, he is placed in the hands of the fair dame, Matilda, of whom we have already spoken in describing Plate XLVIII.; and, recovering from a swoon into which he has fallen, he finds that he is being carried through the waves.

"The blessed shore approaching, then was heard
So sweetly, 'Tu asperges me,' that I
May not remember, much less tell, the sound.
"The beauteous dame, her arms expanding, clasp'd
My temples, and immerged me where 'twas fit
The wave should drench me." *Purgatorio, Canto XXXI., lines* 97—102.

The lapsing river, the bending reeds that grow within its holy waters, the cloudy softness of the air about its banks, and the lovely, floating figure of the benign and angelic woman, are all touched with exceeding grace and beauty.

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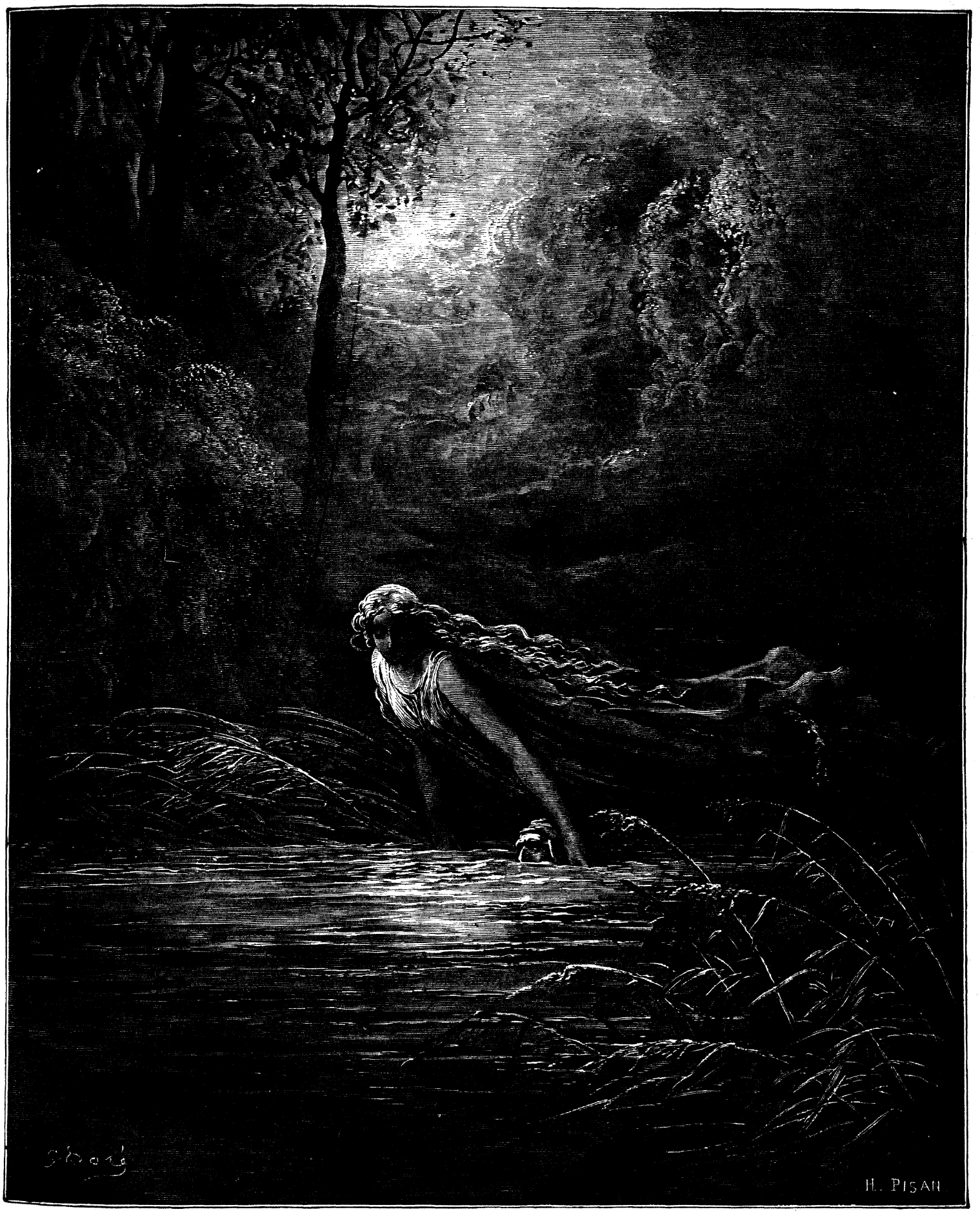

DANTE AND THE RIVER OF LETHE.

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SATAN'S FLIGHT THROUGH CHAOS.

PACIFYING the antagonism of the hideous warders of Hell-gate, Sin and Death, to whom we have before alluded, Satan, as soon as the nine-fold barriers are thrown open, looks out into the dark and warring region of Chaos—

"The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confusedly." *Paradise Lost, Book II., lines* 911—914.

After standing for awhile, "pondering his voyage," the Fiend launches himself into the "wild abyss," soaring upward on "his sail-broad vans" through the "surging smoke" of that primeval desert:

"Thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea
Nor good dry land, nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail."

Book II., lines 929—942.

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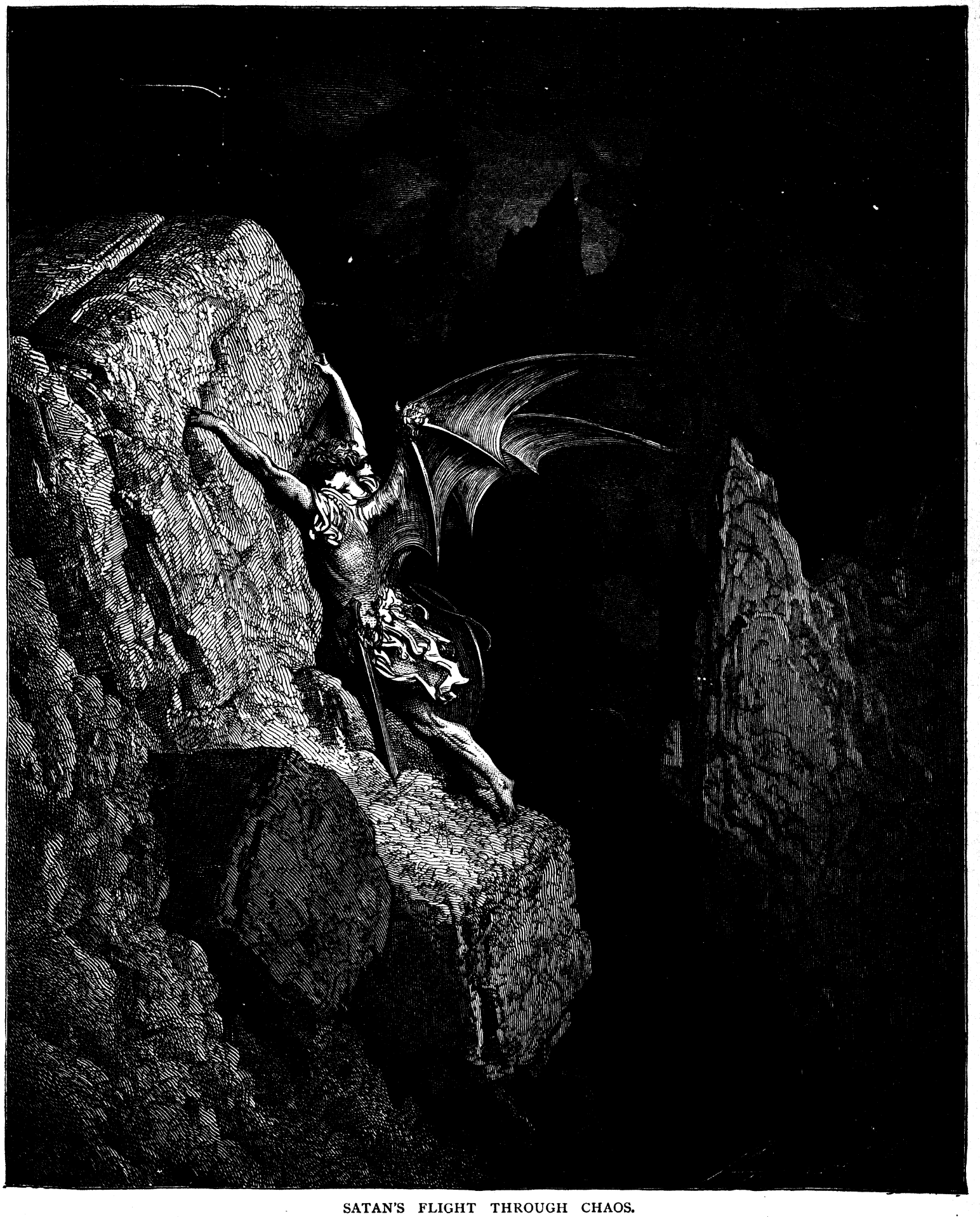

SATAN'S FLIGHT THROUGH CHAOS.

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THE PUNISHMENT OF GLUTTONY.

THE sixth region of Purgatory, according to Dante, is that in which the sin of gluttony is punished. Dante, Virgil, and Statius, in the course of their wanderings in this part, behold a tree hung with sweet-smelling fruit, and watered by a crystal fountain; and from the boughs issue voices enjoining temperance in food, and recording wonderful examples of that virtue in ancient times. Shortly afterwards, the three poets meet a troop of spirits with pale visages, and bodies so lean that the bones appear starting through the skin. The sockets of their eyes seem as rings from which the gems have dropped out. One of these spirits turns his eyes in their deep-sunken cells full on Dante, and addresses him. The Florentine then recognises the features of his friend Forese, also a poet.

"'Ah! respect
This wan and leprous-wither'd skin,' thus he
Suppliant implor'd, 'this macerated flesh.
Speak to me truly of thyself. And who
Are those twain spirits, that escort thee there?
Be it not said thou scorn'st to talk with me.'
"'That face of thine,' I answer'd him, 'which, dead,
I once bewail'd, disposes me not less
For weeping when I see it thus transform'd.
Say then, by Heaven, what blasts ye thus? The whilst
I wonder, ask not speech from me: unapt
Is he to speak whom other will employs.'
"He thus: 'The water and the plant we pass'd
With power are gifted, by the Eternal Will
Infused; the which so pines me. Every spirit,
Whose song bewails his gluttony indulged
Too grossly, here in hunger and in thirst
Is purified. The odour which the fruit,
And spray that showers upon the verdure, breathe,
Inflames us with desire to feed and drink.
Nor once alone, encompassing our route,
We come to add fresh fuel to the pain.'"

Purgatorio, Canto XXIII., lines 44—65.

With wonderful particularity of detail has Dante constructed his picture of Purgatory; and in the illustration we have here given, not a little of the strangeness of that dreamy and ghostly land has been realised.

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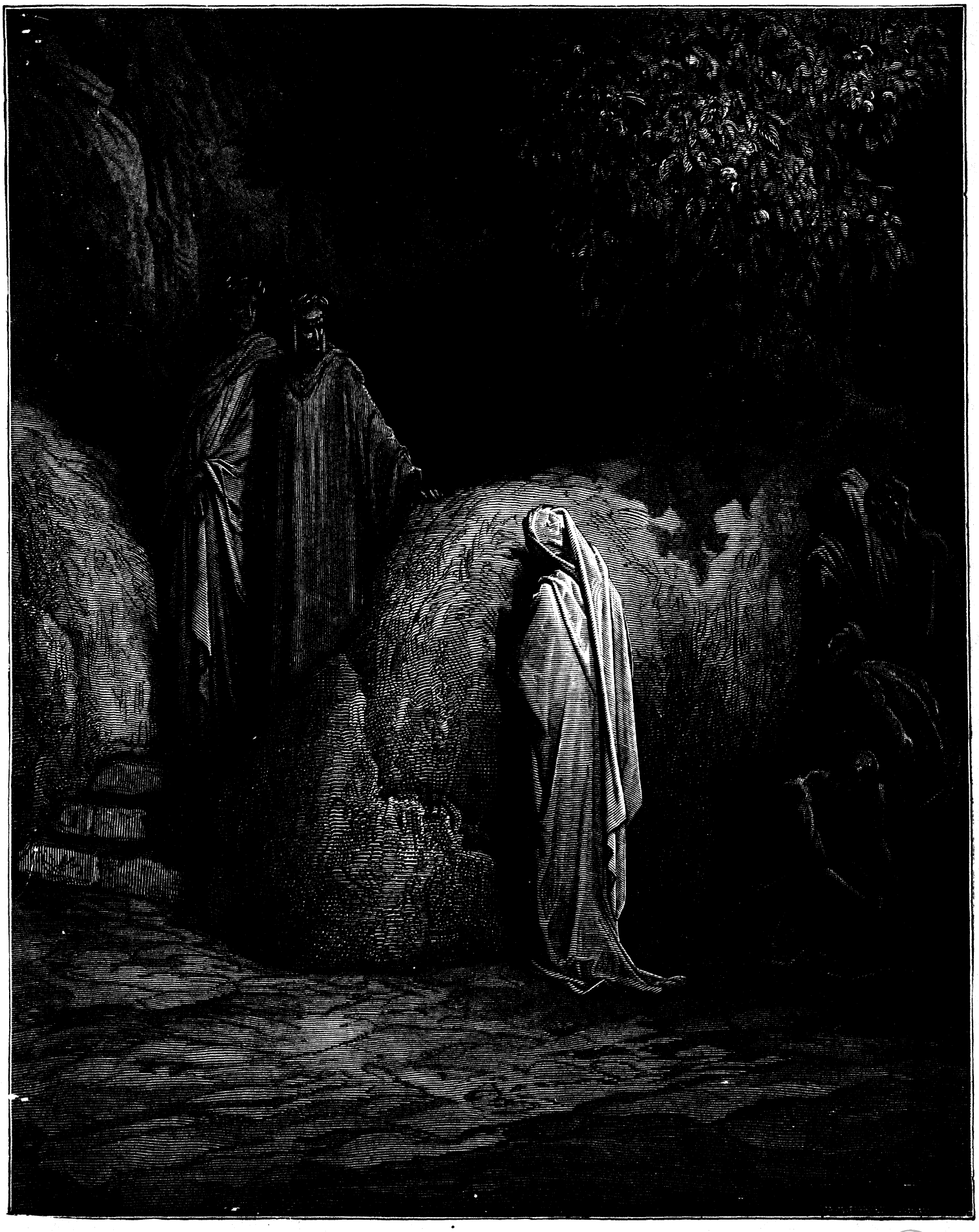

THE PUNISHMENT OF GLUTTONY.

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JESUS BLESSING THE CHILDREN.

WHEN Jesus was on "the coasts of Judæa, by the farther side of Jordan," the people brought young children to him, that he should touch them. The disciples rebuked them for this; but Jesus was displeased at the rebuke, and said to his disciples, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein" (Mark x. 14—15). Then he took the children up in his arms, put his hands on them, and blessed them.

M. Doré has introduced a great fulness of life into his representation of this scene. The grouping and action are excellent, and the background and sky are very delicately and beautifully touched.

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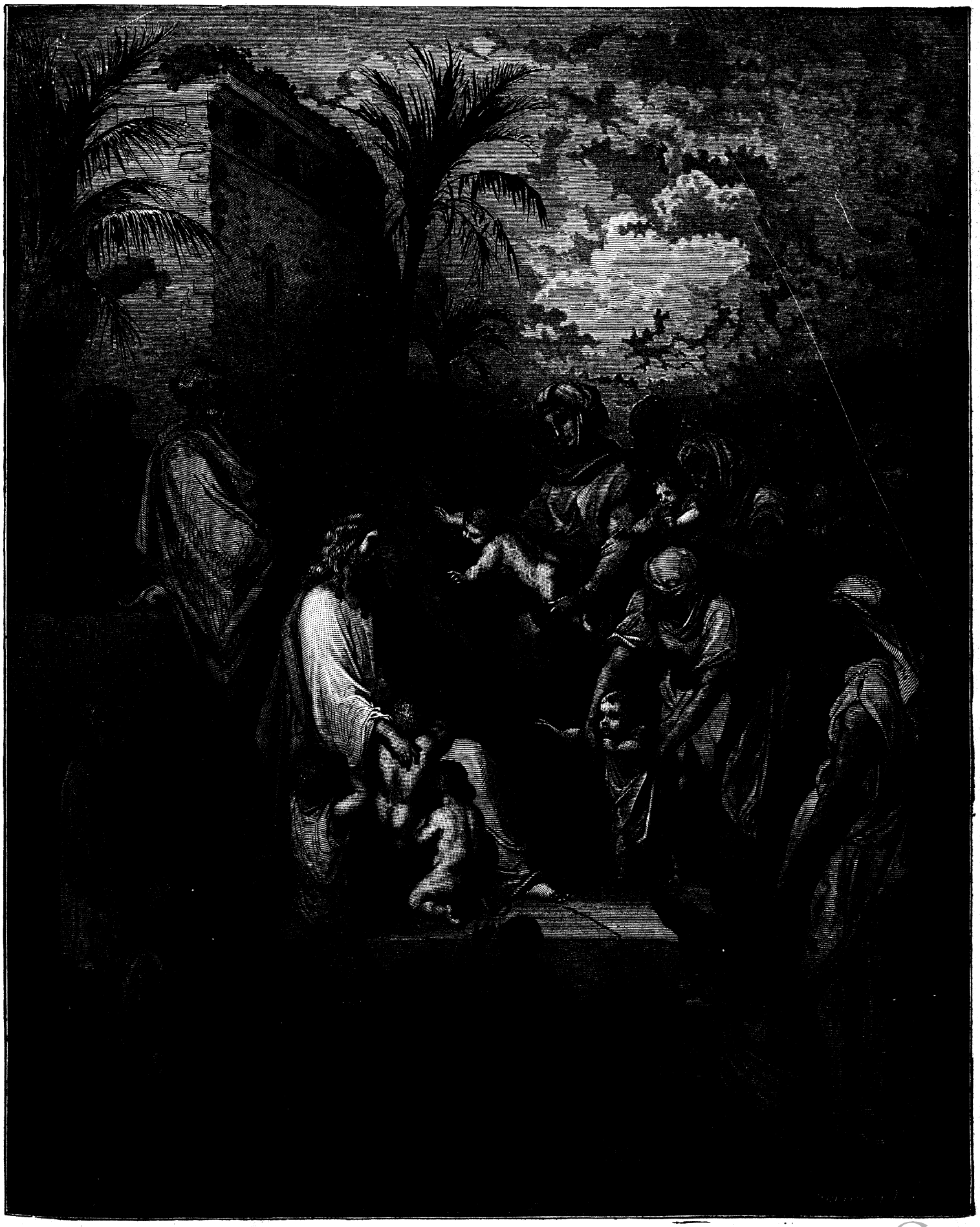

JESUS BLESSING THE CHILDREN.

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ABDIEL AND SATAN.

PREVIOUS to the encounter of the angels in Heaven, an angry colloquy takes place between Abdiel and Satan.

> "Before the cloudy van,
> On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
> Satan (with vast and haughty strides advanced)
> Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.
> Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
> Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds."
>
> *Paradise Lost, Book VI., lines* 107—112.

He steps out from the ranks of his warlike peers, and meets Satan half-way between the two embattled armies; at which Satan is highly incensed, and fierce words ensue. Finally, Abdiel exclaims—

> "'This greeting on thy impious crest receive!'"

—and strikes Satan so hard a blow that he recoils ten huge paces, and at the tenth sinks on his knee, and stays his further decline with his spear:

> "As if, on earth,
> Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
> Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
> Half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
> The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
> Thus foil'd their mightiest." *Book VI., lines* 195—200.

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ABDIEL AND SATAN.

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MOSES BREAKING THE TABLES OF THE LAW.

WHILE Moses was on Mount Sinai, receiving the tables of the law, the people, thinking that he had deserted them, and being disposed to renew their old idolatry, required of Aaron to make them figures of gods for worship. Aaron collected the golden ear-rings of the men and women, melted them, and fashioned a golden calf, which the people received with joy. As they were singing and dancing before this image, Moses, descending from the mount, and seeing what was being done, waxed angry, "and cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount. And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it." (Exodus xxxii. 19, 20.)

The figure of Moses in the plate seems to have been, in some measure, studied from the celebrated statue by Michael Angelo. Gigantic, massive, and terrible, with enormous beard sweeping like a tempest over his breast, and the vast folds of his robe flaring in the wind, the Moses of the Frenchman, as that of the Italian, looks more like a deity than a man. In M. Doré's illustration, the prophet comes out very grandly against a sky of vivid lightning.

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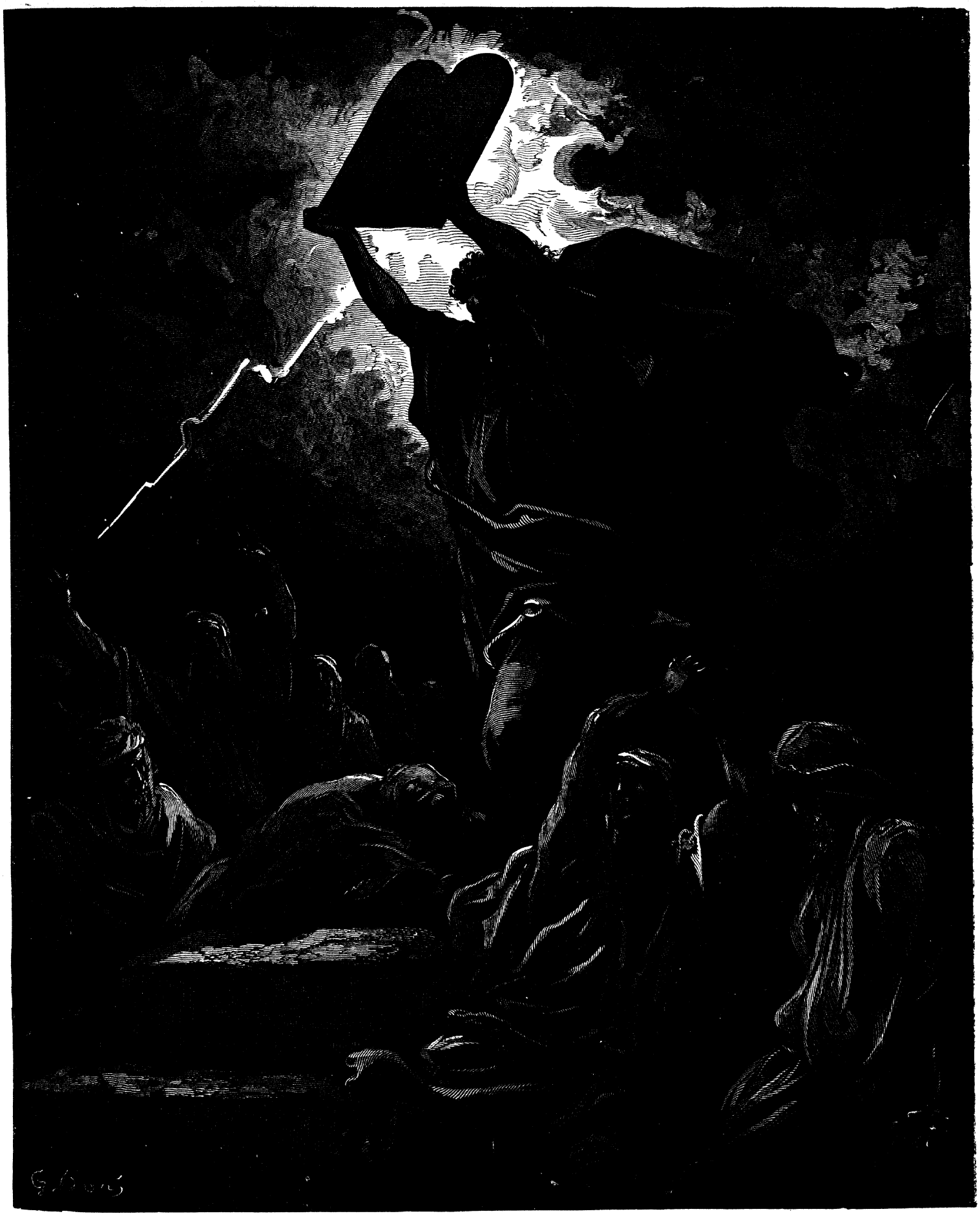

MOSES BREAKING THE TABLES OF THE LAW.

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THE PUNISHMENT OF SIMONISTS.

THE third gulf of Hell, according to Dante, is that in which are punished those who have been guilty of simony. Having arrived at the chasm, the poet sees that the livid stone of which the ground is composed is full of apertures, all of equal width, all circular, and of the same dimensions, says Dante, with an odd exactness of information, as the fonts of Saint John the Baptist at Florence, one of which, a few years previously, he had broken, in order to save a child that had fallen in—an act of which the motive had been misrepresented by his enemies. From the mouth of every one of these pits emerges a pair of feet, and as much of the legs as includes the calf: the rest is hidden beneath.

"On either foot
The soles were burning; whence the flexile joints
Glanced with such violent motion as had snapt
Asunder cords or twisted withes. As flame,
Feeding on unctuous matter, glides along
The surface, scarcely touching where it moves;
So here, from heel to point, glided the flames."

Inferno, Canto XIX., lines 26—32.

Perceiving one of these pairs of feet writhing in fiercer agony than the rest, and preyed on by a ruddier flame, Dante asks of Virgil the name of the sufferer. Virgil takes him down to the lowest part of the valley by a narrow passage, closely perforated by these infernal holes, and leads him to the limbs which by an incessant quivering express their agony. The spirit is required to speak, and a dialogue ensues, from which it appears that the condemned being over whom Dante is standing was, when on earth, Pope Nicholas III., of the Orsini family, who died in 1281, and who is now being tormented for having practised simony. The other sufferers are his predecessors who had committed the same sin. The poet, in very eloquent terms, denounces the avarice often exhibited by the princes of the Church; and the reader is given to understand that more of these dignitaries will in time meet with a similar punishment.

This scene of gloom and agony has been finely rendered by M. Doré. The valley is a most Tartarean chasm, and the figures of the two poets are excellently contrasted and discriminated.

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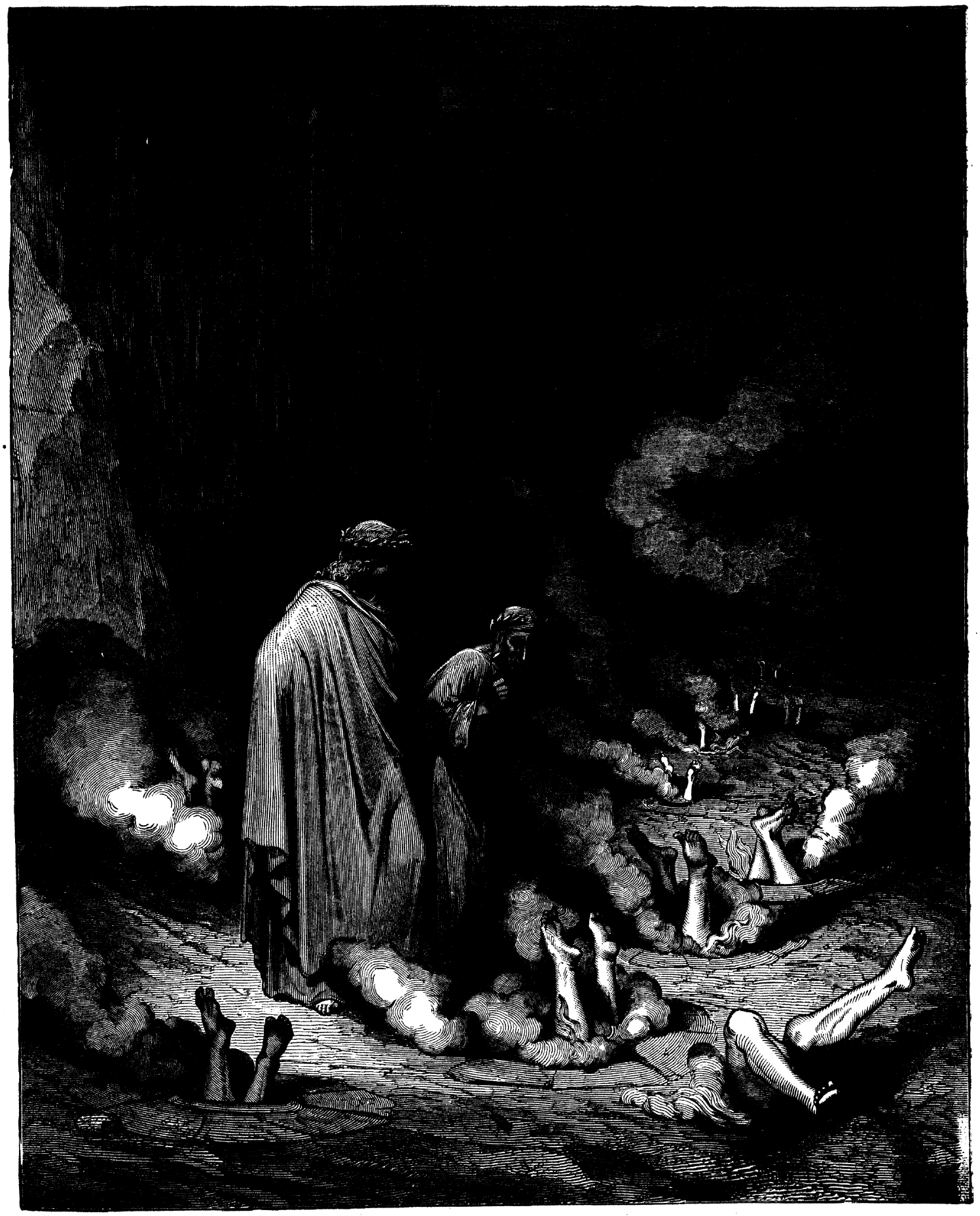

THE PUNISHMENT OF SIMONISTS.

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DANTE AND POPE ADRIAN V.

ENTERING the fifth circle of Purgatory, where the sin of avarice is cleansed, Dante sees a large number of spirits lying prone on the ground, weeping sorely, and repeating, with sighs that almost choke their utterance, the words from Psalm cxix., "My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me, according to thy word." One of them, being exhorted to reveal the cause of their position and their grief, says that they are expiating the sin of worldly covetousness. The speaker is Pope Adrian V., who died thirty-nine days after he had attained the Pontificate, in 1276. Addressing Dante, he says:—

"'A month, and little more, by proof I learnt
With what a weight that robe of sovereignty
Upon his shoulder rests who from the mire
Would guard it; that each other fardel seems
But feathers in the balance. Late, alas!
Was my conversion: but, when I became
Rome's pastor, I discern'd at once the dream
And cozenage of life; saw that the heart
Rested not there, and yet no prouder height
Lured on the climber: wherefore, of that life
No more enamour'd, in my bosom love
Of purer being kindled.'" *Purgatorio, Canto XIX., lines* 101—112.

Dante kneels to this spirit, and is asked by him why he does so. "Compunction," he replies, "and inward awe of your high dignity." To this the sometime Pope administers a fine rebuke, exclaiming—

"'Up, brother! upon thy feet
Arise; err not: thy fellow-servant I
(Thine and all others') of one Sovran Power.'" *Lines* 131—133.

The landscape, as represented by M. Doré, is one of those grand pieces of stupendous rockiness in which he excels. The interminable line of prostrate figures is also very remarkable.

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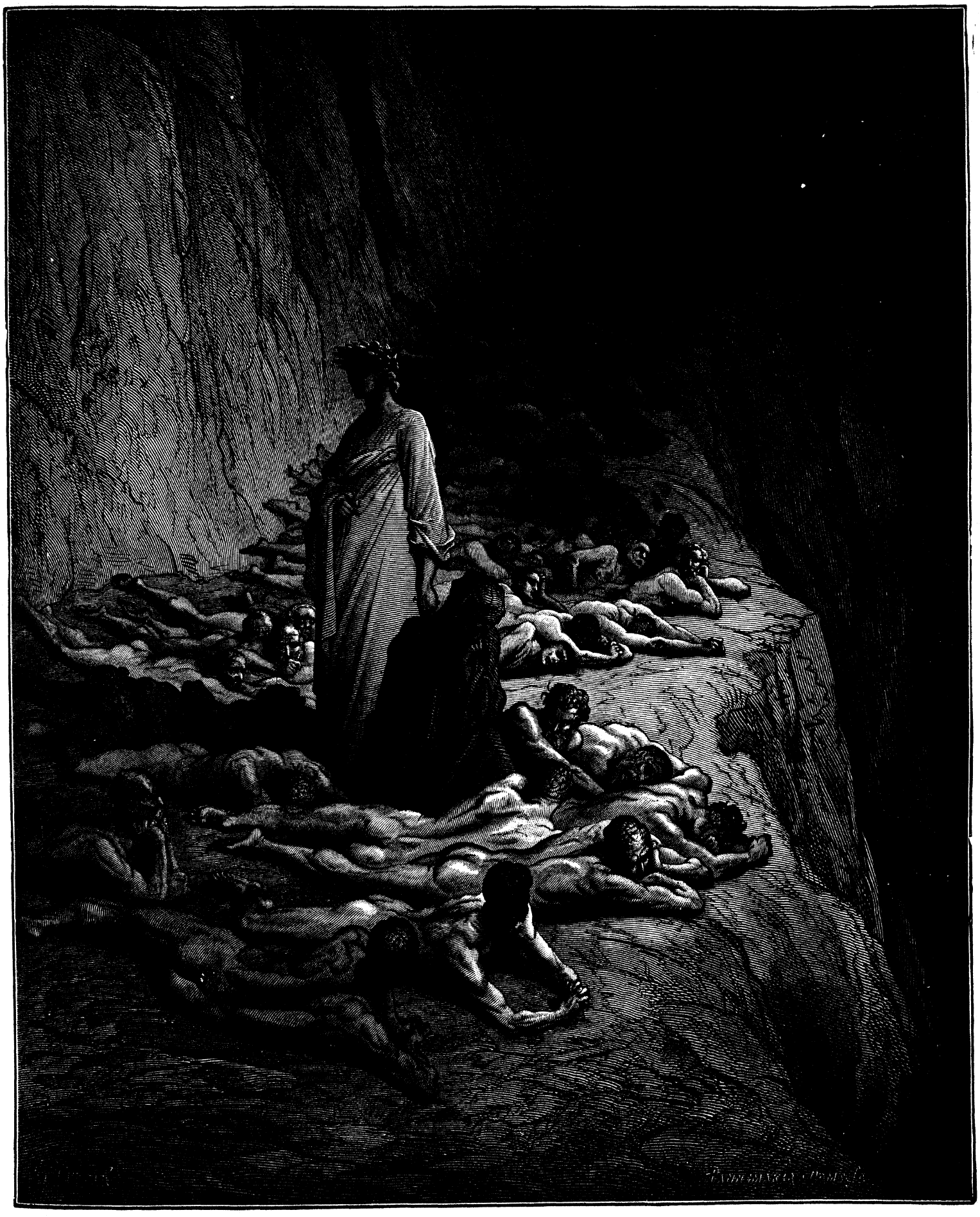

DANTE AND POPE ADRIAN V.

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THE CONFERENCE WITH THE ANGEL RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL, visiting Adam and Eve in Paradise, to warn them of the consequences of disobedience (Eve having had an evil dream, foreshadowing her approaching temptation), joins them at their morning repast, and discourses of the nature of Heaven, and of the spirits inhabiting it. Adam addresses the angelic messenger in these words:—

"'Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man;
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of angels, yet accepted so
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heaven's high feasts to have fed; yet what compare?'

"To whom the winged Hierarch replied:
'O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not depraved from good; created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
But more refined, more spiritous and pure,
As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind.'" *Paradise Lost, Book V., lines* 461—479.

The most noticeable thing in the picture is the flood of early morning light in which it is bathed.

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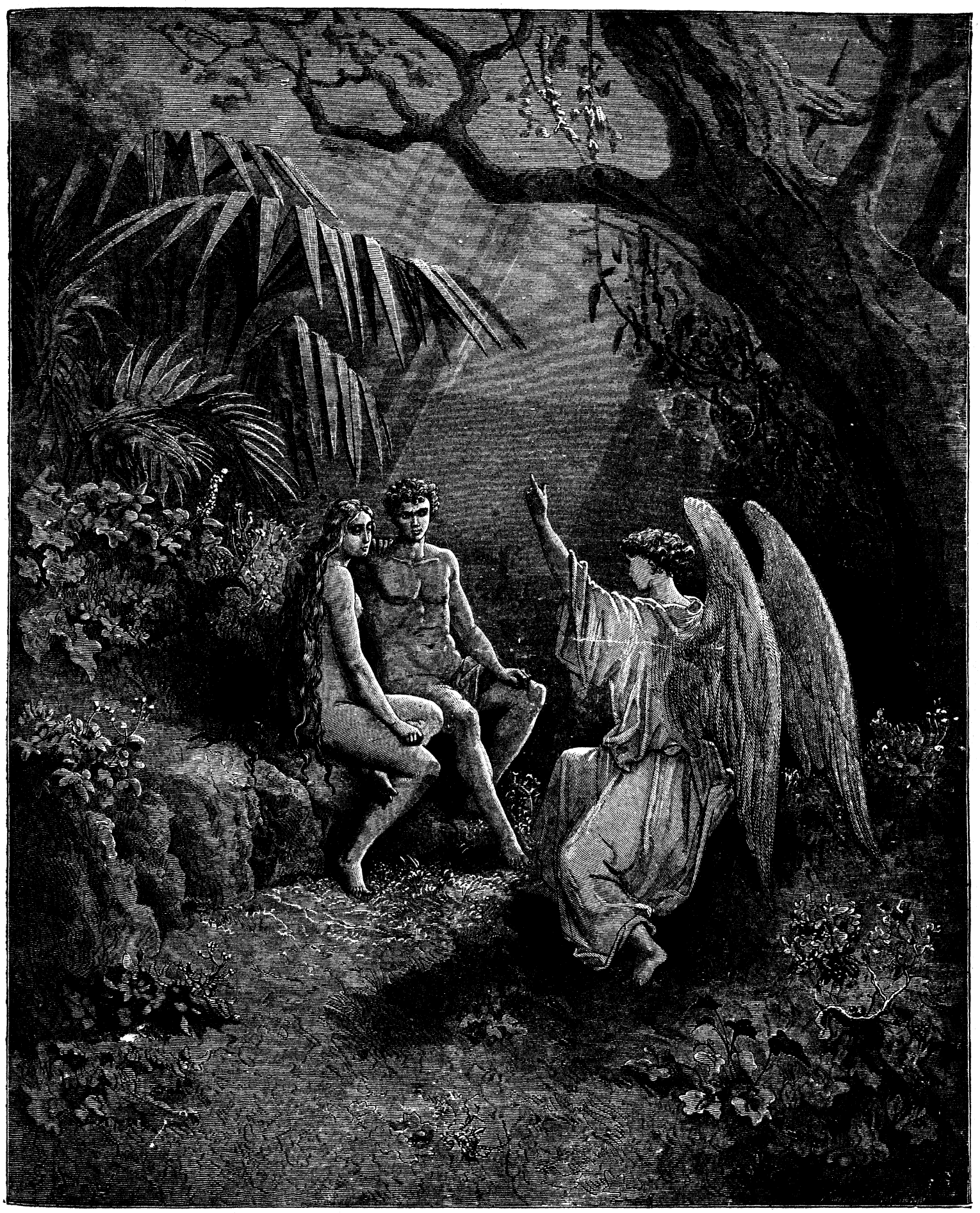

THE CONFERENCE WITH THE ANGEL RAPHAEL

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THE ROMAN WIDOW AND THE EMPEROR TRAJAN.

A CERTAIN portion of the Mount of Purgatory, formed of white marble, is engraved with figures representing stories illustrative of the virtue of humility. ("Purgatorio," Canto X.) Among these is that anecdote of Trajan (sometimes told also of Hadrian) which relates that one day, when setting out on an expedition, surrounded by his legions, he was accosted by a widow, who with tears exclaimed, "Grant me vengeance, sire. My son is murdered." Trajan replied, "Wait till I return." "But if you do not return?" urged the widow. "Then my successor will right you," said the Emperor. The widow, still pressing her case, asked, "What, sire, is another's good to you, if you neglect your own?" Upon which the Emperor said, "It seems that my duty should be performed ere I move hence. So justice wills, and pity bids me stay."

The scene as represented by M. Doré has a look at once sculpturesque and visionary.

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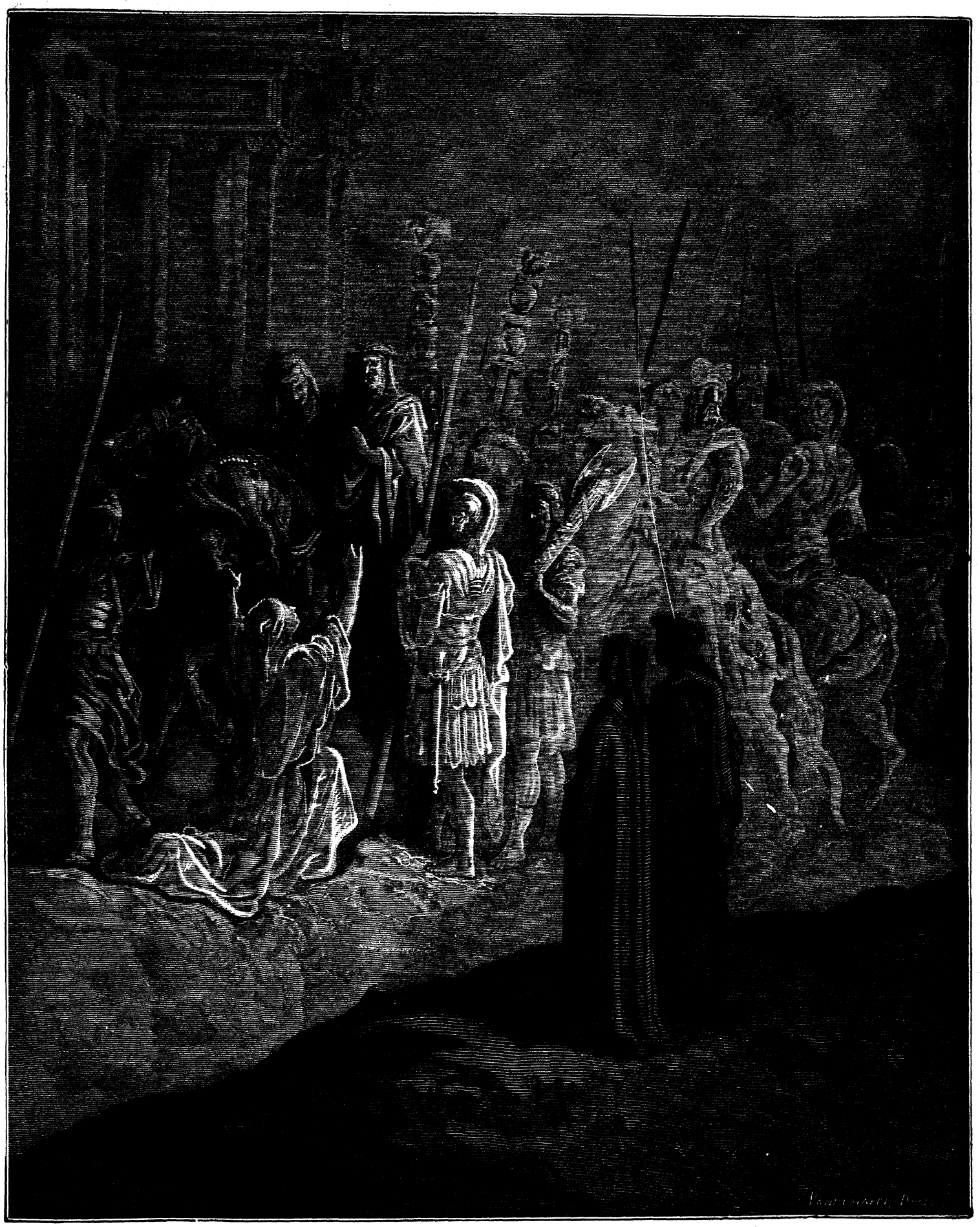

THE ROMAN WIDOW AND THE EMPEROR TRAJAN.

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ITHURIEL AND ZEPHON.

GABRIEL, who has command of the spirits appointed to watch over Paradise during the dark, sets two angels to keep guard over the bower of Adam and Eve on the night when Satan has obtained entrance into the happy enclosure. These are Ithuriel and Zephon—Hebrew names, meaning respectively "the discovery of God," and "a secret," or "searcher of secrets." Arriving at the bower, they find Satan sitting at the ear of Eve, "squat like a toad," essaying to poison her mind with illusions, vain hopes, inordinate desires, pride, and discontent.

"Him thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts,
Discover'd and surprised." *Paradise Lost, Book IV., lines* 810—814.

In the illustration, the two angels are seen winging their way towards the bower.

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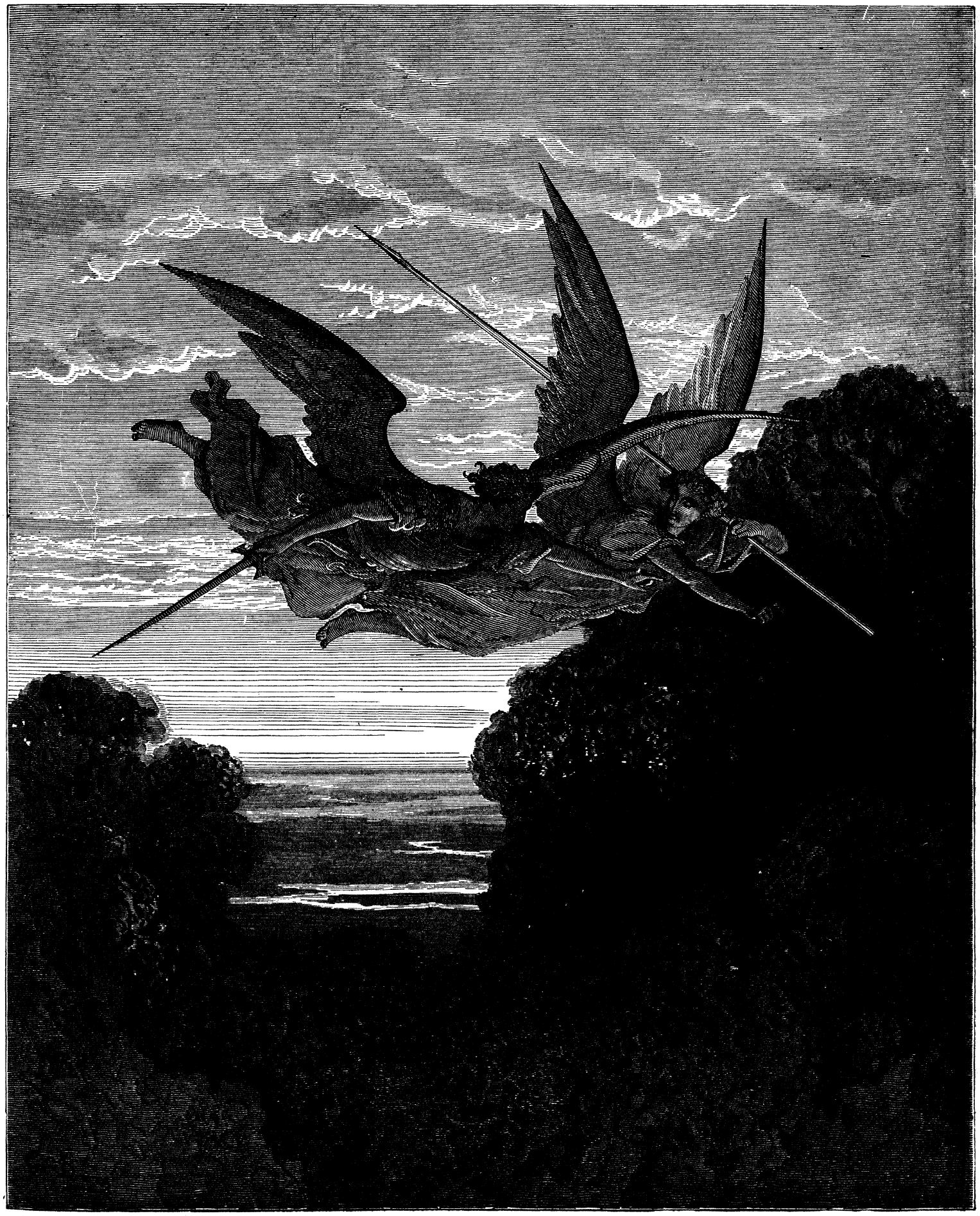

ITHURIEL AND ZEPHON.

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THE VISION OF THE GOLDEN LADDER.

On ascending with Beatrice to the seventh heaven, Dante sees reared up high into space a ladder in colour like sun-illumined gold, the top of which is quite beyond his ken, and down whose steps he

> "——— saw the splendours in such multitude
> Descending, every light in heaven, methought,
> Was shed thence. As the rooks, at dawn of day,
> Bestirring them to dry their feathers chill,
> Some speed their way afield, and homeward some,
> Returning, cross their flight; while some abide,
> And wheel around their airy lodge: so seem'd
> That glitterance, wafted on alternate wing,
> As upon certain stair it came, and clash'd
> Its shining." *Paradiso, Canto XXI., lines* 29—38.

The spirits thus beheld by the poet are the souls of those who had passed their lives in retirement, austerity, and sacred contemplation. One of these, who on earth had been Pietro Damiano, a hermit of the eleventh century, speaks with Dante, and laments, as he had lamented in life, the luxury of the clergy. Upon which, says the poet—

> "I at those accents saw the splendours down
> From step to step alight, and wheel, and wax,
> Each circuiting, more beautiful. Round this

(*i.e.*, the spirit of Pietro Damiano)

> They came, and stay'd them; uttered then a shout,
> So loud it hath no likeness here, nor I
> Wist what it spake, so deafening was the thunder." *Lines* 128—133.

This singularly beautiful passage has been represented by M. Doré with, perhaps, as near an approach to a realisation of the glittering vision as could be made to the physical eye. Something of the glancing rain of brightness is there; something of the immeasurable progression.

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THE VISION OF THE GOLDEN LADDER.

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SATAN IN PARADISE.

HAVING entered Paradise, Satan perches, in the form of a cormorant, on the Tree of Life, and thence beholds the beautiful region spread out before him :—

"A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley, spread her store
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile, murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringéd bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply: airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves; while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal spring." *Paradise Lost, Book IV., lines* 247—268.

M. Doré has not represented Satan in the form of a cormorant, as seems to be the meaning of Milton in a passage which, however, is perhaps capable of a different interpretation; and so far he appears to have departed from his author. But the landscape is full of beautiful intimations.

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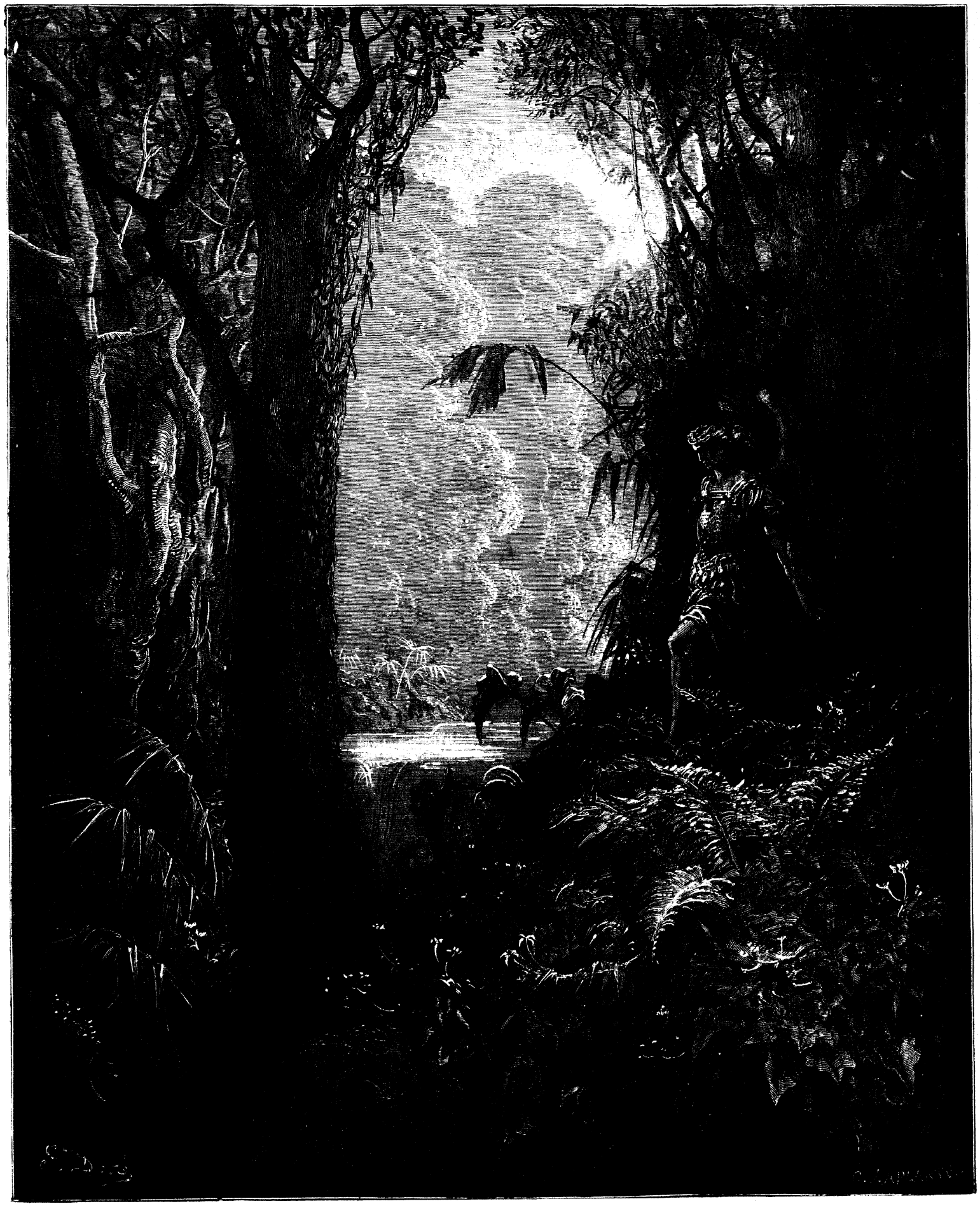

SATAN IN PARADISE.

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THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

In the eighth heaven, Dante hears the blessed spirits chanting:—

"Then 'Glory to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,' rang aloud
Throughout all Paradise; that with the song
My spirit reel'd, so passing sweet the strain.
And what I saw was equal ecstasy:
One universal smile it seem'd of all things;
Joy past compare; gladness unutterable;
Imperishable life of peace and love;
Exhaustless riches, and unmeasured bliss."

Paradiso, Canto XXVII., lines 1—9.

This is one of M. Doré's most astonishing conceptions of infinity and beatitude. The shining circles upon circles of angels fill the eye with the sense of "numbers numberless," and the glory that strikes down from the upper part of the picture seems to come from the very heights of Heaven.

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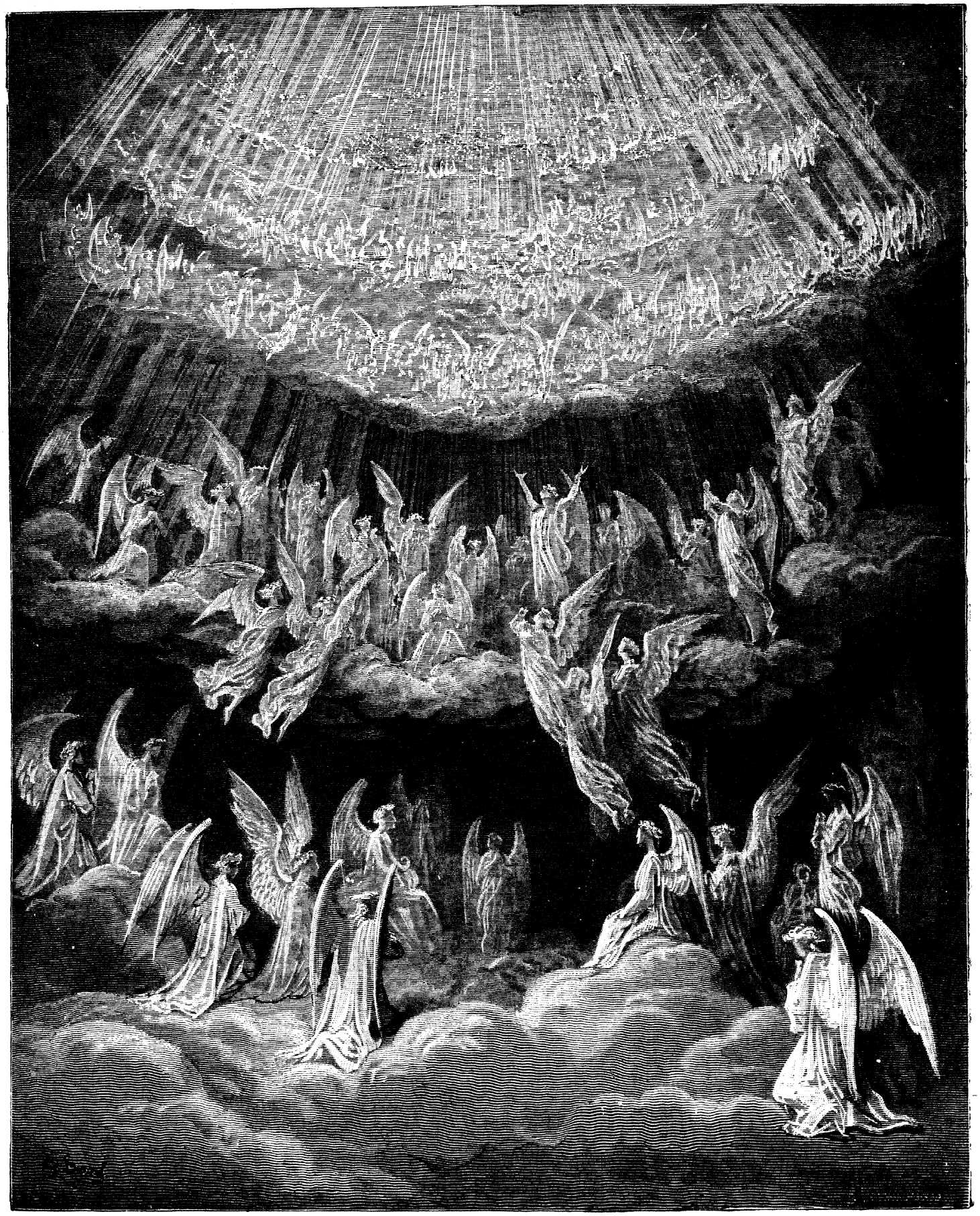

THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

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THE CREATION OF FISH AND BIRDS.

THIS striking picture, so full of the strangeness of newly-developed life, and of the luminous yet cloudy brooding of creative Power, is an illustration of the passage in "Paradise Lost" describing the creation of fishes and birds.

"And God said, Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul;
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on the open firmament of heaven.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds;
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill:
And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth." *Book VII., lines* 387—398.

Milton's poetry here very closely follows the account in the first chapter of Genesis.

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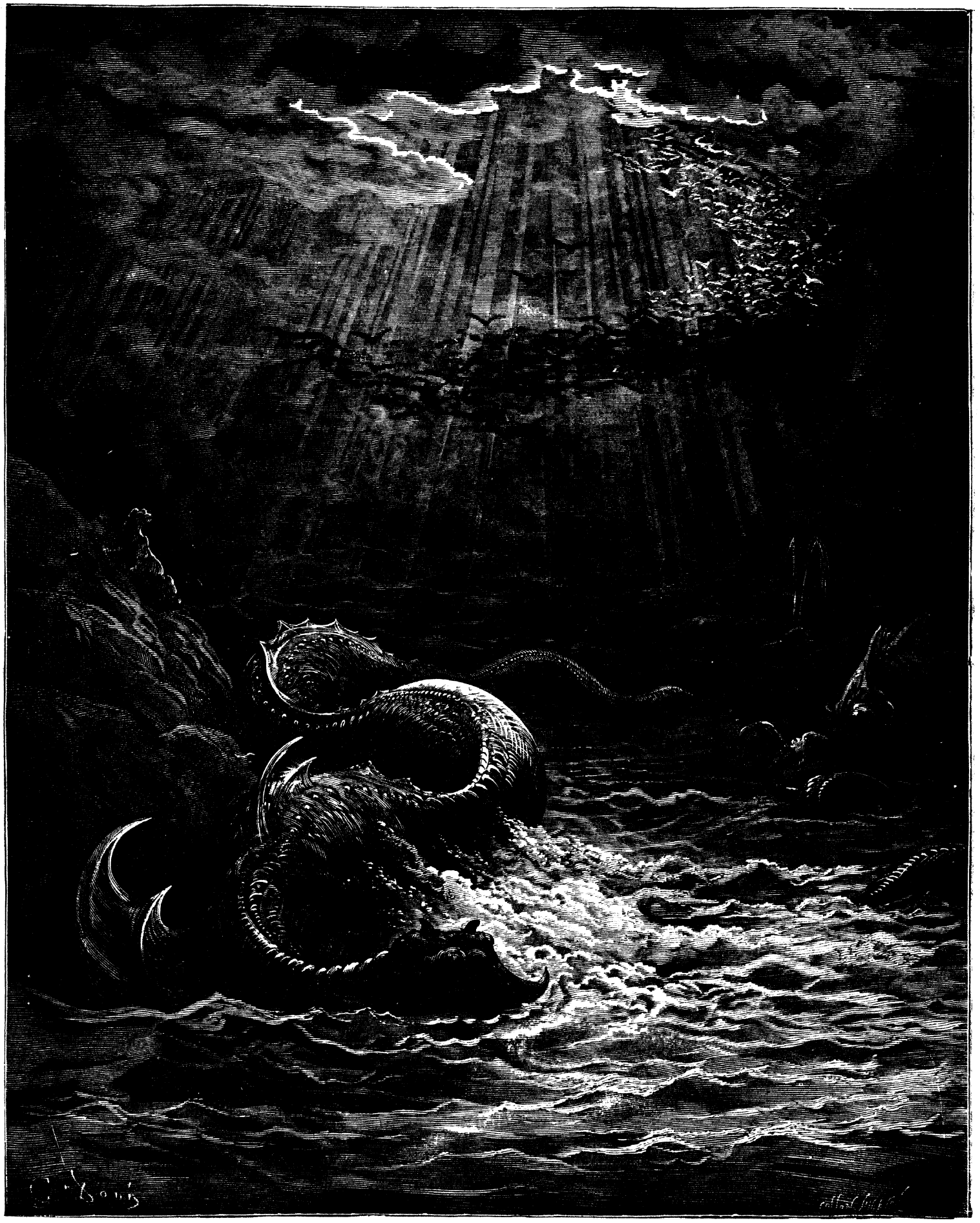

THE CREATION OF FISH AND BIRDS.

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SATAN SMITTEN BY MICHAEL.

THE opposing forces of the rebel angels and of the army of God being brought face to face, according to the narrative of Milton, and parley being exhausted, the struggle commences. Satan and the archangel Michael engage in single combat, the others retiring for a space to avoid "the wind of such commotion," which, says the poet, was far greater than would be made by two planets rushing against one another in mid-sky, and confounding their jarring spheres in some general dissolution of Nature's concord.

"The sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd so that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
But, with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro, convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him: but the ethereal substance closed,
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd, erewhile so bright."

Paradise Lost, Book VI., lines 320—334.

The writhing figure of Satan is good; the bat-like wings full of evil suggestion; and the background dark, stormy, and chaotic—drift as of sand, and cloud, and darkness.

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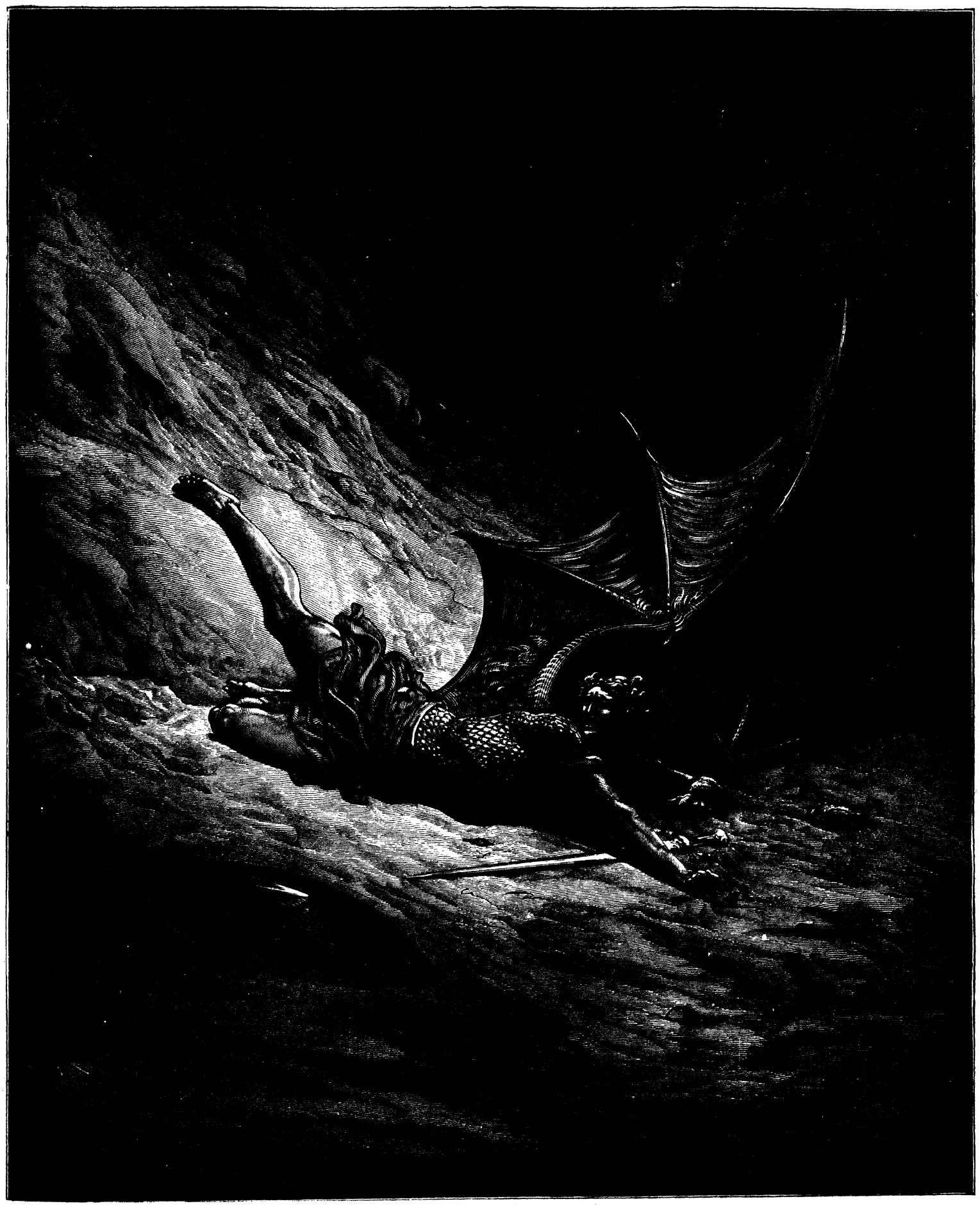

SATAN SMITTEN BY MICHAEL.

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THE TORTURE OF THE FIERY RAIN.

THE third of those compartments into which the seventh circle of the Dantesque Hell is divided is a plain of dry, hot sand, where various kinds of sin are punished. Flakes of fire are eternally falling down on the spirits, making the marl beneath glow as under a stove; and one of the chief sufferers is Capaneus, the impious Argive mentioned in several ancient authors, who, when he went to the Theban war, declared that he would take Thebes even in spite of Jupiter: upon which he was immediately struck dead with a thunderbolt. He is now heard repeating his blasphemies, and declaring that nothing shall ever induce him to submit to the celestial Power. Dante's description of the region and its inhabitants is extremely fine.

"A plain we reach'd, that from its sterile bed
Each plant repell'd. The mournful wood waves round
Its garland on all sides, as round the wood
Spreads the sad foss. . . . . .
. . . . . .
"O'er all the sand fell, slowly wafting down,
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
On Alpine summit when the wind is hush'd.
. . . . . .
Unceasing was the play of wretched hands,
Now this, now that way glancing, to shake off
The heat, still falling fresh." *Inferno, Canto XIV., lines* 9—39.

The plate is worthy of this description; and the figures, though small and crowded, are full of expression.

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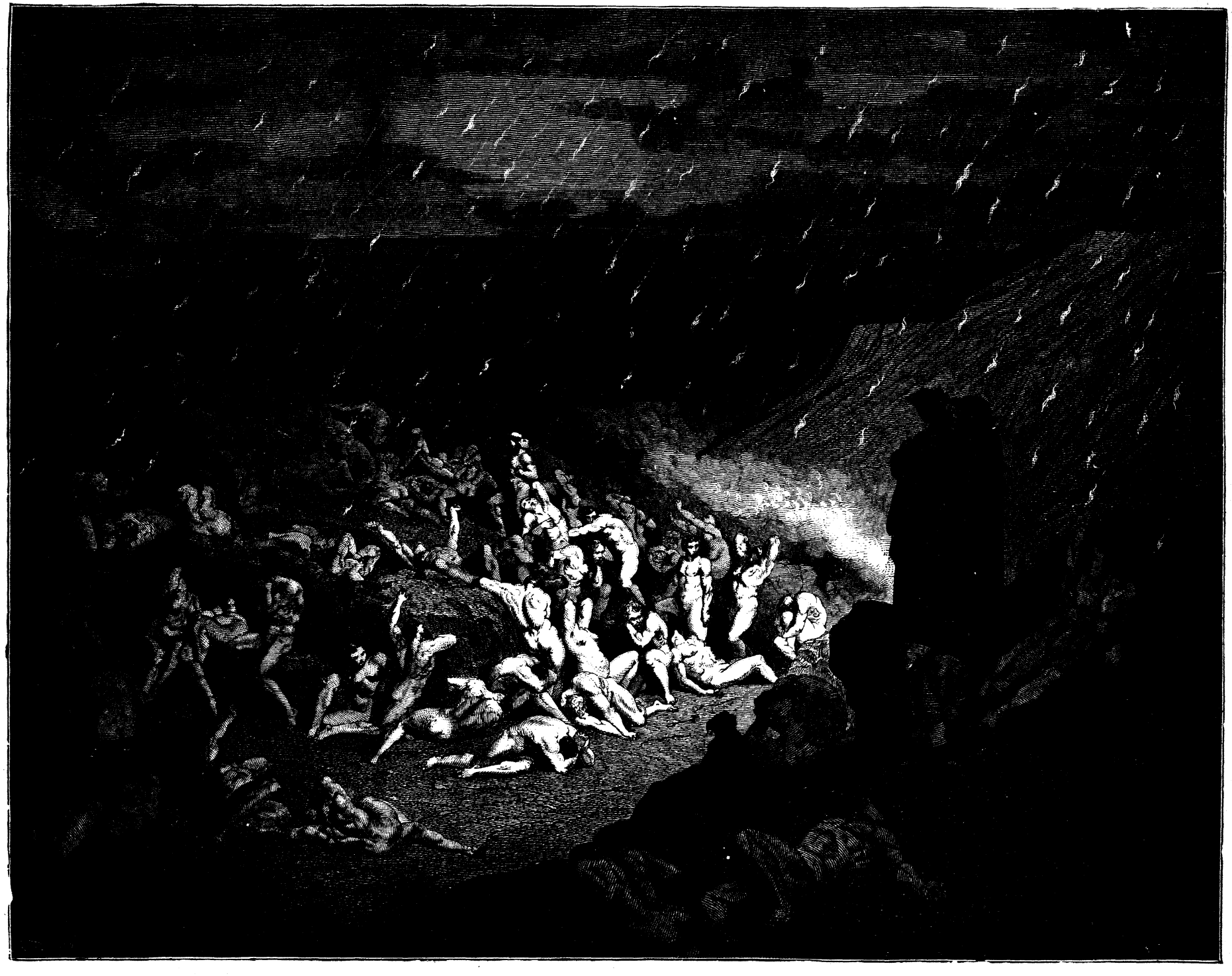

THE TORTURE OF THE FIERY RAIN.

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THE VISION OF THE CROSS.

BEATRICE having carried Dante into the fifth heaven, which is situated in the planet Mars, they behold the souls of those who had died in the crusades, on behalf of the Christian religion, ranged in the sign of a cross.

"Christ
Beam'd on that cross; and pattern fails me now.
. . . . . .
. . . . . From horn to horn,
And 'tween the summit and the base, did move
Lights, scintillating as they met and pass'd."

Paradiso, Canto XIV., lines 96—103.

Angels move athwart this cross, to the sound of a hymn which holds Dante in a state of rapture for some time.

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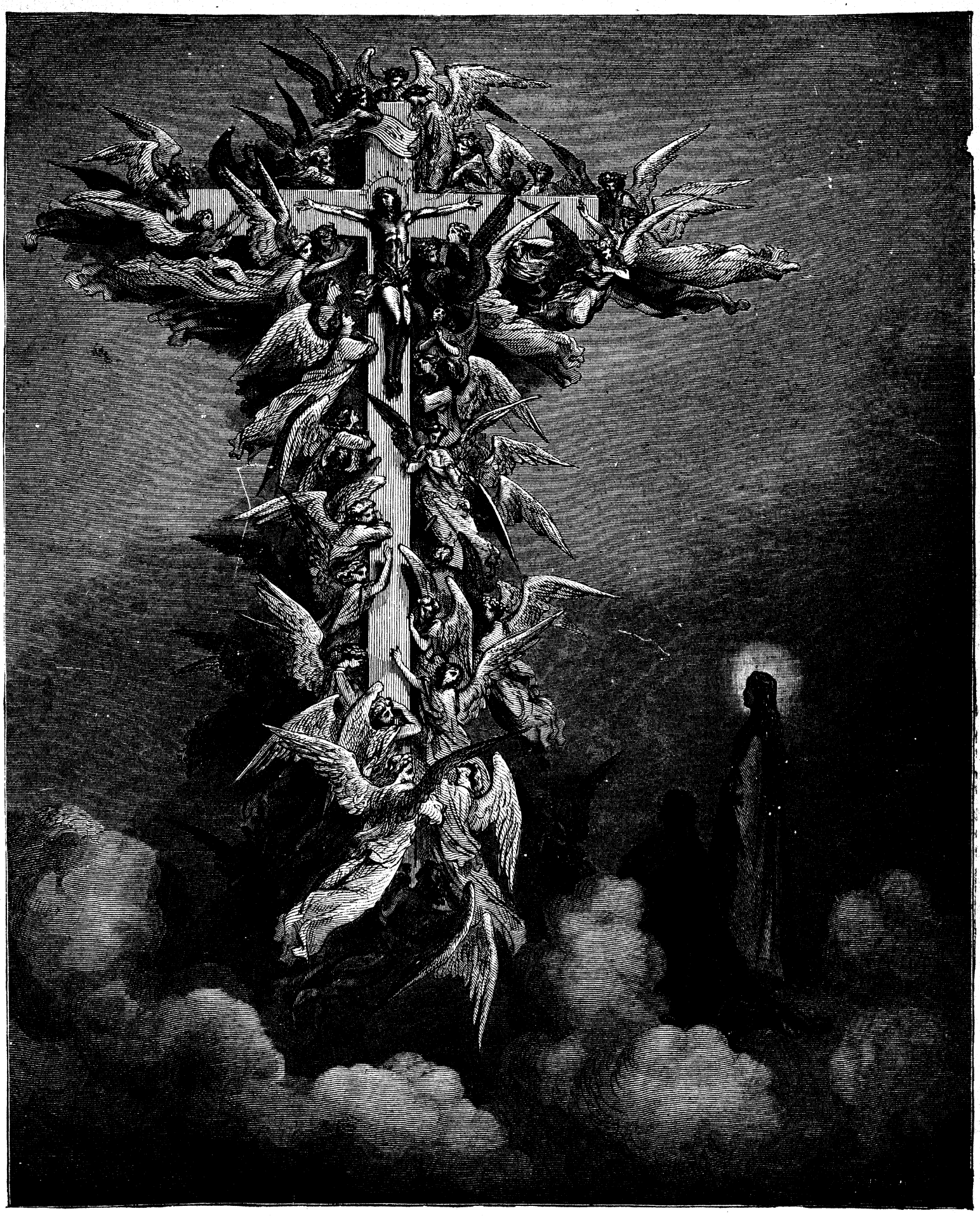

THE VISION OF THE CROSS.

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"TIGRIS, AT THE FOOT OF PARADISE."

FOILED in his first attempt to establish himself in Paradise, on which occasion he is repelled by Gabriel (as told in connection with Plate LXXXIII.), Satan determines to embark again on the same enterprise, and chooses for his means of approach a gulf "where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise," sank underground, and pursued its way until part "rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life." The Fiend plunges in with the river, and with it rises again, involved in mist and foam. ("Paradise Lost," Book IX.) We see him in the illustration contemplating the gulf previous to throwing himself into its winding, subterranean ways. The solitary figure in the midst of so savage and wild a scene is very tremendous; and the craggy rocks and tumbling waters seem impressed with all the terror and sublimity of unregulated Nature.

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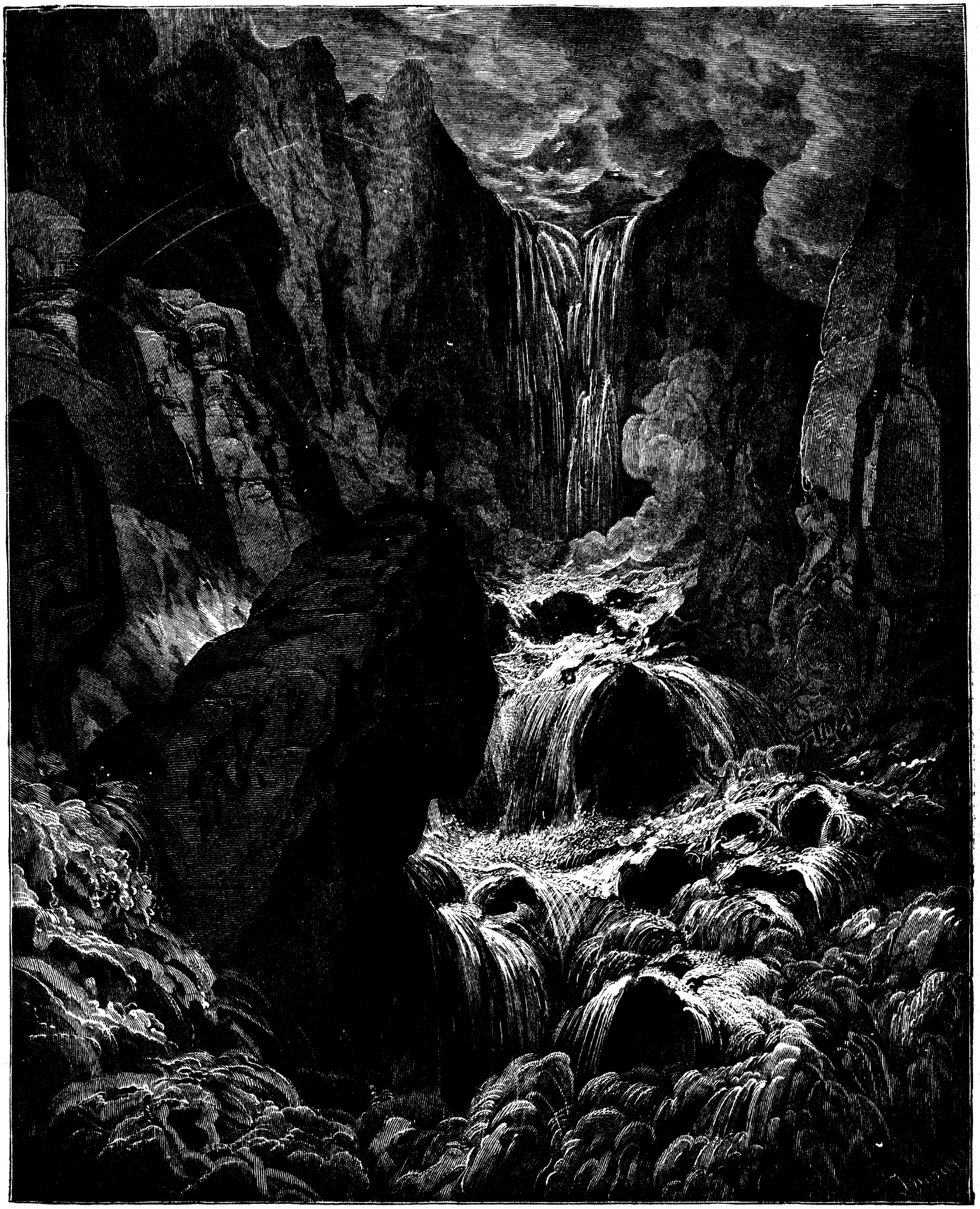

TIGRIS, AT THE FOOT OF PARADISE.

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DON QUIXOTE IN HIS LIBRARY.

HERE we enter on the glorious territory of Cervantes—the wonderful Quixote-land of romance, humour, and grotesqueness. The Don is seated in his study, reading his beloved books of chivalrous adventure. With the face of one possessed, with kindling eye, dilated nostril, and gaping mouth, his hand brandishing a sword in the energy of his intense realisation of what he is perusing, the grand old fanatic gives himself up to the influences of the moment. "A world of disorderly notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination." We see them depicted all around him as he sits alone (alone, except for these phantom companions) in the library of his gloomy ancestral mansion. The dusky air of the room is alive with prodigious figures. Knights are there, in full armour, and mounted on curvetting steeds; pages blowing clarions before some mortal onslaught; damsels appealing for succour; ogres, dragons, griffins, indescribable monsters; the head of a giant of portentous size, and the towers of an enchanted castle. The plate introduces us into the very arcana of the Don's diseased brain.

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DON QUIXOTE IN HIS LIBRARY.

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THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT (LA FONTAINE).

A GRASSHOPPER that had sung through the summer-time grew pinched and poor as the winter advanced. Not a scrap of bread nor a drop of drink was in her larder. In this extremity she went to the ant, her neighbour, and prayed for a loan of wheat, to make herself a loaf until the sunshine should return. "I will repay you every grain," she said, "both principal and interest, and that before harvest—on my honour." The ant, however, is a prudent animal, never very well disposed to lend: indeed, that is certainly her least fault. Said she to the grasshopper: "How did you spend the summer?" "I sang gaily night and day, to please all people." "You sang? Very well, then: dance now."

Like other old fables, this has a human moral; and M. Doré has translated the grasshopper and the ant of the text into two women. One is an industrious, common-place worker; the other, an itinerant minstrel. As a picture, nothing can be better; but we have pointed out, in the general Introduction to this volume, an objection to the application of the moral, which we need not here repeat.

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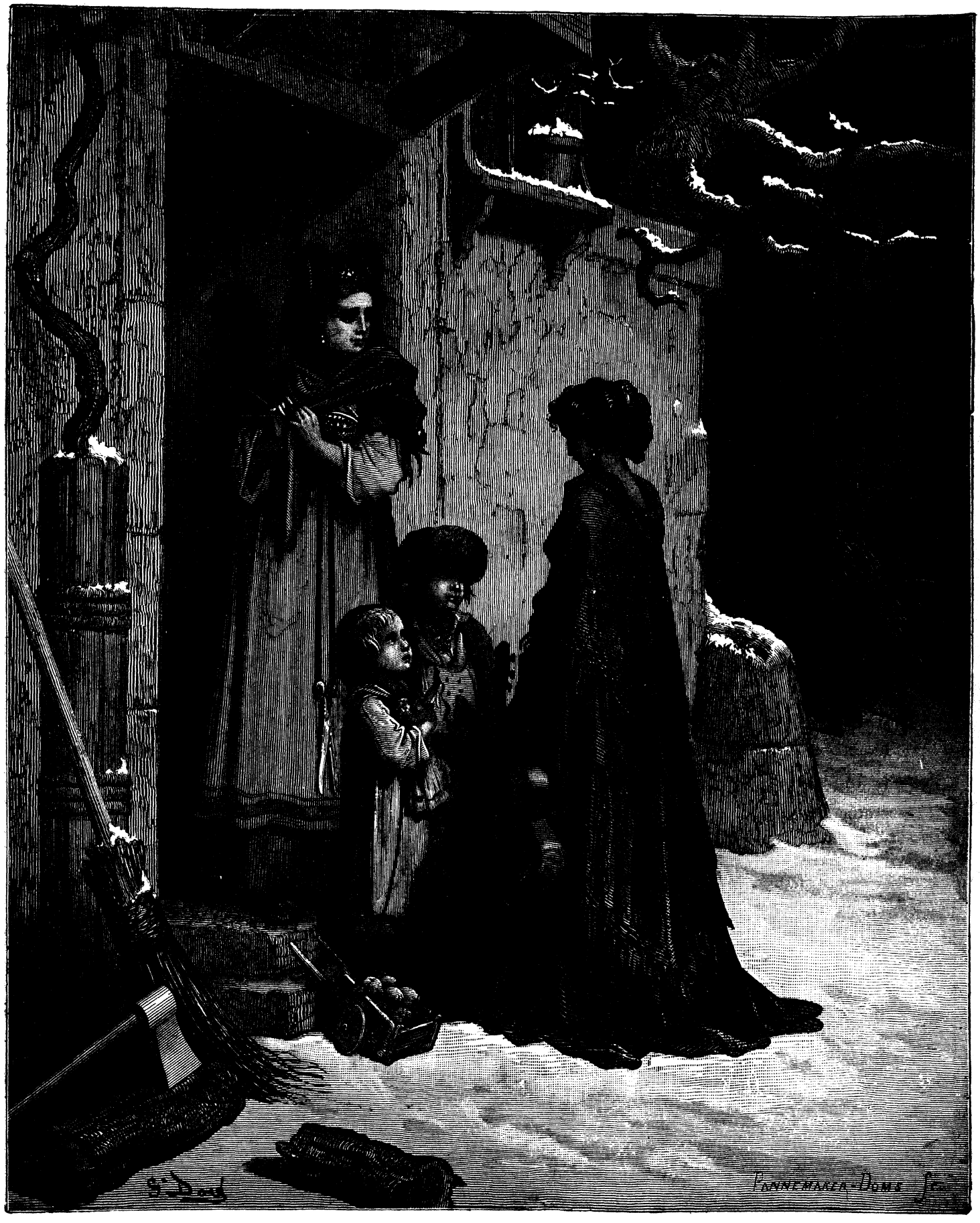

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

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SANCHO TOSSED IN A BLANKET.

Our readers must be well acquainted with the famous incident in "Don Quixote," where the knight, having ridden away (without paying his reckoning) from the inn which he mistakes for a castle, is presently induced to return owing to the absence of Sancho, when he finds that worthy being tossed in a blanket in the inn-yard by four Segovia clothiers, three Cordova point-makers, and two Seville hucksters—"all brisk, gamesome, arch fellows" (Part I., Chapter 16). The illustration is at once humorous and picturesque. Sancho's ludicrous helplessness is capital, and the Don looking over the inn-yard is natural even in the midst of his grotesqueness. The inn and the wall of the yard have doubtless been studied from fact: the whole has a hot, arid, thoroughly Spanish look.

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SANCHO TOSSED IN A BLANKET.

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MITAINE AND OGHRIS.

MITAINE is the heroine of L'Épine's pleasant and humorous romance of chivalry, "The Legend of Croquemitaine." She is the godchild of Charlemagne, and of a warlike disposition; goes on adventures in masculine costume and military accoutrements; is in love with the celebrated knight, Roland, whom she serves as a squire; and, together with him, perishes on the field of Roncesvalles. Oghris is a lion, once belonging to a Saracen warrior, but carried off by Charlemagne, and now strongly attached to Mitaine. "He had taken a mighty fancy to Mitaine; and often, when they had tried to separate them, the lion had grown so thin, and the child so melancholy, that they were compelled to abandon the idea. . . . Oghris was always at hand." (Book II., Chapter 1. Translation by Mr. T. Hood.)

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MITAINE AND OGHRIS.

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THE HEN WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS (LA FONTAINE).

A CERTAIN miser had a hen that laid golden eggs. Thinking to possess himself of the whole treasure at once, he killed the hen; but, on cutting it up, found it was a bird of the ordinary description. The figure is a capital piece of drawing of the caricature order.

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THE HEN WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

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BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

As we shall occasionally introduce illustrations from "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen," we may as well, on the present occasion, give some account of that worthy, and of the author of the celebrated volume recording his achievements. The fictitious Baron is a German general and diplomatist in the Russian service, and, in the course of his wanderings in divers lands, he encounters a series of the most prodigious wonders ever experienced by man. The original of this amusing character was a real Baron Munchhausen, a German officer in the Russian army during the last century, who, though a man of quiet and modest demeanour, used to tell, for the entertainment of his friends, a set of extravagant stories, which he would repeat again and again without the slightest variation, until at length he came to believe them, according to what Prospero says—

"Like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie." *Tempest.*

It is recorded that he would be highly offended if any one ventured to doubt his marvels. The book which has now for the best part of a century been associated with his name, and which had long enjoyed a European reputation, is supposed to be the production of a German named Raspè, a renegade from the Continent who settled in England, and published here for the first time, and in the English language, the work we are now considering. This was in the year 1785, while the real Baron was yet living. The honour of originating the romance had been claimed for others, and probably some of the Baron's wonderful tales have been taken down by several listeners; but the book, as we know it, seems to have been the handiwork of Raspè. The romance was originally meant to convey a satire on the travels of Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian explorer, who in his own day was generally believed to be an egregious liar.* It cannot be questioned that the book is an amusing and clever production, abounding in grave humour and grotesque oddity; but many of the adventures are very old, being found in the popular legends of several countries, and even in ancient authors. This, however, is not likely at any time to detract from the popularity of Raspè's volume, which will be specially dear to art-lovers for having afforded the subjects of some of M. Doré's most admirable drawings in the department of mingled fancy and drollery.

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BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

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SATAN OVERLOOKING PARADISE.

THE magnificent illustration to which we now refer represents the Fiend glancing from a high mount over the verdurous expanse of Paradise, stretched out before him on the occasion of his first approach towards the happy enclosure.

"So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead upgrew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise upsprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round:
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd;
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow.

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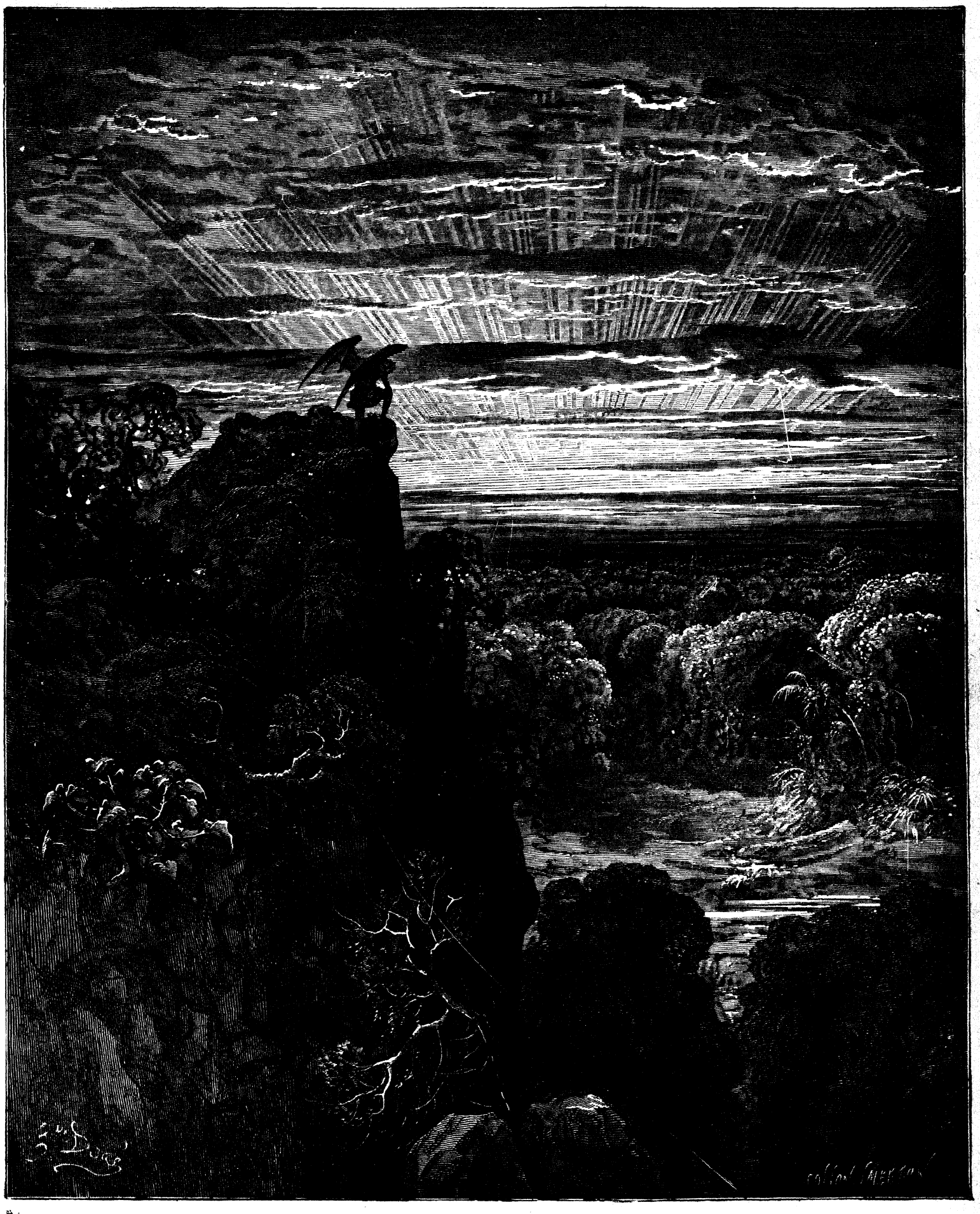

SATAN OVERLOOKING PARADISE.

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DANIEL INTERPRETING THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

We here see the prophet Daniel interpreting the mysterious sentence which appeared on the walls of the palace of Belshazzar, as the monarch sat feasting, surrounded by his great nobles, his wives and his concubines. "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin:" "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting; thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." For this interpretation Daniel was clothed in scarlet and gold, and proclaimed the third ruler in the kingdom; but "in that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain; and Darius the Median took the kingdom." (Daniel v.)

The vast, uncouth, fantastic architecture of the palace, its monstrous figures of men and animals, its ponderous columns and architraves, and its strange enrichments (evidently studied from Assyrian models), are admirably drawn. Very good, also, are the great slanting beams of light striking down on the amazed groups.

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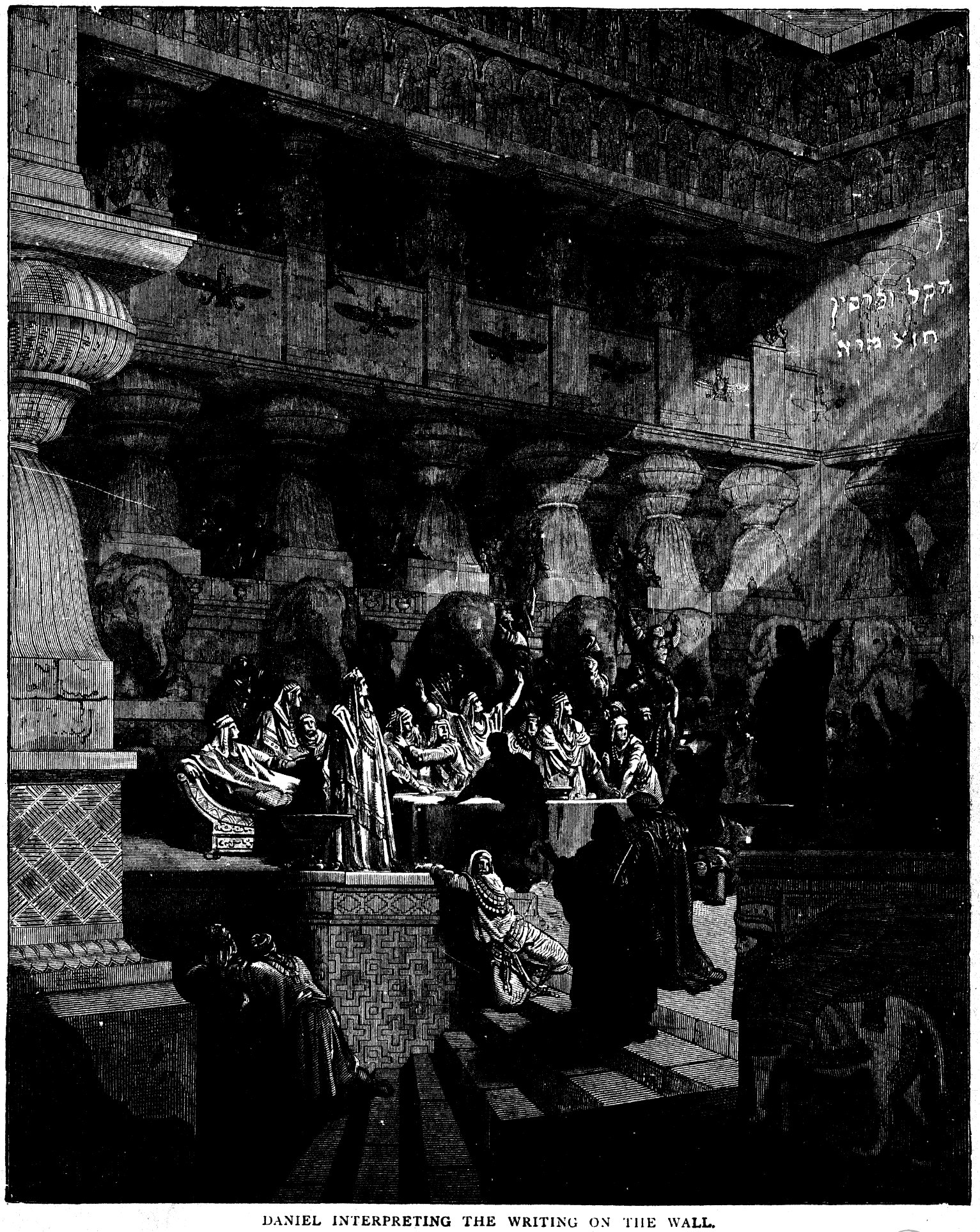

DANIEL INTERPRETING THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

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THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

PAUL, originally called Saul, was in early manhood one of the bitterest persecutors of the primitive Christians. Having obtained letters from the Sanhedrim to the synagogue of the Jews at Damascus, and likewise to the governor, authorising him to apprehend all followers of the new religion whom he might find there, and to bring them to Jerusalem, he departed towards the former city, and, when he had nearly reached it, was struck to the earth by a great light. The circumstances attending the conversion of Saint Paul are related in the ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. They are supposed to have occurred in the year 35 of the new era, two years after the crucifixion.

The broad, intense beam of light, pouring full on the smitten figure of Paul, and the soldier in the foreground burying his face in the earth to escape the terrible radiance, are well conceived and worked out.

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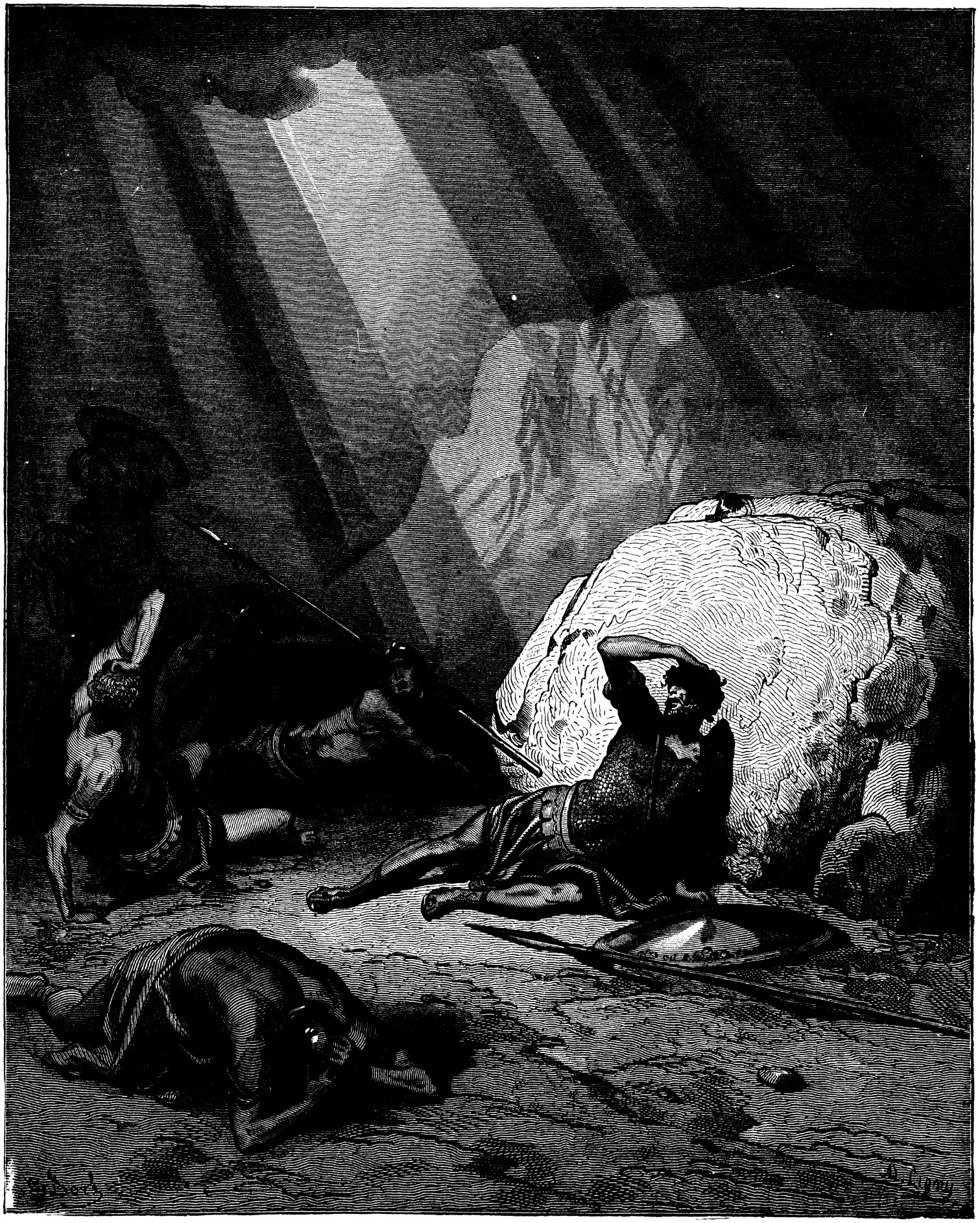

THE CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL.

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THE ANTICS OF DON QUIXOTE.

WANDERING about in the rocky and tree-shadowed deserts of the Sierra Morena, Don Quixote bethinks him that it would be a fine thing to be mad for a little while, as a means of expressing the intensity of his passion for the lovely Dulcinea del Toboso. In this respect he takes for his model the celebrated knights, Amadis of Gaul and Orlando Furioso, who "committed a hundred thousand extravagances, worthy to be recorded in the eternal register of fame." Before commencing these austere exercises, he charges Sancho with a letter to the lady, for the mad tricks must be performed in solitude. The squire departs, but, having been requested by his master to witness a few of his performances, he rides back some way, and sees the Don frisking about in his shirt, with his heels in the air (Part I., Chapter 24). And here we also see him, fixed by our artist in a gloomy gorge of the swart mountains.

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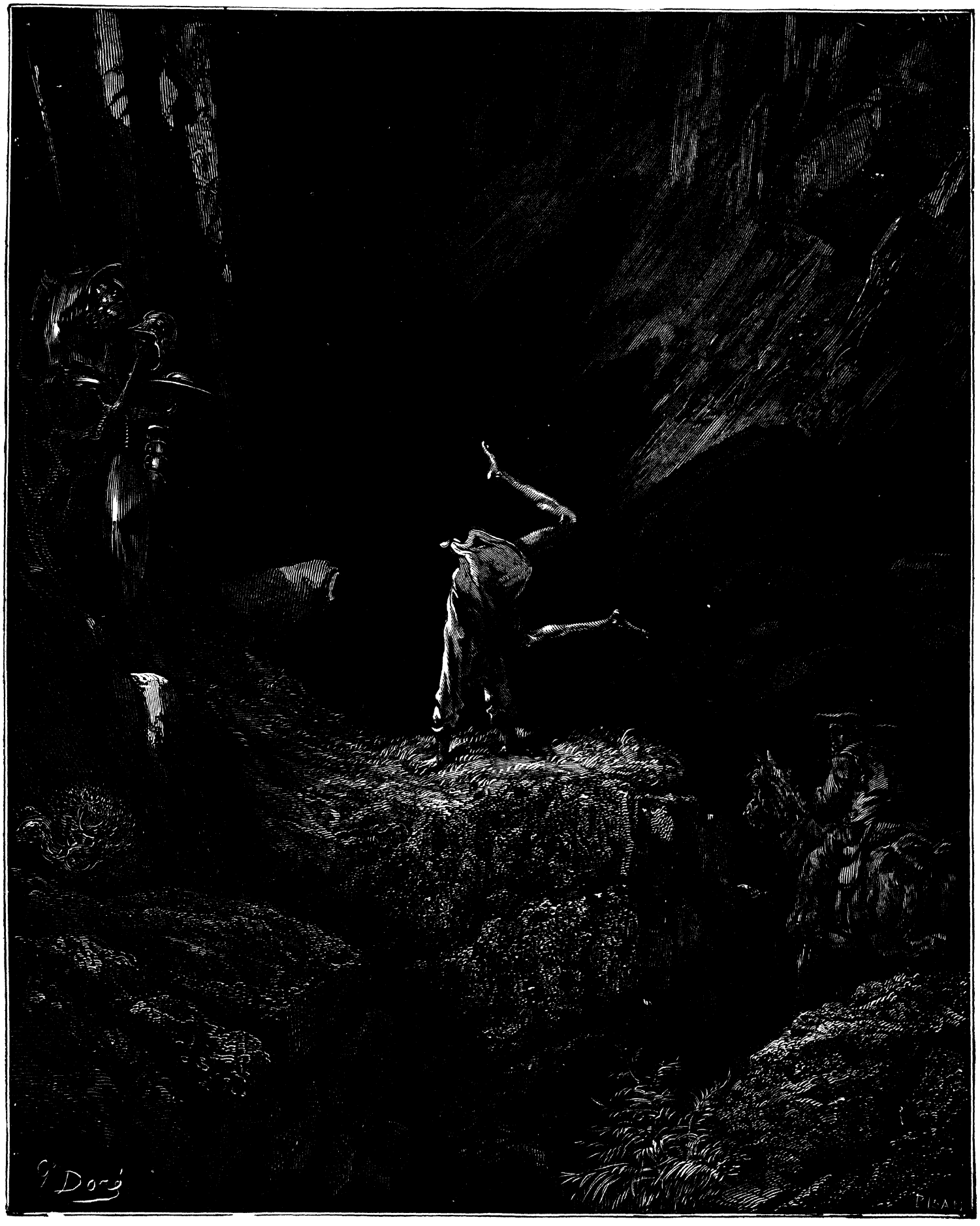

THE ANTICS OF DON QUIXOTE.

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THE GNARLED MONSTER.

MITAINE undertakes the perilous adventure of searching out and destroying the Fortress of Fear. Advancing through a dark and ominous country, full of terrifying aspects, which, however, on being faced, turn out to be mere illusions, she comes at length to a great ruined wall; "when suddenly a flash of lightning, cleaving the heavens, enabled her to discover a horrible monster gazing at her from its crest. It resembled the skeleton of a horse combined with those of an ostrich, a whale, and a giraffe. Its enormous head was supported by a disproportionately long neck, and its two claws, armed with immense talons, were seeking on the top of the wall for some point of vantage whence to leap upon her. Mitaine, taken by surprise, sprang back twenty paces; the monster took as many in advance. She sank upon her knee as it drew near, and felt its hot breath blowing upon her. 'By the shrine of Saint Landri! I am acting like a child, and show myself little worthy to follow Charlemagne and Roland to battle.' She sprang up; the monster immediately recoiled. . . . . She gave the wall a vigorous kick; the stones fell crumbling, and dragged with them a number of creepers and brambles a century old, breaking a poor harmless tree which had stood for ages, with its branches resting on the wall. Mitaine shrugged her shoulders, and moved on, saying, 'As I expected!'" (Mr. T. Hood's version of "Croquemitaine," Book III., Chapter 8.) The moral is to the effect that seeming dangers are apt to shrink into nothing the moment we boldly encounter them.

The weird and fantastic character of the illustration is very remarkable.

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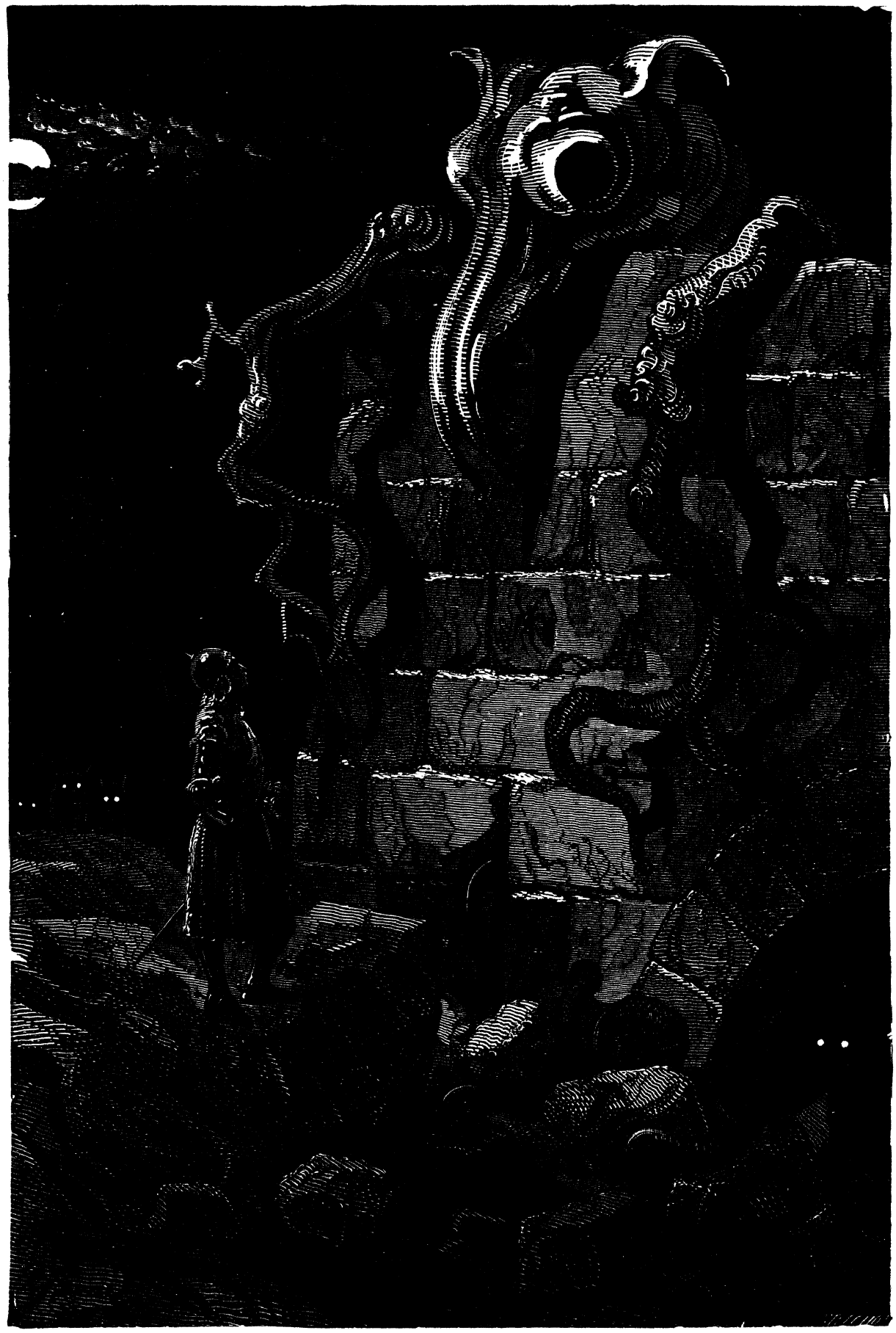

THE GNARLED MONSTER.

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THE ENCHANTMENT OF DON QUIXOTE.

THE Don, having, after his strange performances in the Sierra Morena, returned to the inn at which Sancho was so scurvily treated by being tossed in a blanket, takes it into his head not merely that the inn is a castle, but that it is enchanted. Under this impression he performs so many extravagant antics that it is thought he must be mad, and a device is hit upon for carrying him home. First of all, the people of the inn bargain with a passing waggoner for the use of his oxen; they then construct a large wooden cage, in which the knight may conveniently sit or lie down. "Presently after, all the company of the inn disguised themselves, some with masks, others by disfiguring their faces, and the rest by change of apparel, so that Don Quixote should not take them to be the same persons. This done, they all silently entered his chamber, where he was sleeping very soundly after his late fatigues: they immediately laid hold on him so forcibly, and held his arms and legs so hard, that he was not able to stir, or do anything but stare on those odd figures which stood round him. This instantly confirmed him in the strange fancy that had so long disturbed his crazed understanding, and made him believe himself undoubtedly enchanted, and those frightful figures to be the spirits and demons of the enchanted castle. . . . . They had by this lifted him out of bed, and, placing him in the cage, they shut him in, and nailed the bars of it so fast that no small strength could force them open. . . . . Don Quixote was not so much amazed at his enchantment as at the manner of it. 'Among all the volumes of chivalry that I have turned over,' said he, 'I never read before of knights-errant drawn in carts, or tugged along so leisurely by such slothful animals as oxen. For they used to be hurried along with prodigious speed, enveloped in some dark and dusky cloud, or in some fiery chariot drawn by winged griffins, or some such expeditious creatures; but I must confess, to be drawn thus by a team of oxen staggers my understanding not a little.'" (Part I., Chapters 42—43.)

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THE ENCHANTMENT OF DON QUIXOTE.

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THE LITTLE FISH AND THE FISHERMAN (LA FONTAINE).

A LITTLE carp, some half a summer old, was caught by an angler. As the latter was about to put it in his basket, the fish exclaimed, "What on earth can you want with me? I am not half a mouthful. Let me grow up; you can catch me when I'm bigger, and then some rich epicure will give a high price for me. As it is, you'll want a hundred or two of my size to make a dish. And what will such a dish be worth when made? It will be good for nothing." "Good for nothing, eh?" echoed the angler. "We shall see. Your sermon, my little friend, pleases me exceedingly; but to-night I will try how you eat."

Men of sense prefer the present to the future; for they are sure of the one, and not of the other.

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THE LITTLE FISH AND THE FISHERMAN.

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THE STEALING OF SANCHO'S ASS.

On the night that Don Quixote and Sancho Panza went off to the Sierra Morena, to avoid the hue and cry of the Holy Brotherhood, after the Don had released some galley slaves, the knight and his squire slunk into a wood, where, being quite tired out with their late skirmishes, they fell fast asleep. While in this condition, a thief (Gines de Passamonte) leads away Sancho's ass from under him, supplying its place with four stakes beneath the four corners of the pack-saddle. Sancho sleeps on until the morning, when, beginning to stir, the props tumble down, and the honest squire with them. Don Quixote afterwards assures him that the trick was neither new nor difficult; for "with the same stratagem Sacrepante had his steed stolen from under him by that notorious thief, Brunelo, at the siege of Albraca" (Part II., Chapter 4). In the illustration we see Sancho propped up by the stakes, and gloriously unconscious of all things. The solitude and dreamy night feeling of the piece are admirable.

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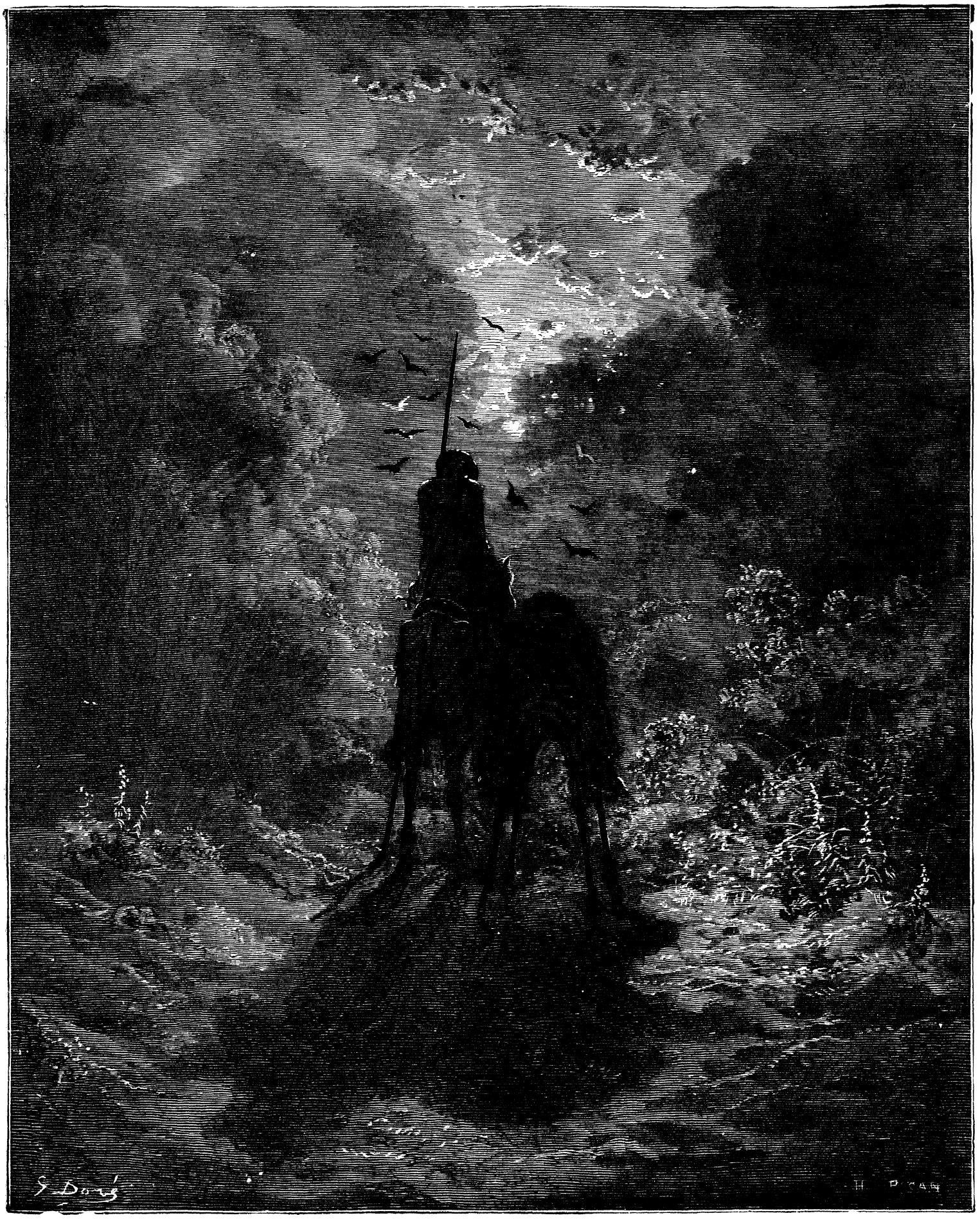

THE STEALING OF SANCHO'S ASS.

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THE CORPSE CANDLES.

HAVING entered the Fortress of Fear, Mitaine climbs a narrow spiral staircase, the walls of which are covered with thick moss, while the broken steps support a heavy growth of ferns, lichens, and toadstools. The stairs crumble away behind her as she ascends; but she passes on, and finds herself in a vast gallery, lighted only by the moon. Before her opens a long series of huge folding-doors, and on her right hand are columns and arches. All this while she is guided by a toad, which, crawling on before her, leaves a slimy and phosphorescent track. "As Mitaine passed by the first column, it crumbled in pieces, and she beheld, standing upright on the pedestal, a corpse wrapped in its winding-sheet, and holding in its hand a lighted torch. It stepped down from its place, and, waiting until she passed, took up its position on her left. The second column sank in its turn; a second corpse descended, and placed itself on her right hand, also bearing a torch. The same thing took place throughout the whole length of the gallery." (Book III., Chapter 9, of "Croquemitaine.") Such are some of the terrors through which Mitaine resolutely makes her way to the achievement of the adventure.

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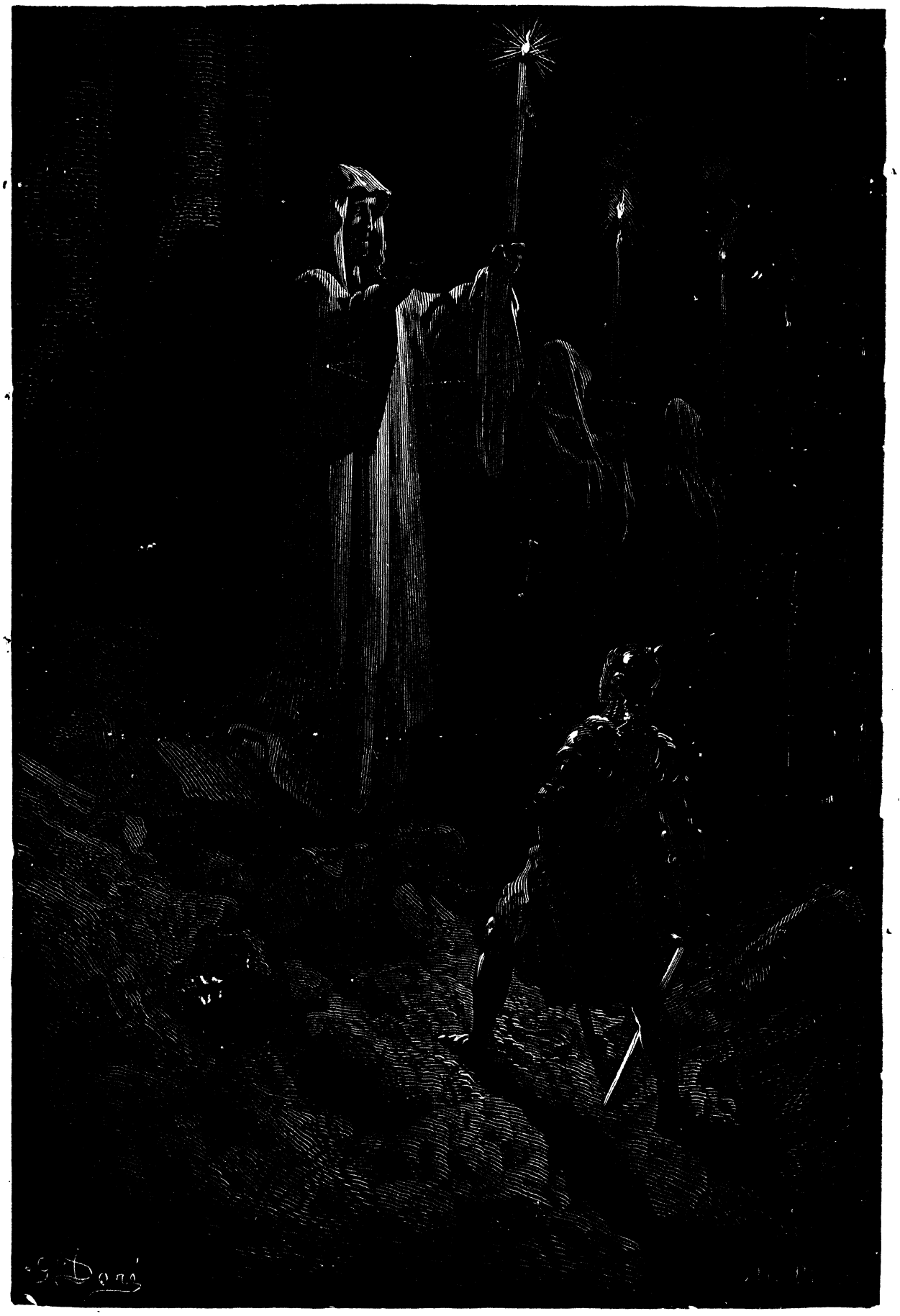

THE CORPSE CANDLES.

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THE MONKEY AND THE DOLPHIN (LA FONTAINE).

A VESSEL in the ancient times went to wreck not far from Athens. The crew would all have drowned but for the good offices of a dolphin; for the dolphins, as Pliny himself declares, are friends to man. The fish even took on its back a monkey that happened to be on board, supposing it to be a sailor. The monkey, being asked if he came from Athens, replied that he did, and vaunted his familiarity with the place; but soon exhibited so much ignorance—even speaking of the Piræus as a man, instead of a harbour—that the dolphin looked round, and, discovering that he was mounted by a monkey and not a man, plunged him beneath the waves, and made search for some one more worthy of his assistance.

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THE MONKEY AND THE DOLPHIN.

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A SUBMARINE WORLD

BARON MUNCHAUSEN (in his thirteenth chapter) relates that his father used to tell the following story:—In one of the numerous visits he paid to England, he was one day walking on the sea-shore not far from Harwich, when he saw a sea-horse rise out of the waves, and gallop at the top of his speed towards him. The Baron had in his hand at the time a certain wonderful sling, from which he projected two stones at the monster, with such accuracy of aim that he put out both his eyes. Then he jumped on his back, and made him take the sea. His fierceness had departed with his eyes; and the Baron, slipping the sling into his mouth for a bridle, set off for the opposite coast. In less than three hours they reached Helvoetsluys, where the Baron sold the sea-horse for seven hundred ducats. The things he saw in the course of his journey were very extraordinary. The horse did not swim; he galloped with great swiftness along the bottom of the sea, driving before him millions of singular fish. Some of these "had their heads in the middle of their bodies; others at the end of their tails; some, standing in a circle, sang choruses of inexpressible beauty; others were engaged in building transparent palaces of water, surrounded by vast colonnades, through which rippled to and fro a clear shining fluid, resembling the most brilliant fire. The interior of these buildings was provided with every convenience that could suit fish of distinction: there were nurseries for the safe keeping of the spawn; a suite of spacious halls was devoted to the education of the young fish." The Baron also traversed a vast range of submarine mountains, at least as high as the Alps; saw a forest of trees which bore lobsters, crabs, oysters, mussels, and sea-snails, of enormous size; and escaped various dangers of the deep.

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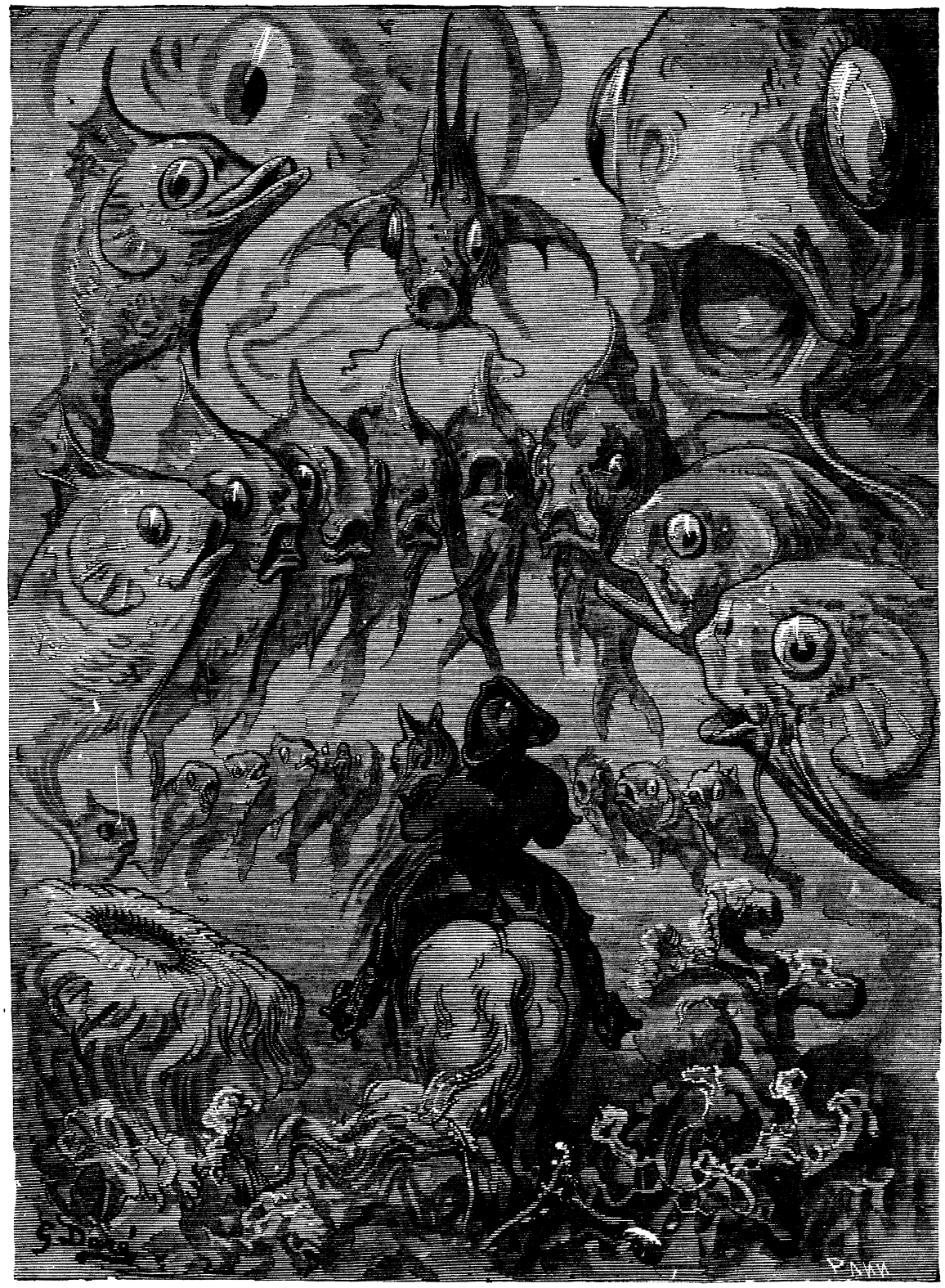

A SUBMARINE WORLD.

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK.

On the banks of the river Ebro, Don Quixote and Sancho find a little boat tied to the stump of a tree, with nobody to look after it. The Don immediately concludes that it has been thrown in his way by an enchanter, who desires him to embark, and hasten to the succour of some other knight, lying under great and peculiar danger. Accordingly, much to the dissatisfaction of Sancho, they tie up their beasts, enter the boat, and commit themselves to the current, on which they drift some distance, until they behold two great water-mills in the middle of the river. To the Don these mills appear to be enchanted castles, or the buildings of some strange city, where he is destined to find the distressed knight, or the queen or princess, for whose relief he has been conveyed thither. Sancho of course sees the truth of the matter; but Quixote will not be undeceived, even though the people in the mill shout out that the strangers will be swamped, or ground to pieces by the water-wheels. They continue to advance, but are soon stopped by the poles of the millers. This movement, however, upsets the boat, and knight and squire are ducked in the stream, whence the men drag them forth. The boat—which proves to be the property of the millers—is broken to pieces, and Don Quixote has to pay fifty reals for it, and to give up the achievement of the adventure, which he says is plainly reserved for some other knight. (Part II., Chapter 29.)

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK.

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PLUTUS.

When preparing to descend into the fourth circle of Hell, Dante and Virgil find their way stopped by Plutus, to whom is assigned the special guardianship of the pit, for it is there that the prodigal and the avaricious are punished. Dante is alarmed at his appearance; but Virgil comforts him, saying—

"'Let not thy fear
Harm thee; for power in him, be sure, is none
To hinder down this rock thy safe descent.'
Then to that swoln lip turning, 'Peace!' he cried,
'Curst wolf! thy fury inward on thyself
Prey, and consume thee! Through the dark profound,
Not without cause, he passes. So 'tis will'd
On high, there where the great Archangel pour'd
Heaven's vengeance on the first adulterer proud.'
"As sails, full spread and bellying with the wind,
Drop suddenly collaps'd, if the mast split:
So to the ground down dropp'd the cruel fiend."

Inferno, Canto VII., lines 4—15.

Satan is here called "the first adulterer" in accordance with an old meaning of the word, signifying one whose affections and desires are in a state of revolt against God.

The figure of Plutus in the illustration is a fine study of the nude. The various muscular developments are beautifully indicated, and the effects of light and shade subtly and delicately interwoven.

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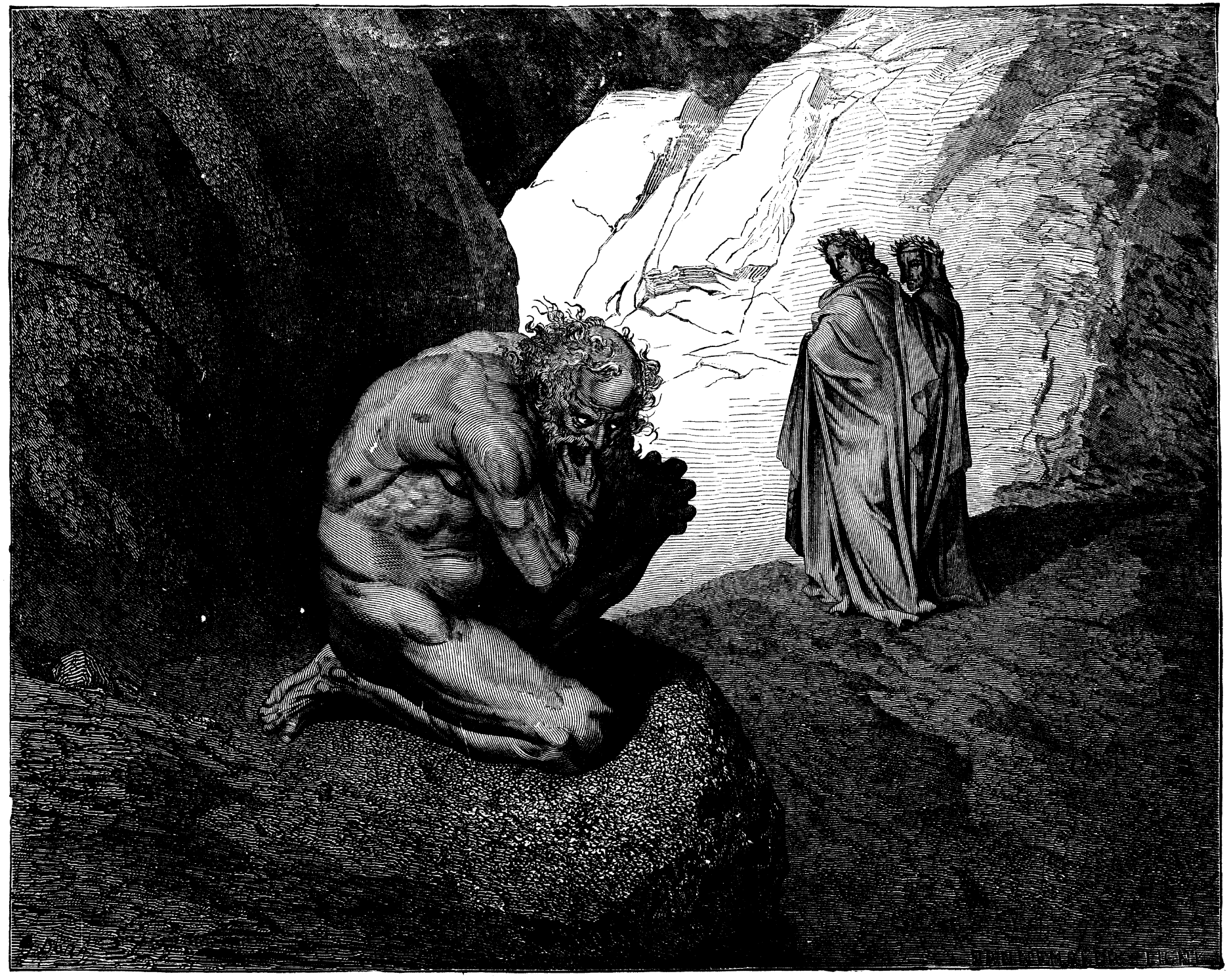

LUTUS.

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THE MOURNERS FOR DURANDARTE.

READERS of "Don Quixote" are well acquainted with the knight's wonderful adventures in the Cave of Montesinos (Part II., Chapter 23). A cavern so called really exists in La Mancha. It is about sixty feet in depth, and, being much easier of access now than in the days of the Don (who is let down by a rope), is the frequent resort of shepherds during storms. Montesinos was one of the old heroes of romance, fond of wandering about mountainous and woody solitudes, as his name imports, and at one time an inhabitant of this cave. Quixote, hearing the marvellous things that are reported of it, resolves to descend by himself; he does so, and on gaining the bottom is surprised by sleep. Presently he wakes up (as he afterwards declares) in a most lovely meadow, at the further end of which he sees a sumptuous palace, with walls and battlements of transparent crystal. From this palace issues forth a grave and reverend man in a long gown, who proves to be no other than Montesinos himself. With many laudatory speeches he conducts the Don into the palace, and shows him a stately marble tomb, which is that of the famous Spanish knight, Durandarte, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Roncesvalles, and expired in the arms of Montesinos, his kinsman. With his dying breath he requested Montesinos to take his heart out of his breast, and convey it to his mistress, the beautiful Belerma; which was accordingly done. In the mysterious cave, Durandarte, lying on the top of his tomb, preserves a kind of enchanted life; for he, Montesinos, and the other inhabitants of the cave, are subjected to the necromantic spells of Merlin. Here Don Quixote sees a procession of beautiful damsels, all in black, attending on Belerma (who carries the withered heart of Durandarte in a white handkerchief), and, with sighs, tears, and groans, helping her to lament the loss of her champion. This mournful observance (which takes place four times a week) is represented in the illustration, with most picturesque details of Saracenic architecture.

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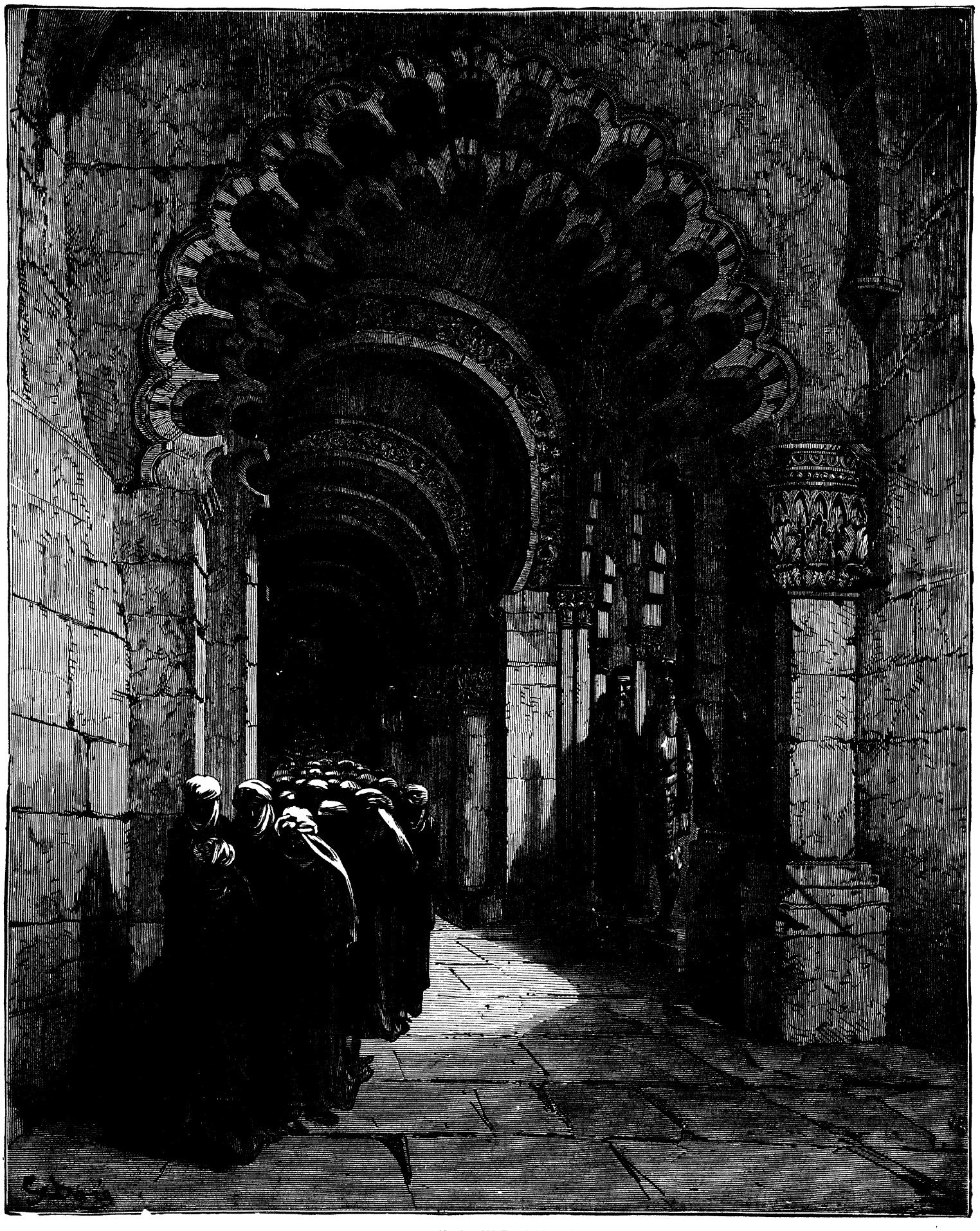

THE MOURNERS FOR DURANDARTE.

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THE ANGELIC WREATHS.

In the fourth heaven, which is situated in the sun, Dante sees two wreaths or garlands, each formed of twelve blessed spirits. One of the saints composing the inner ring is Thomas Aquinas, who, addressing the poet, tells him the names and qualities of the others. The inner ring is the first observed; but, after Aquinas has finished his address, it begins to wheel round, and has hardly once revolved ere another garland encompasses it—

"Motion to motion, song to song, conjoining;
Song that as much our muses doth excel,
Our syrens with their tuneful pipes, as ray
Of primal splendour doth its faint reflex.
As when, if Juno bid her handmaid forth,
Two arches parallel, and trick'd alike,
Span the thin cloud, the outer taking birth
From that within (in manner of that voice
Whom love did melt away, as sun the mist),
And they who gaze, presageful, call to mind
The compact, made with Noah, of the world
No more to be o'erflowed; about us thus,
Of sempiternal roses, bending, wreath'd
Those garlands twain; and to the innermost
E'en thus the external answer'd." *Paradiso, Canto XII., lines* 5—19.

Saint Bonaventura, of the Franciscan order, speaks out of the external wreath, and informs Dante who are the eleven others composing the garland of which he is himself one of the living flowers. The "voice whom love did melt away" is that of Echo, who, for the love of Narcissus, faded into a sound.

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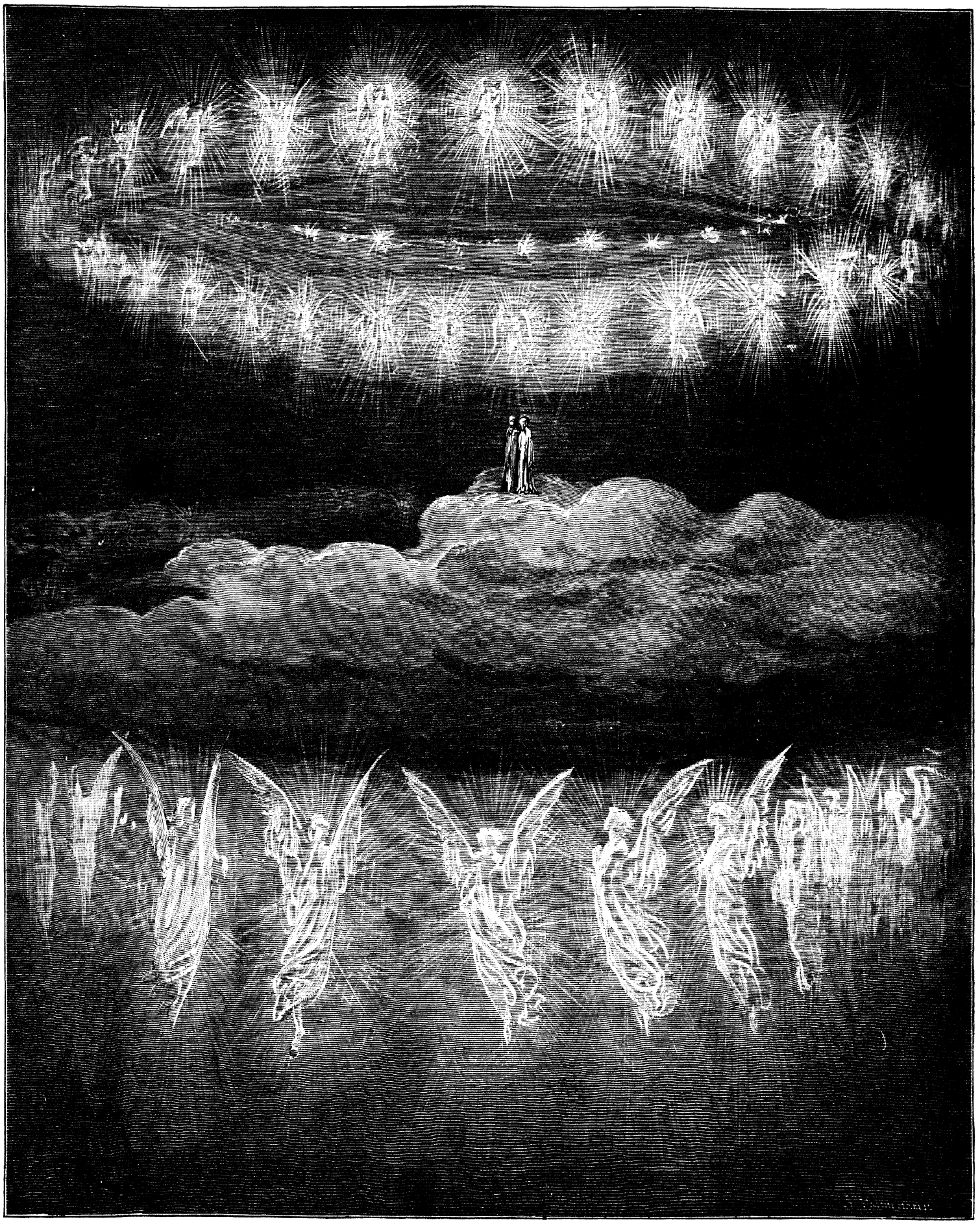

THE ANGELIC WREATHS.

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THE PEACOCK COMPLAINING TO JUNO (LA FONTAINE).

THE Peacock complained to Juno, saying, "Goddess, the song you have given to your bird is justly blamed; while, on the other hand, the nightingale, a paltry little thing, is the glory and delight of spring-time, owing to her sweet and powerful singing." "Jealous bird!" replied Juno, "is it for you to envy the singing of others? You who are wearing round your neck a hundred rainbow dyes; you who display to mortals those plumes that far exceed the splendour of jewellery. Is there any bird more fitted to please than you are? No creature engrosses every gift; each has its special dower, and all are content. Cease, then, to murmur, lest, as a judgment, I rend the plumage from off your foolish back."

The plate represents a beautiful Watteau-like scene in the gardens of a richly-wooded old château, with a most prodigious peacock dropping his long train from the balustrade of a terrace.

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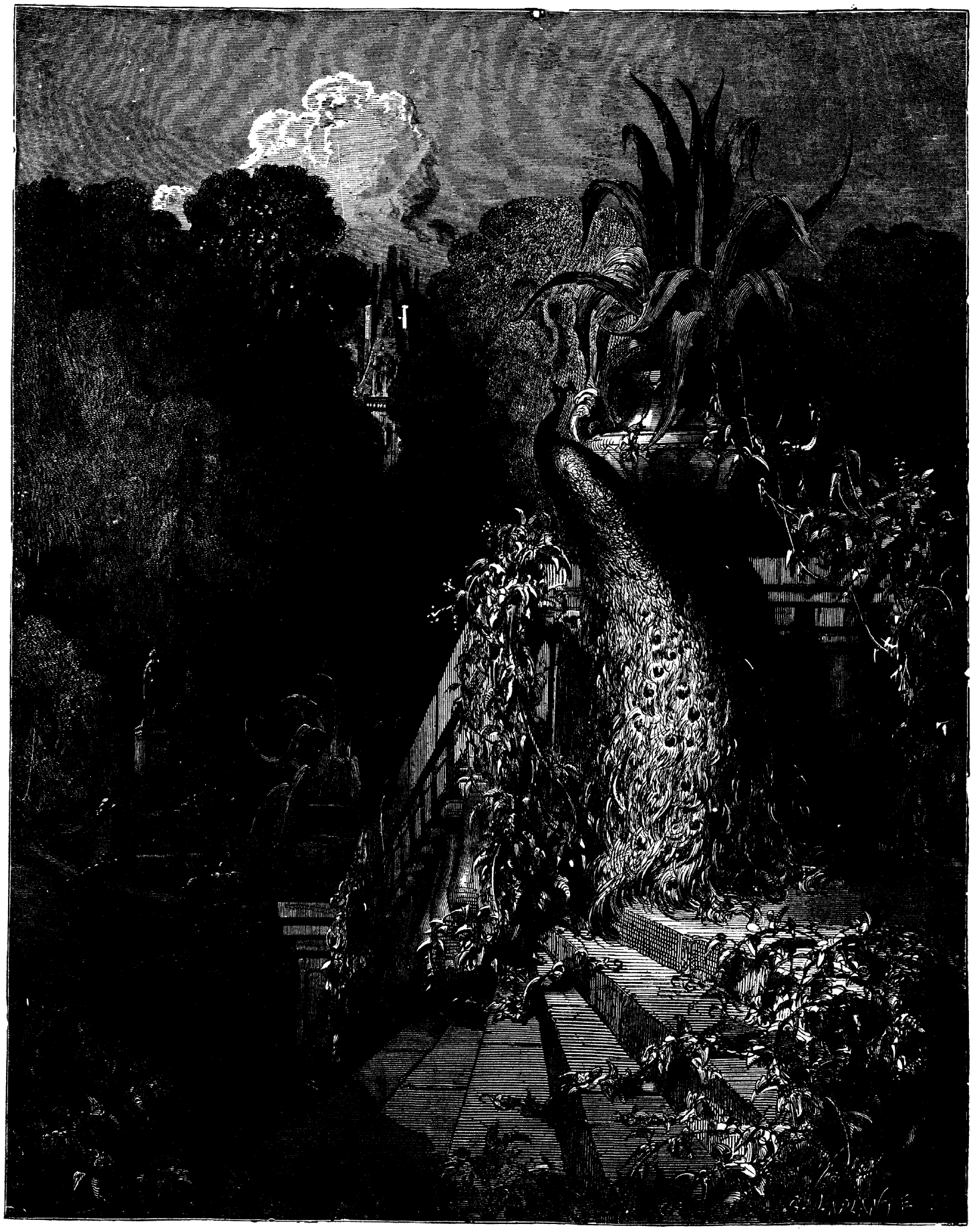

THE PEACOCK COMPLAINING TO JUNO.

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CHARLEMAGNE'S VISION.

We read in "Croquemitaine" (Book II., Chapter 3) that, one beautiful spring night, the Emperor Charlemagne, while sitting in his park at Paderborn, "perceived in the heavens what seemed like an immense causeway, paved with stars, which commenced above the Gulf of Friesland, and disappeared about the Galician frontier, passing over Germany, Aquitaine, Gascony, and Navarre. Little by little there seemed to him to glitter an unusual number of luminaries; they increased in size, changed their forms, and began to move all in the same direction from the north-east to the south-west, and presently he beheld, moving across the heavens, crowds of armed warriors. He had mistaken for stars the glint of the moon upon their armour. For a whole hour, troop succeeded troop; the horses, excited to a mad ardour, galloped along the clouds, raising a dust of star-sparkles with their hoofs. Then all became motionless as before. The night grew dark and silent." The vision is prognosticatory of the Emperor's expedition against the Saracens of Spain. As interpreted by M. Doré, it is very ghostly and vapoury, with a touch or two of the grotesque.

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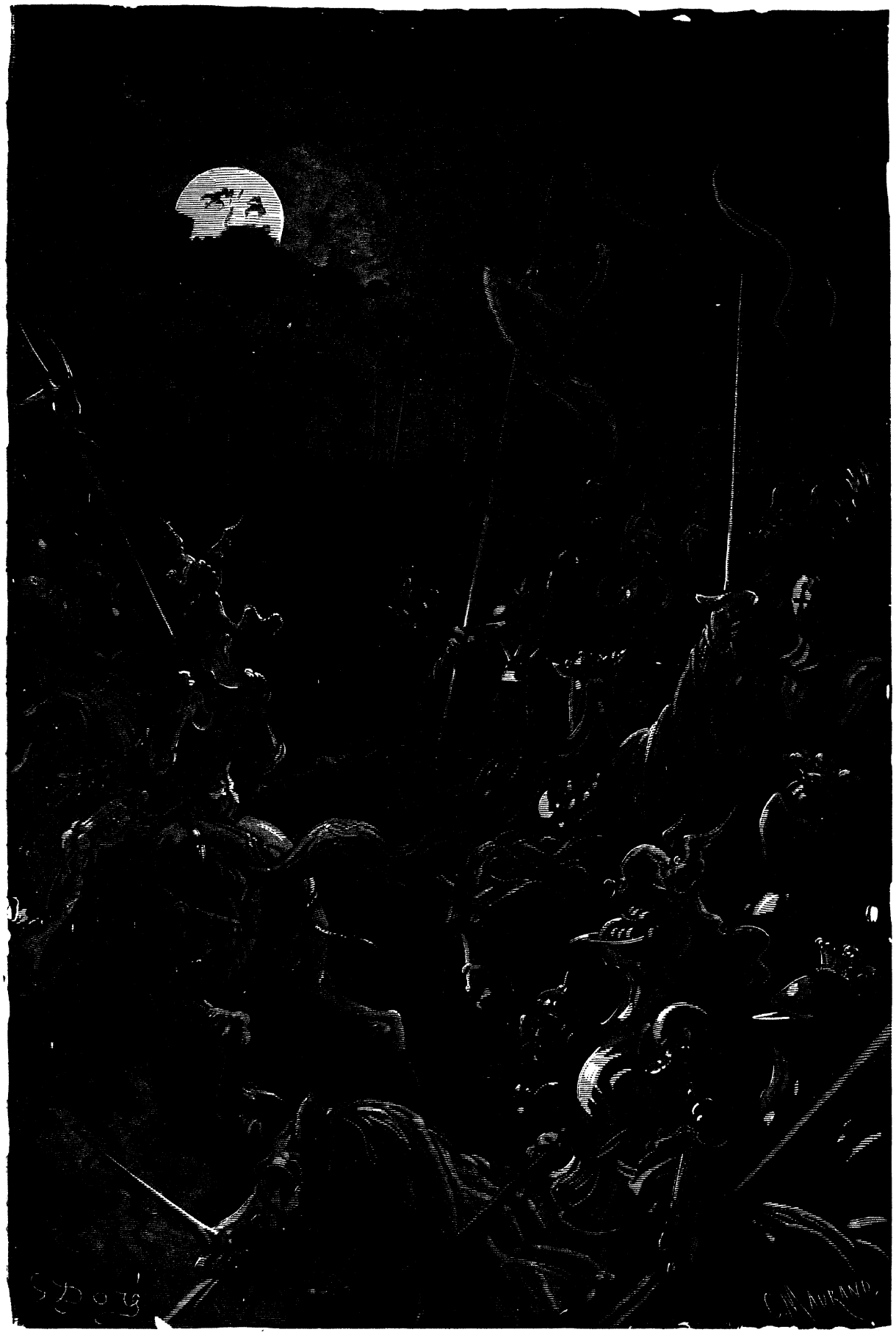

CHARLEMAGNE'S VISION.

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THE APPROACH TO THE ENCHANTED PALACE.

THIS is an illustration to the beautiful old legend of "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood." The Prince who is to dissolve the enchantment is seen approaching the palace up a long avenue of trees, which the cessation of all human interference for a hundred years has converted into a forest glade. To adopt the pleasant verses of Mr. Tom Hood—

"Along that silent avenue the young Prince gaily passes;
'Tis carpeted with velvet moss beneath the nodding grasses.
The dreamy sunlight, through the boughs upon the green sward streaming,
Sets here and there with radiance rare a lingering dewdrop gleaming.
On either hand rise lofty stems; above, the branches mingle;
And, as a glimpse of blue shuts in the end of some green dingle,
Framed in an arch of greenery where that long alley closes,
He sees a flight of steps, a gate o'ergrown with truant roses,
And some one who beside the gate in that warm sunshine dozes." *Fairy Realm.*

The Prince passes the sleepy porter, whom no blows will awaken, and enters the palace.

The tangled overgrowth of the wood, with its mingling of shadow and sunshine, is most artistically represented; and a sense of solitude, of silence, and of dreamy enchantment, is thrown over the whole.

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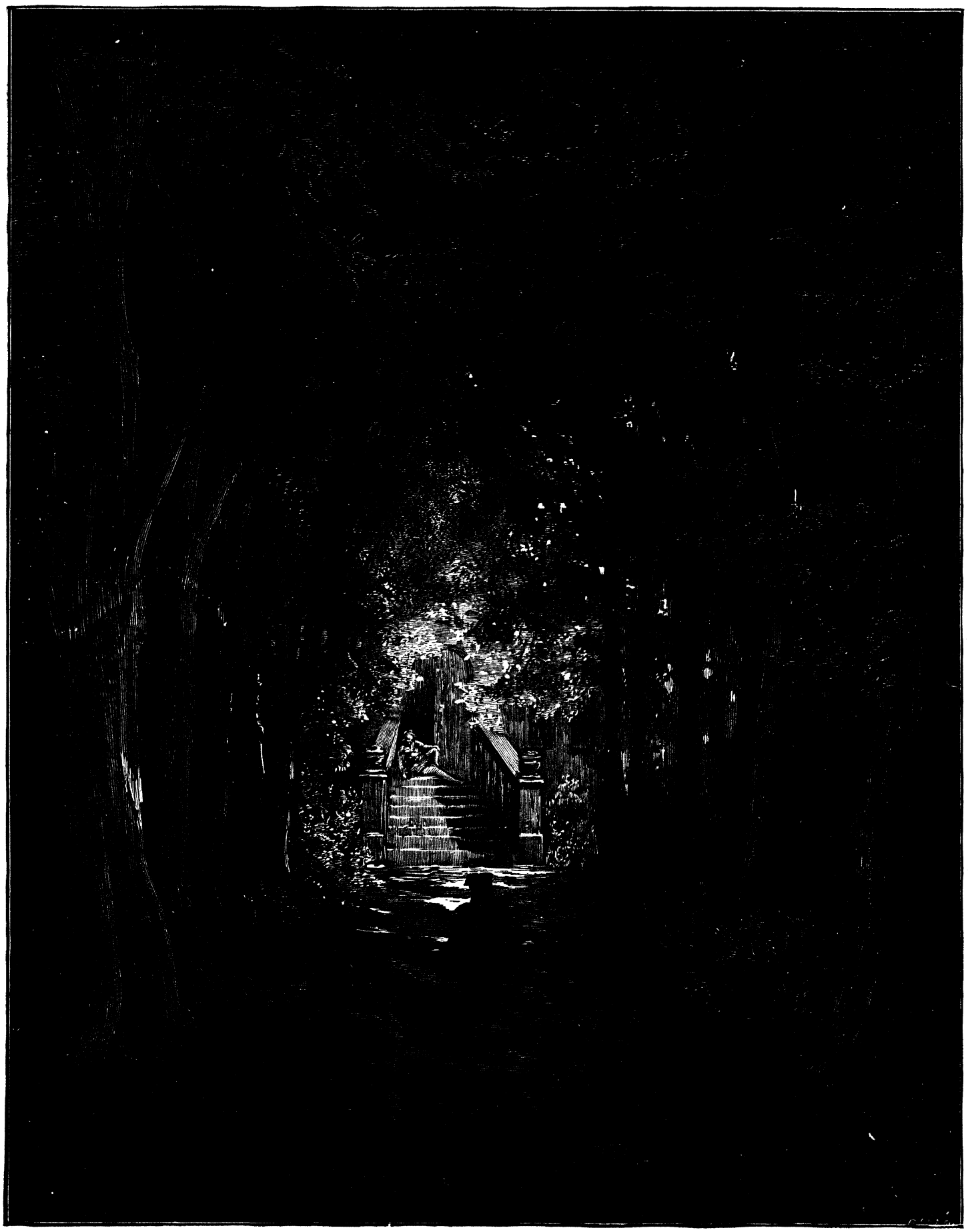

THE APPROACH TO THE ENCHANTED PALACE.

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THE BATTLE OF THE ANGELS.

RAPHAEL, relating to Adam and Eve the events of the great conflict in heaven, tells them :—

"Now storming fury rose,
And clamour, such as heard in heaven till now
Was never. Arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged: dire was the noise
Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And, flying, vaulted either host with fire.
So, under fiery cope, together rushed
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage." *Paradise Lost, Book VI., lines* 207—217.

The hurtle of the winged warriors encountering in mid air is very suggestive of angelic warfare.

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THE BATTLE OF THE ANGELS.

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THE COUNCIL HELD BY THE RATS (LA FONTAINE).

A CERTAIN cat spread so much terror through the kingdom of the rats, that the latter, taking advantage of the cat's absence one day, held a council to determine what should be done. One wise old rat proposed to fasten a bell round the cat's neck, so that the sound should give timely notice of the enemy's approach. The idea was very generally received as excellent; but who was to bell the cat? That was the difficulty. Every one declined to make the attempt, and the whole thing ended in talk. We see the same result in human affairs. Plenty of suggestions, but much shrinking from the test of action.

The rats here portrayed are full of character and droll caprice. They seem to have been studied from life, but with an eye of humorous fancy.

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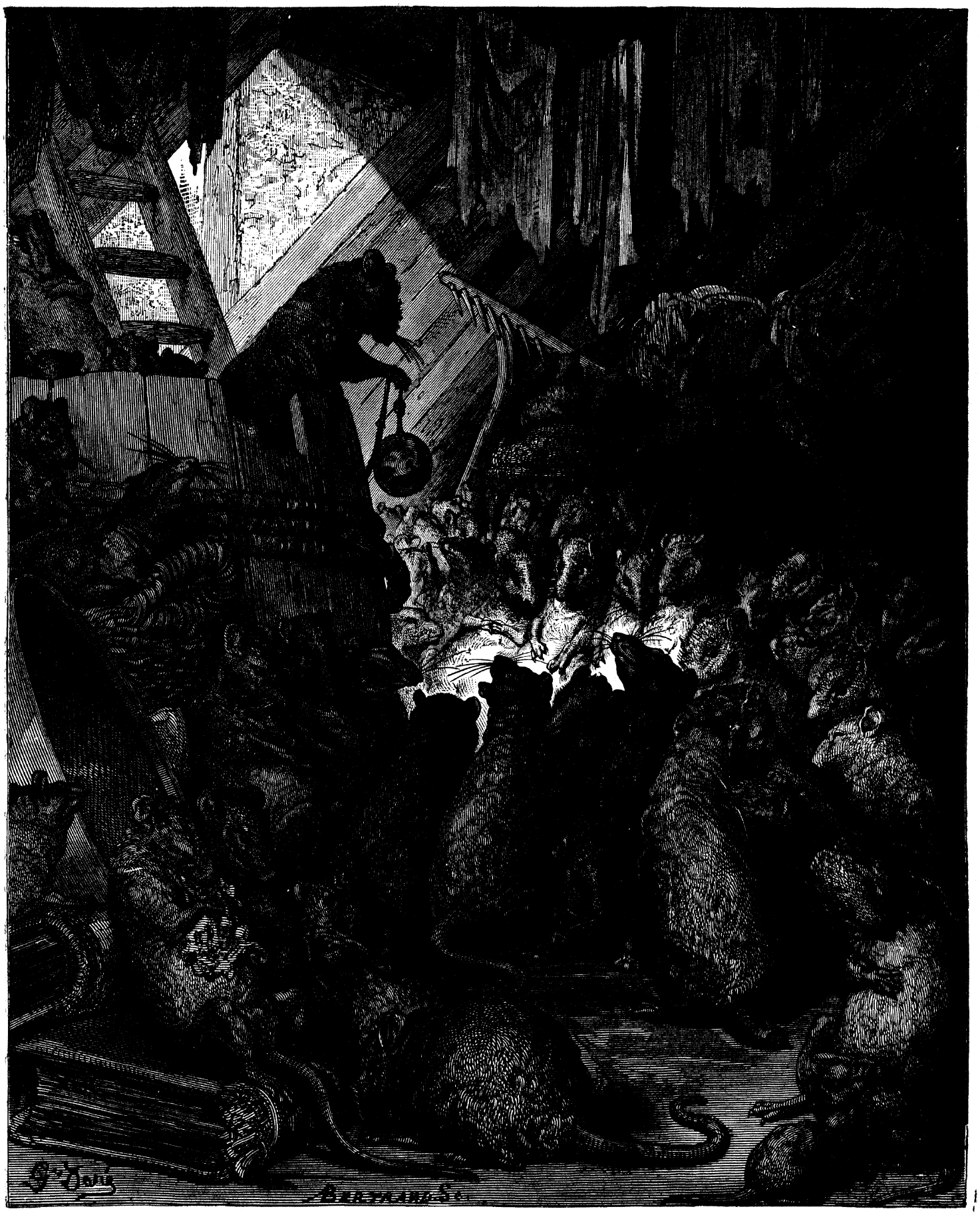

THE COUNCIL HELD BY THE RATS.

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THE MOCK SERENADE.

Don Quixote, staying at the castle of a great duke and duchess, is made the victim of a practical joke by one of the waiting women, who, having heard him talk a good deal about the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, determines to put his fidelity to the test. After he has gone to bed one night, the Don, being unable to sleep for the heat, gets up, opens the casement, and looks out into a fine garden, where he presently hears people walking about and talking. They prove to be two women, one of whom, named Altisidora, is pressed by the other to sing. Altisidora replies that since the arrival of the stranger at the castle she has been too conversant with tears and sorrow to sing or relish songs. Besides, the Duchess might wake; and, again, what would be the use of her singing if this new Æneas should be asleep, and not hear the sound of her complaints? These, of course, are feigned excuses, the Don being heard above at the window; and ultimately the damsel begins her serenade, which is a great outpouring of love for the knight, a depreciation of Dulcinea, and a vaunting of the singer's own attractions. Quixote takes all this for true; recalls an immense number of adventures of a like character which he has read of in his books of knight-errantry; and is at first a little apprehensive for his fidelity to the lady of Toboso. At the close of the serenade, however, he declares that nothing shall stir his heart from that one object of attraction; and, reproving all who would change or weaken his love, claps to the window, and goes to bed in great indignation. (Part II., Chapter 44.)

M. Doré has treated this burlesque incident in the spirit of romance. The picturesque Gothic architecture of the castle, with its diamonded casements, its rich and fantastic ornamentation, and its dreamy-looking heraldic escutcheons—the shadowy garden, the dark yet glimmering night, and the obscure figures of the damsels below the window—all are suggestive of the very poetry of old Spanish life.

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THE MOCK SERENADE.

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JESUS HEALING THE SICK MAN OF THE PALSY.

It is recorded in the Gospel of Matthew that there was brought to Jesus, in Bethlehem, a man sick of the palsy, whom he cured, so that he was enabled to rise at once, take up his bed, and go into his house (Matthew ix. 2—7). The incident is here embodied by M. Doré in a plate which shows the sick man just about to rise from his couch.

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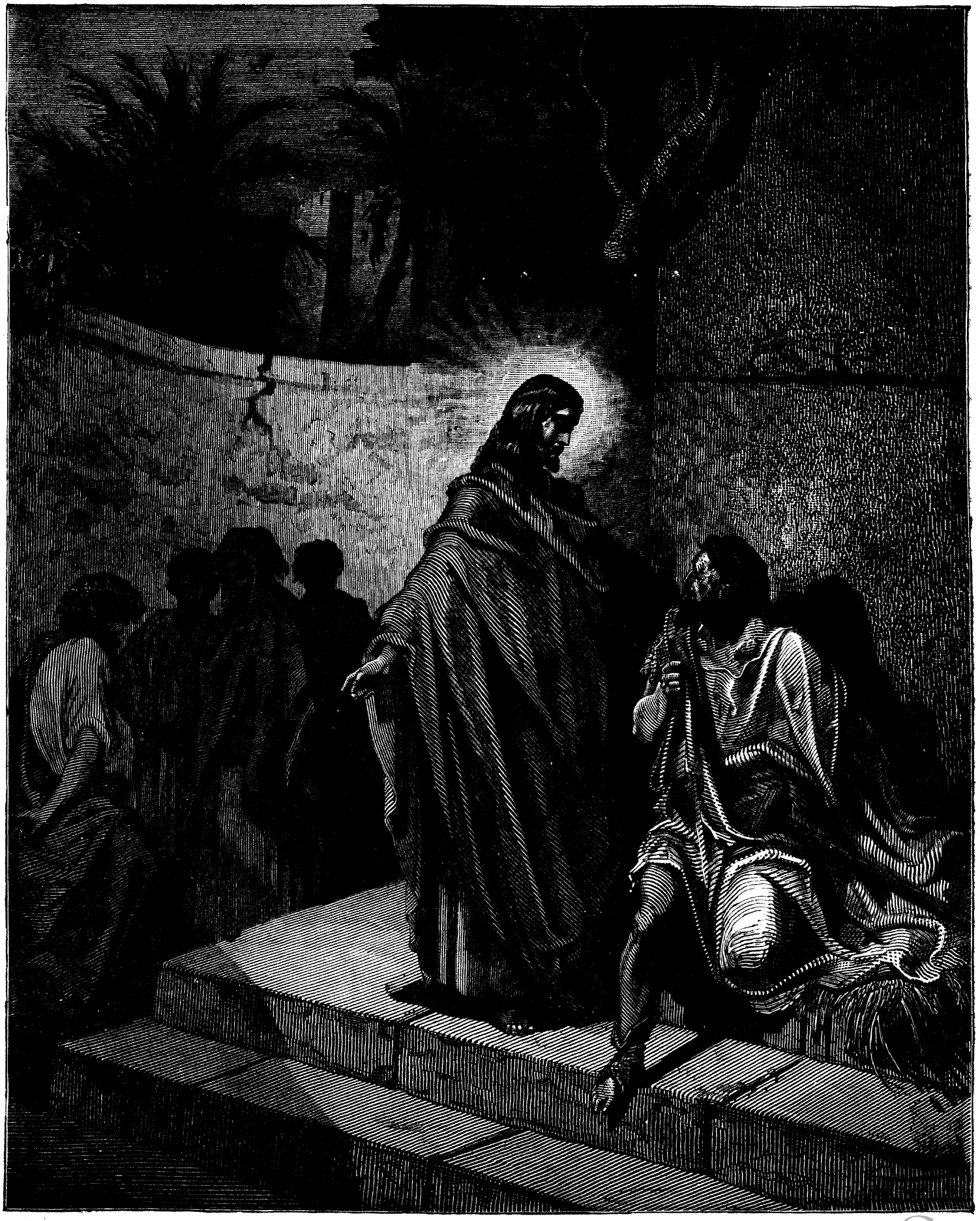

JESUS HEALING THE SICK MAN OF THE PALSY.

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THE OYSTER AND ITS CLAIMANTS (LA FONTAINE).

WHO does not know the old fable of the two travellers who quarrelled about their claim to an oyster found by them simultaneously on the margin of the sea, and who referred the dispute to a lawyer passing that way, with no other result than to behold the oyster eaten before their faces, and to receive each a shell for his portion? Here is the famous story grotesquely but pleasingly rendered. The travellers are two pilgrims, with sandals, beads, and scrip, complete; and the learned gentleman is a mediæval French doctor of the law. The rocky and barren sea-shore is a capital piece of scenery; and the self-satisfied pomposity of the lawyer is most amusingly contrasted with the dazed and disappointed looks of the holy men.

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THE OYSTER AND ITS CLAIMANTS.

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THE FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS.

THE rebel angels being at length defeated, a breach opens in the wall of Heaven, and the panic-struck rout see with horror the wasteful deep below. But they are urged from behind by thunders and pursuing fire, and cast themselves headlong into the abyss.

"Hell heard the unsufferable noise: Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roared,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout
Encumbered him with ruin. Hell at last,
Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed."

Paradise Lost, Book VI., lines 867—875.

Turner once made an impressive illustration of the same passage in Milton; but M. Doré's drawing is on a much larger scale, and more full of a dark, multitudinous, and headlong ruin.

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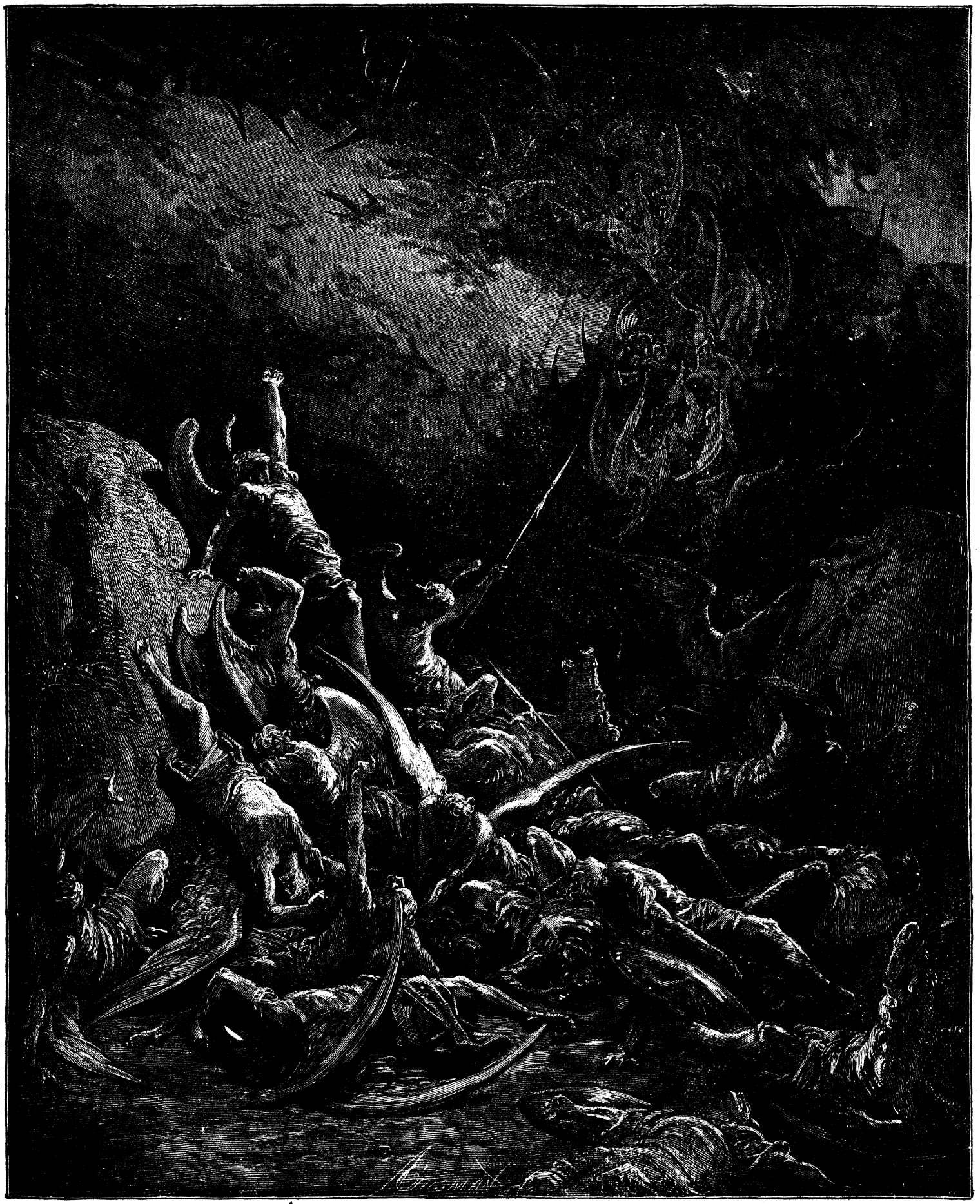

THE FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS.

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DON QUIXOTE SETTING OUT ON HIS ADVENTURES.

We here see the Don setting out for the first time on his adventures. He is riding across a flat, desolate country, with scraggy trees, and sullen pools of water among sandy wastes; and night is coming on. A stormy sky and lurid sunset have turned the clouds into wild, dimly-descried shapes of knights, giants, enchanters, monsters, distressed damsels, and towered castles, fading everywhere into the vapoury rack and brassy glare, yet alive with contest, terror, and meaning. These shapes, we may suppose, are the creations of Quixote's brain-sick fancies: but the Don's *face* should have been towards them, instead of his back. The illustration, however, is an extraordinary piece of fancy and imagination.

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DON QUIXOTE SETTING OUT ON HIS ADVENTURES.

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A NOCTURNAL DISCOURSE.

AFTER having had an encounter with some strolling players, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza compose themselves for passing the night under some shady trees, where they get talking over the adventures of the earlier part of the day. The Don commends the arts of play-writing and acting, and bids Sancho hold the professors of both in honour. (Cervantes was here probably thinking of his own labours in the department of dramatic literature.) "'Pr'ythee tell me,'" says the knight, addressing his faithful squire, "'hast thou never seen a play acted, where kings, emperors, prelates, knights, ladies, and other characters, are introduced on the stage? One acts a ruffian, another a soldier; this man a cheat, and that a merchant; one plays a designing fool, and another a foolish lover: but the play done, and the actors undressed, they are all equal, and as they were before.' 'All this I have seen,' quoth Sancho. 'Just such a comedy,' said Don Quixote, 'is acted on the great stage of the world, where some play the emperors, others the prelates, and, in short, all the parts that can be brought into a dramatic piece, till death, which is the catastrophe and end of the action, strips the actors of all their marks of distinction, and levels their quality in the grave.' 'A rare comparison,' quoth Sancho, 'though not so new but that I have heard it over and over.' . . . . In such discourses they passed a great part of the night." (Part II., Chapter 12.)

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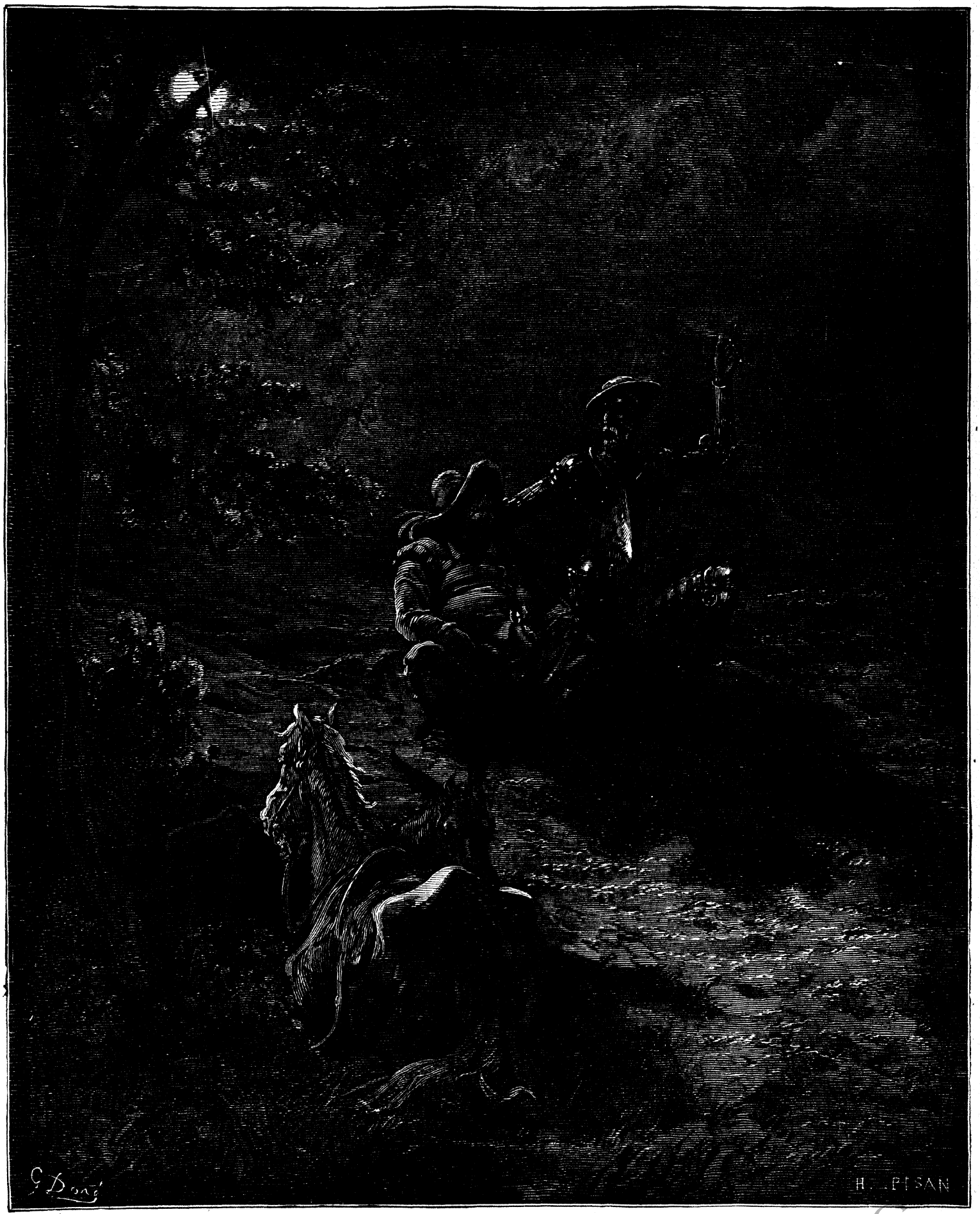

A NOCTURNAL DISCOURSE.

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THE RISING OF THE WATERS.

IN this print (from M. Doré's illustrations to "Paradise Lost"), the artist depicts the progress of the Deluge, according to the passage in his author.

"Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings
Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven; the hills to their supply
Vapour and exhalation, dusk and moist,
Sent up amain: and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen: the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure with beakèd prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd: sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left in one small bottom swum imbark'd." *Book XI., lines 738—753.*

The drawing is very much in the manner of our English painter, Martin.

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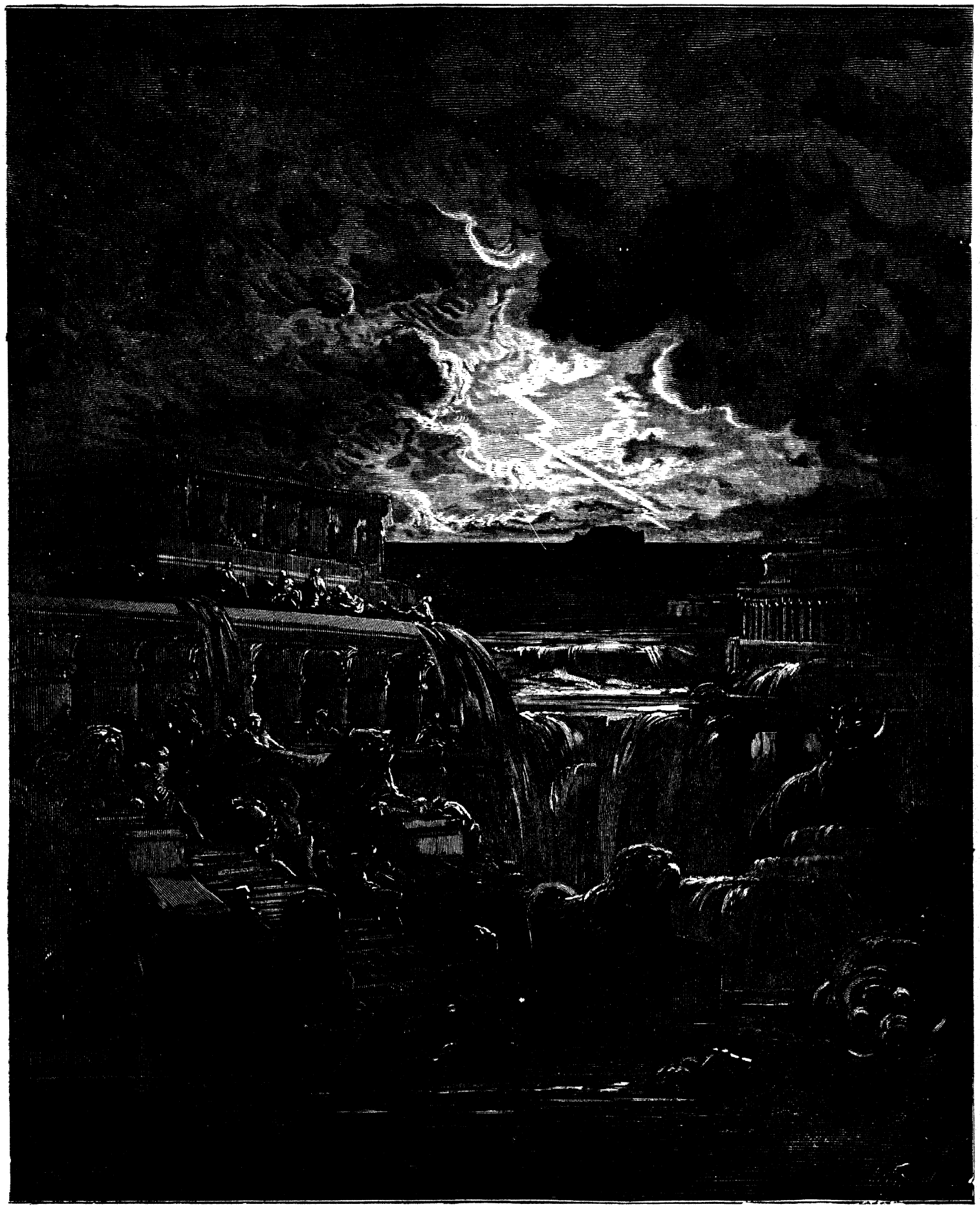

THE RISING OF THE WATERS.

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SAINT PAUL RESCUED FROM THE MULTITUDE.

PAUL, going to Jerusalem to preach, created a great tumult among the Jews, who accused him of delivering false doctrine in the temple. "And all the city was moved, and the people ran together; and they took Paul, and drew him out of the temple; and forthwith the doors were shut. And as they were about to kill him, tidings came unto the chief captain of the band, that all Jerusalem was in an uproar. Who immediately took soldiers and centurions, and ran down unto them: and when they saw the chief captain and the soldiers, they left beating of Paul. . . . . He commanded him to be carried into the castle. And when he came upon the stairs, so it was, that he was borne of the soldiers for the violence of the people. For the multitude of the people followed after, crying, Away with him!" (Acts xxi. 30--36.)

The picture which M. Doré has founded on this incident is full of action and movement.

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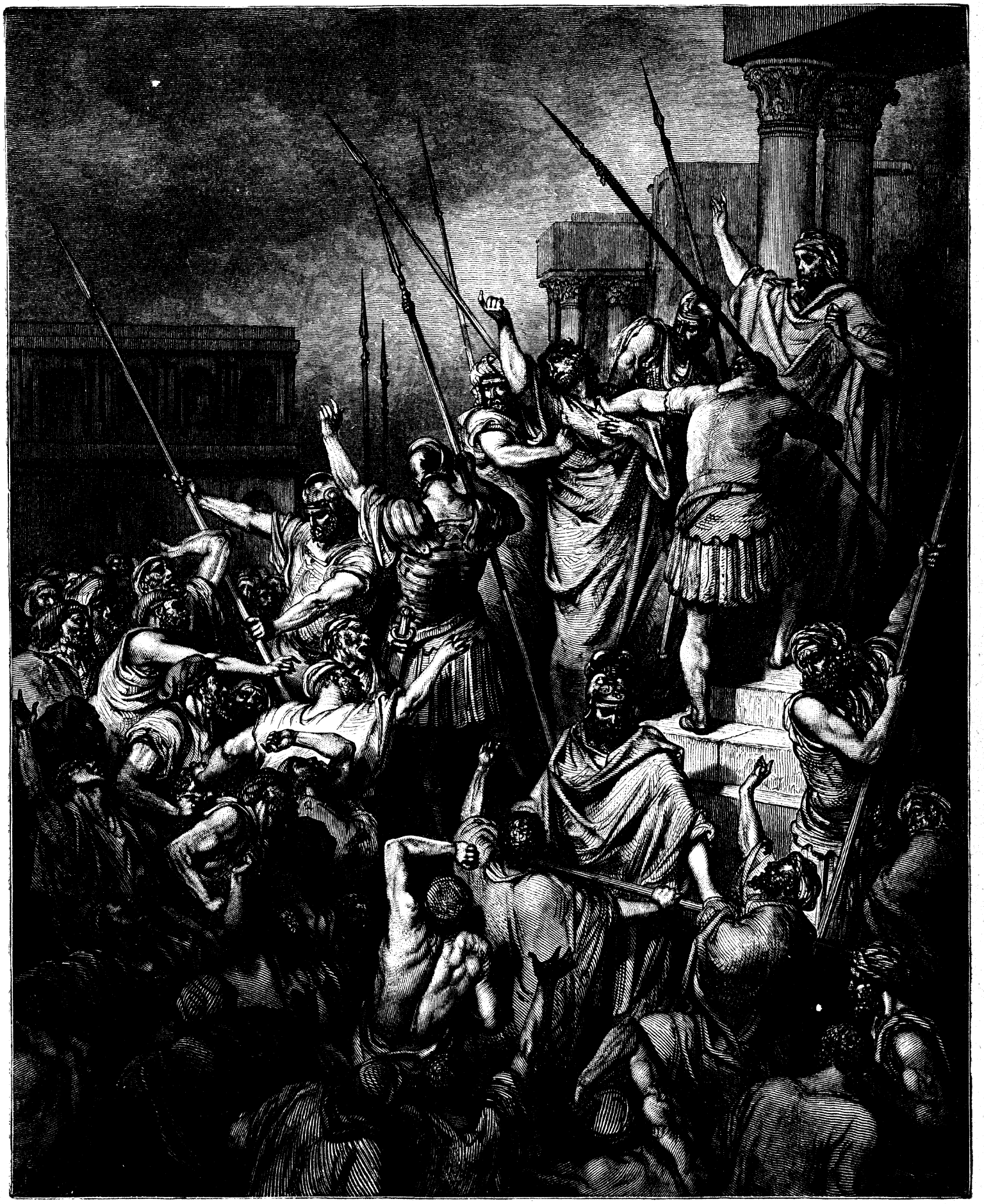

SAINT PAUL RESCUED FROM THE MULTITUDE.

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THE BURDEN OF PRIDE.

On an open and level space extending round the Mount of Purgatory, Dante sees a number of spirits labouring under the weight of heavy stones. They are the souls of those who have been guilty of pride, and are now expiating that sin. With one of them Dante converses for a time.

> "With equal pace, as oxen in the yoke,
> I with that laden spirit journey'd on,
> Long as the mild instructor suffer'd me;
> But when he bade me quit him, and proceed,
> * * * * * * * *
> Upright, as one disposed for speed, I rais'd
> My body, still in thought submissive bow'd."
>
> *Purgatorio, Canto XII., lines* 1—8.

The gigantic figures on the side of the rock are sculptures representing various instances of pride recorded in history and fable.

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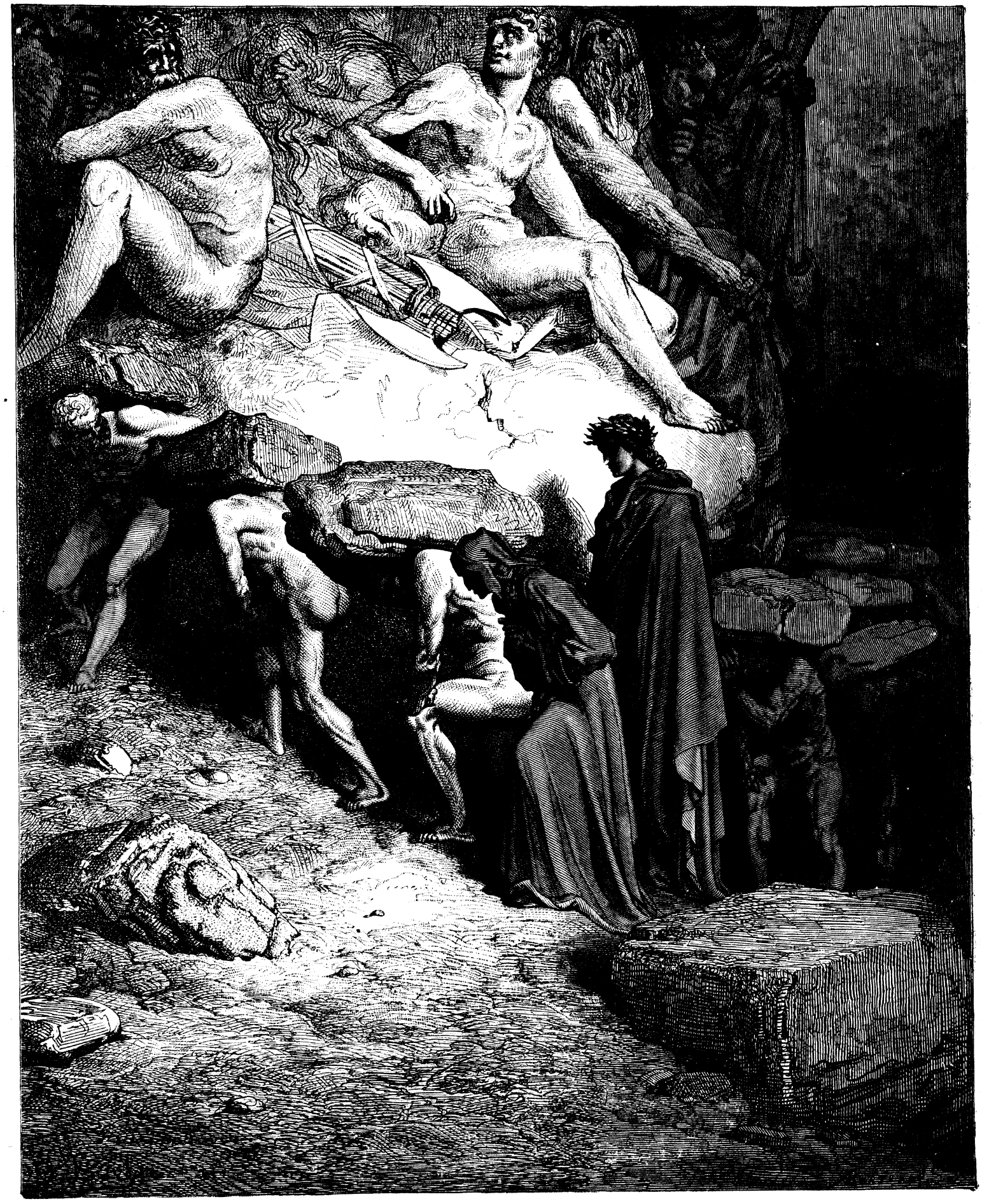

THE BURDEN OF PRIDE.

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THE HARE AND THE FROGS (LA FONTAINE).

A HARE one day sat meditating on his own excessive timidity. It was a sad thing, he reflected, to have such weak nerves. He was always in alarm about something; a breath of wind or a passing shadow would throw him into a fever. It happened, however, shortly afterwards, that, as he was passing a pond, the frogs leapt in, greatly alarmed at his appearance, and hid themselves in the mud at the bottom. "Oh, oh!" cried he, "then there are creatures as much afraid of me as I am afraid of men! These animals tremble at my approach. I am to them a thunderbolt of war."

The panic-stricken flight of the frogs is most amusing, and very true to nature in the various actions of the little amphibious creatures as they plunge into the water. Huge and monstrous in comparison, the dull, astonished face of the hare looks in between the reeds; and reeds and pond are alike delicately and fancifully touched.

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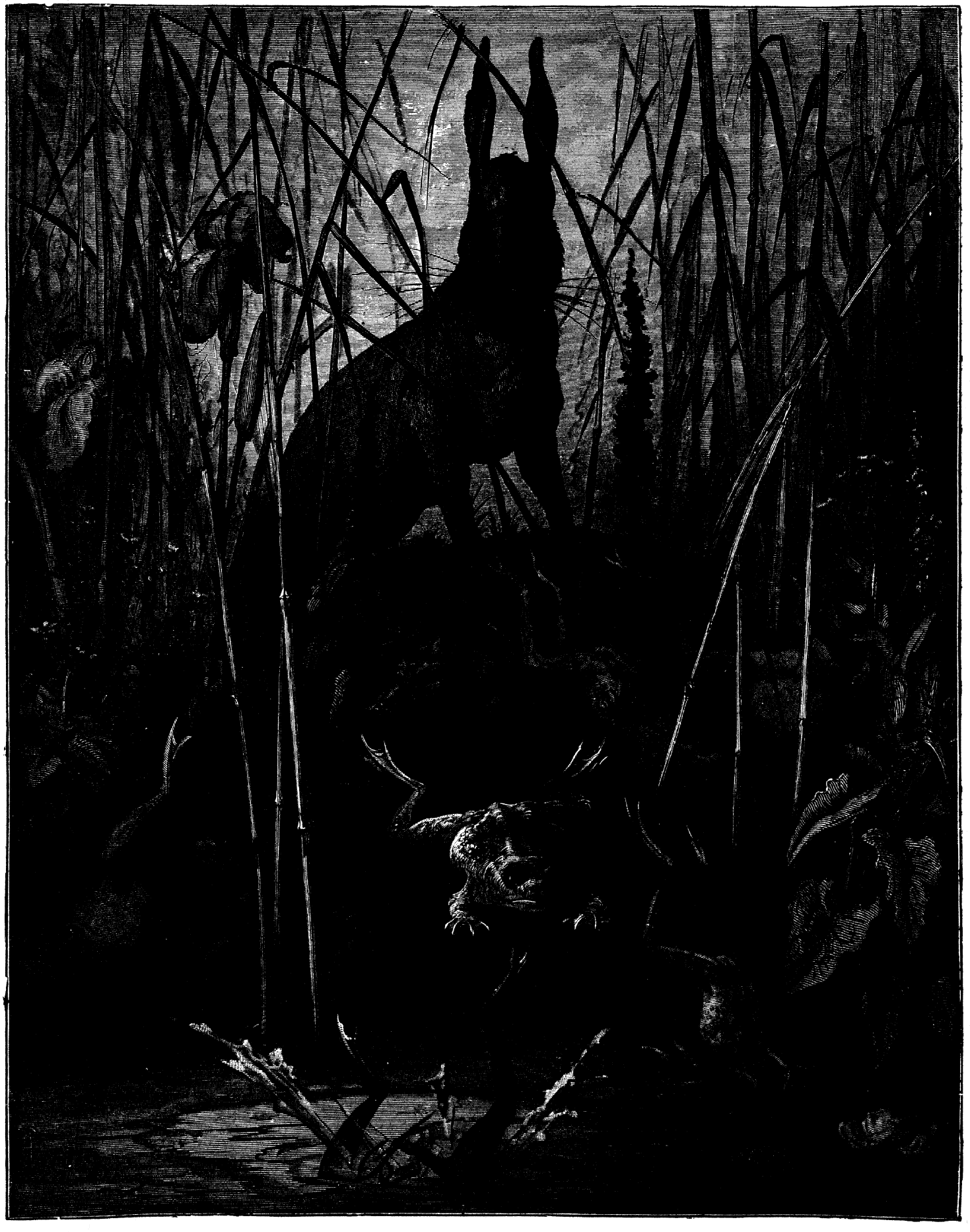

THE HARE AND THE FROGS.

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DON QUIXOTE'S MADNESS.

In describing Plate CXVIII., we have spoken of Don Quixote's mad freaks in the Sierra Morena, where he thinks it necessary to attest his passion for Dulcinea del Toboso by half-starving himself, cutting extravagant capers, and knocking his body about remorselessly. Sancho, having left him for a little while, finds him on his return sitting among the rocks in his shirt, lean, pale, and almost famished, "sighing and whining for his lady Dulcinea," and protesting that "he was resolved he would never set eyes on her sweet face again till he had done some feats that might make him worthy of her goodness." (Part I., Chapter 18.) And here he is—the veriest scarecrow of a knight that ever was seen.

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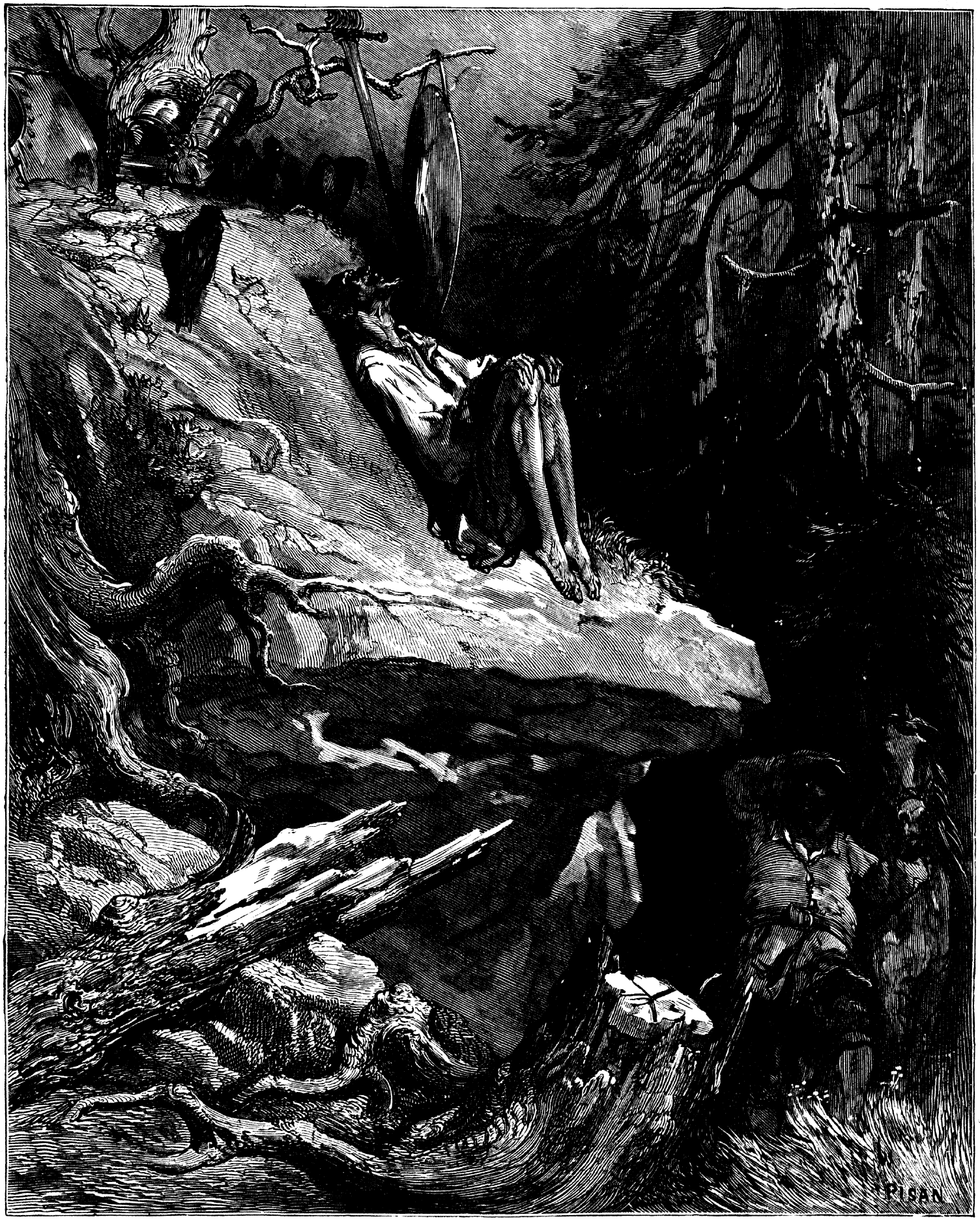

DON QUIXOTE'S MADNESS.

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BABYLON FALLEN.

SAINT JOHN, in the eighteenth chapter of the Book of Revelation (verses 1 and 2), says:—"I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory. And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

The desolation and mournfulness of the place are tremendous. The ruined buildings—the heaps of fallen masonry, Titanic even in their wreck—the temples forsaken of their worshippers—the palace-gates whose steps no feet of man shall evermore ascend—the monstrous effigies of beasts and chimeras keeping watch as if over some dismal enchantment—the living beasts and birds prowling or fluttering about the spectral place—the wild and threatening sky, scared rather than comforted with cloudy moonlight—and the look of utter human abandonment of human works (always one of the most awful and ghostly of things)—make up a picture in the highest mood of poetry.

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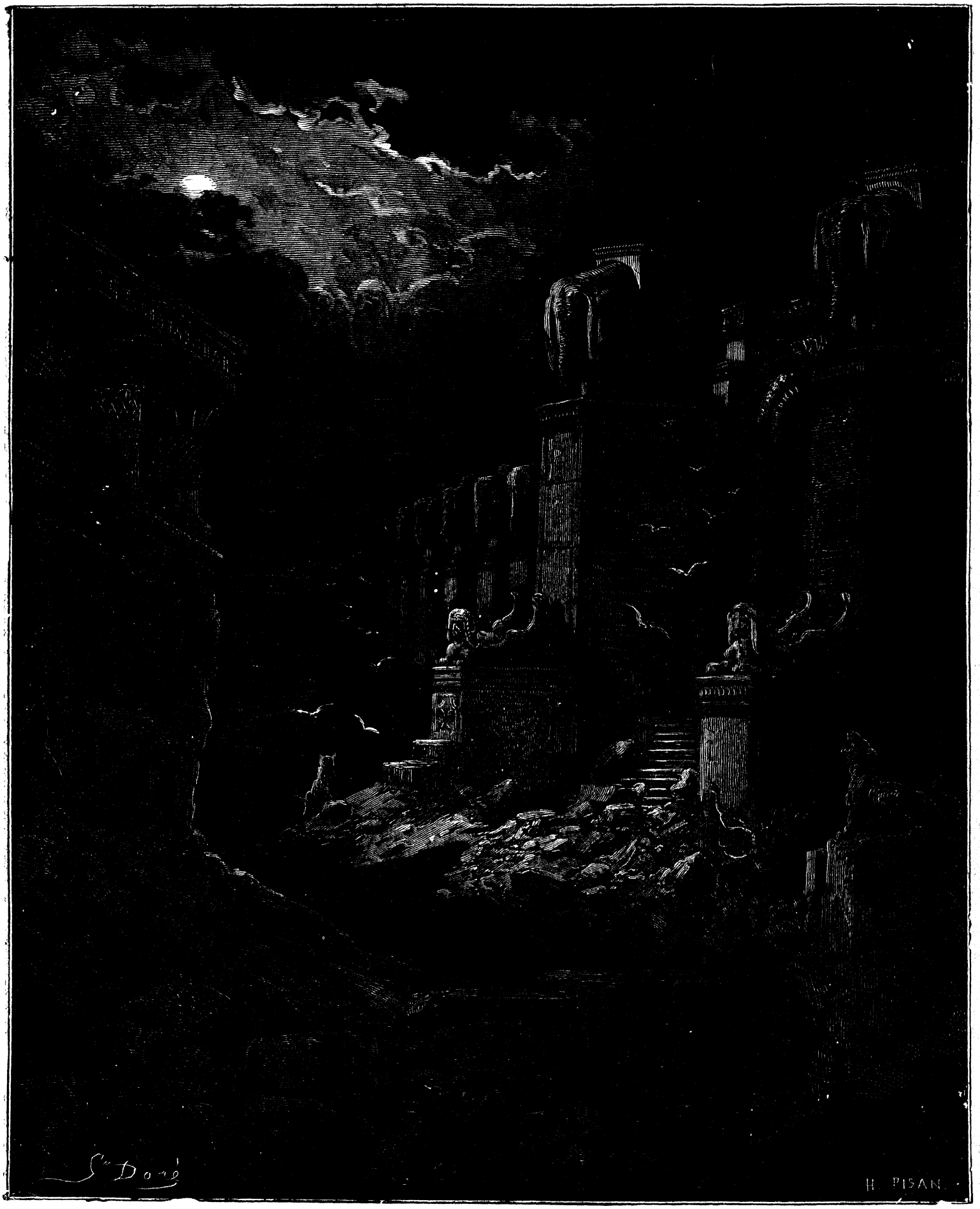

BABYLON FALLEN.

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A VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN sets out with a relative on a voyage of discovery, undertaken with a view to finding the gigantic race of people described in "Gulliver's Travels." In the South Sea, a hurricane seizes their vessel, whirls it to a height of nearly one thousand leagues above the level of the waves, and carries it along for six weeks through the clouds. At last they see land at a distance. It looks round and shining, like a glittering island, and proves to be the moon, where, indeed, Munchausen has been before. They find it peopled by men of gigantic stature, riding on enormous griffins; and here they encounter a series of surprising adventures, which the reader will find fully recorded in the sixteenth chapter of the history.

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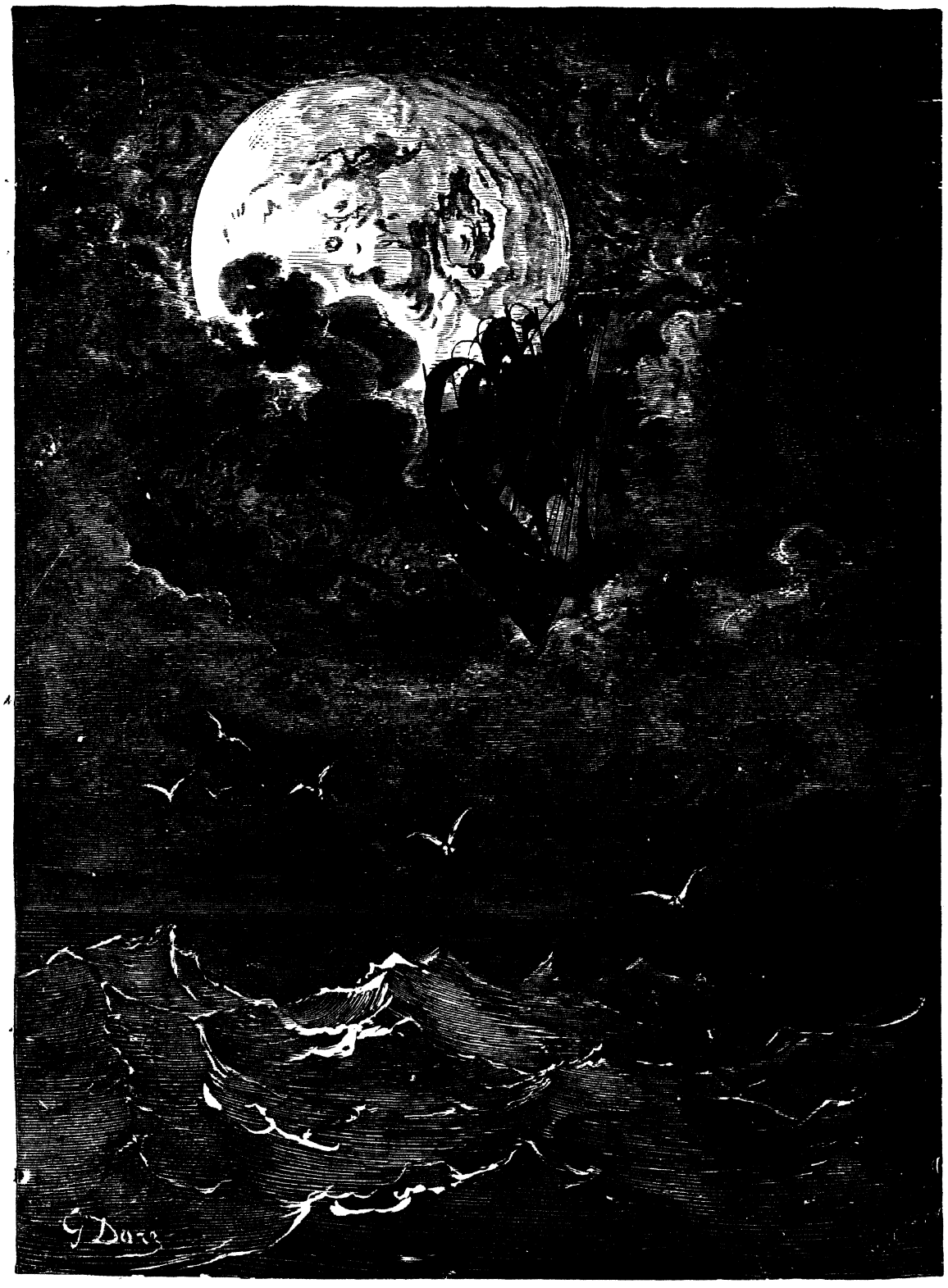

A VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

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DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO SETTING OUT.

QUIXOTE having obtained the services of Sancho Panza as his squire, mainly by suggesting that some fortunate adventure may confer on him the governorship of an island, they set out at night, and by break of day find themselves beyond the chance of pursuit. Sancho begs his master not to forget his promise of the island; "for I dare say," adds he, "I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big." The Don makes reply, "You must know, friend Sancho, that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered." And then he promises that he will do even more for Sancho, as soon as chance gives him the opportunity. (Part I., Chapter 7.)

The level, vapoury light of early morning, with its long shadows, and its general effect of drowsy calm and freshness, is pictured by M. Doré with great truth and beauty.

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DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO SETTING OUT.

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